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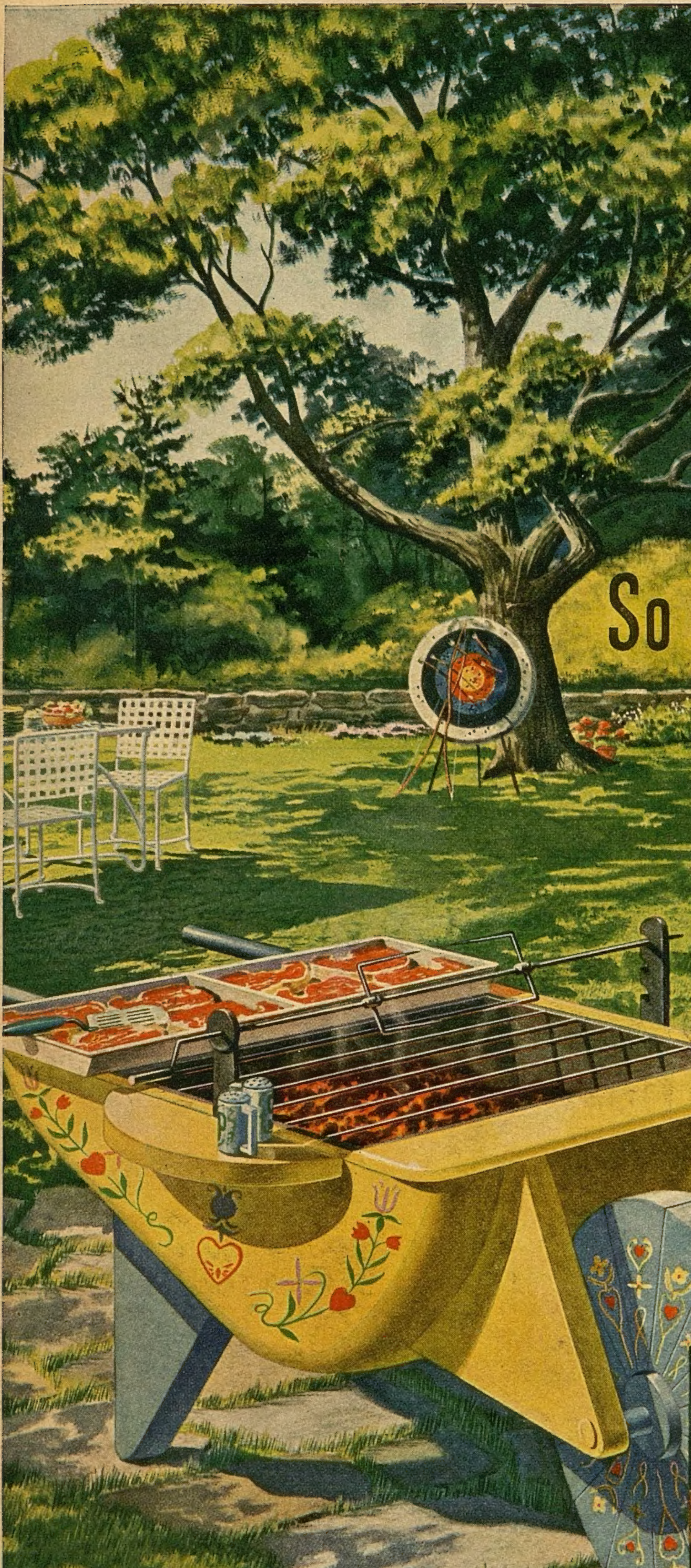
## Book: DOCTORS EAST, DOCTORS WEST

Doctors, bandits, and midwives in China

## ARE THE VETERANS CHISELING?

BY DICKSON HARTWELL



*If in September*
*You wish to remember*
*Your friends with a barbecue*

*You make the most*
*Of being host*
*By serving Old Thompson, too.*

H. E. Kelley

# So perfect for that party

Attention, charcoal chefs and Bachelors of Barbecue! When you're entertaining in the yard, play your trump card by serving mellow Old Fashioneds—first. But be sure they're made the right way, with Old Thompson. For "Thompson", a better blend for better drinks, means Glenmore quality plus the matchless flavor of Old Kentucky.

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A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

# The double life of a Model Mother

## Park Avenue knows Connie Joannes as a star model . . . West Englewood knows her as a model mother

FEW PEOPLE who see the glamorous Powers model, Connie Joannes Dickman, would suspect that this famous Cover Girl is the mother of two robust youngsters.

But she is. A *model* mother, whose devoted care of Bobby and Dickie Dickman is already reflected in their flashing smiles. For, like every successful model, Connie knows the importance of a sparkling smile. So she's taught her sons to safeguard their future smiles by following her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

As one of America's most highly-paid models, 24-year-old Mrs. Dickman makes it her business to follow the teaching of thousands of dentists and schools—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

**Position is everything in life,** as Dickie demonstrates to his famous father, Emerson Dickman. Former pitcher for the Boston Red Sox, "Em" has a smile as sparkling as his model wife's. Naturally. *All* the Dickmans get proper care of teeth and gums. For Mother knows that today's soft foods don't give gums enough exercise—that Ipana is specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

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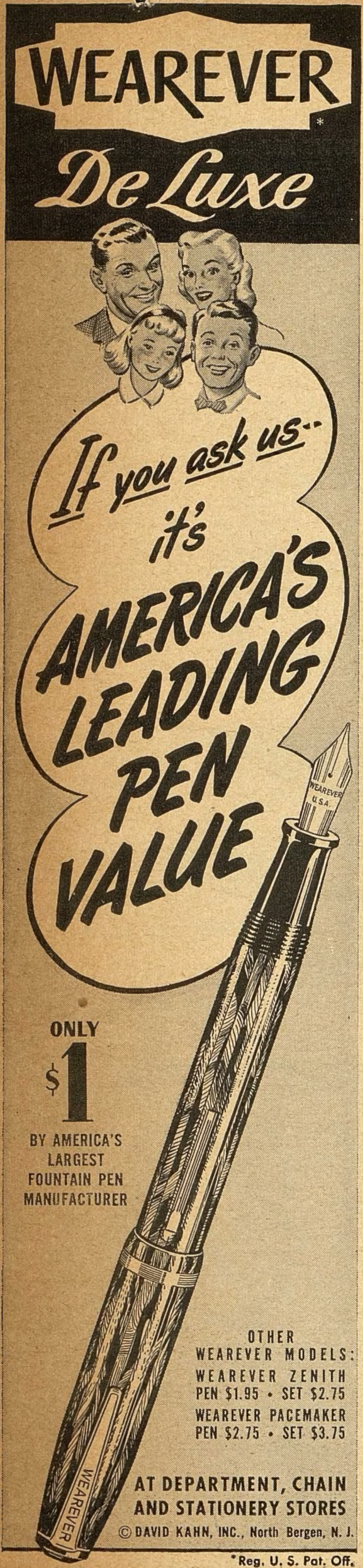
**Many children know more than adults** about gum massage. For its importance is taught in thousands of classrooms today. Actually, 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, national survey shows (and prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own use.*) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

**"Lights Out"** comes early for active Dickie. But even he must first massage his gums gently after brushing his teeth with Ipana. Among adults, sensitive gums, "pink" on your tooth brush, mean *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**Orchids for Mommy.** 4-year-old Dickie may not be able to tell orchids from weeds, but he *does* know that gums should be massaged gently. For he's watched his "model mother" speed up needed circulation within the gums with a brief workout with Ipana. A Powers Girl must safeguard her smile!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*Painted by Del Holcomb*

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# ★ VOX POP ★

## "The Voice of the People"

### WEAKEST LINK

DONALDSONVILLE, LA.—Thanks for Paul Hunter's splendid editorial, Stream Pollution—A Disgrace to America (August 10), which should be given wide publicity. Prompt action should be taken so as to relieve this terrible situation which is taking such a toll of human life and doing so much damage to the fish in our streams and affecting drainage. Cost what it will, it will be millions well invested in securing for our nation a people healthy and strong. The nation is no stronger than its weakest link, and those sections blessed with unpolluted springs and waterways should welcome the opportunity to aid less fortunate sections of the country.—*Walter Lemann.*

HYGEIA HERSELF
$H_2O$
F C

### OFF THE TRACK

OMAHA, NEBR.—That was a good picture of Jimmy Durante (Camera Eye, August 17) pausing on the steps of a train to ask a native of La Jolla, California, how to pronounce the name of the city. But no wonder the native was startled. Who wouldn't be to see any train in La Jolla?

There is no railroad running into La Jolla.—*Donald B. Allan.*

Are we mortified!—VOX POP EDITOR.

### ALL THIS—AND HEAVEN, TOO?

MANHATTAN, KANS.—So Carl Y. (Vox Pop, August 17) thinks the veterans are going to college solely for the benefits of better housing (army barracks which they've already lived in) and for the nice cloistered surroundings (the same army barracks cluttering up a once beautiful campus) and also for the lower food prices (the same that every other American, veteran or otherwise, is paying). All this—and heaven, too, sounds like a very soft life for the average G.I. going to college on $65 a month.—*George Rich.*

COOKEVILLE, TENN.—The veterans attending college are not out for a good time. Ask any college professor which group on the campus is the most serious about their work and every one of them will say, "the veterans."—*Mrs. Mary A.*

NATIONAL CITY, CALIF.—I'm a veteran, attending college under the G.I. Bill of Rights. If I am entitled to "cheaper food, better housing, and pleasant surroundings," I sincerely hope somebody will explain fully how I should go about obtaining such.—*A. L. Hopkins.*

### PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Show Me, Mr. Truman, by Harold L. Ickes (July 27), seems to be an article of direct criticisms due entirely to the fact that Mr. Ickes could not remain loyal to Mr. Truman as President. He has criticized the political appointments made by Mr. Truman. But what about Mr. Roosevelt's appointments to the Supreme Court?

And maybe Mr. Ickes has numerous alibis for the many secret agreements made at Yalta, Teheran and other meetings Mr. Roosevelt attended. If Mr. Ickes is interested in the welfare of America, he and his bedfellows will prove themselves as such by assisting Mr. Truman. He ought to remember that people who live in glass houses should never throw stones.—*William A. Walsh.*

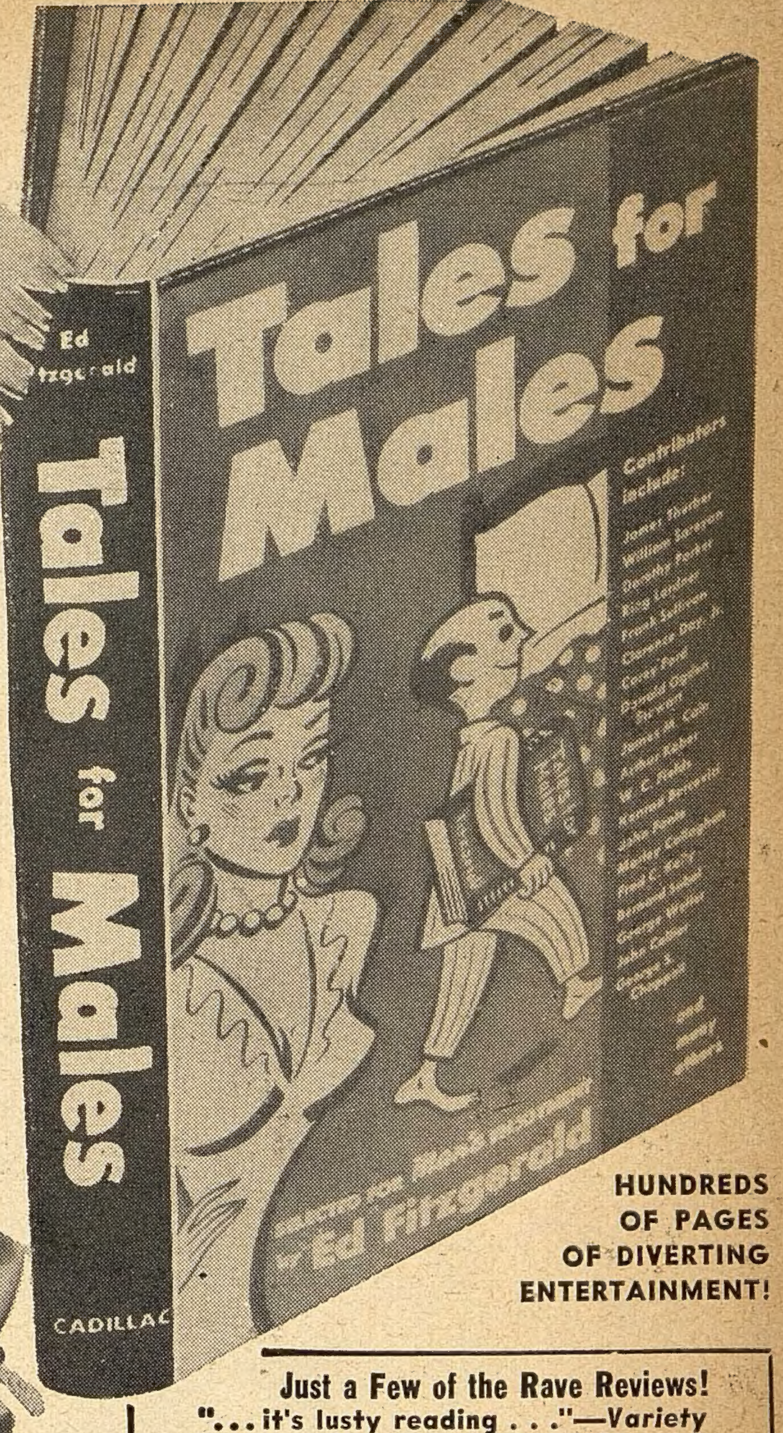
### OKIES OF '46

CHICAGO, ILL.—Actors Anonymous (August 17) makes interesting reading and is, no doubt, based on fact. However, the radio industry is beset by enough problems without Ted Shane adding to them.

The radio actor and actress have become the "Okies of '46"—roaming from Chicago to Hollywood, from Hollywood to New York, searching for greener pastures. Competition is tough and it seems a shame to have an article like this give another horde of young hopefuls delusions of grandeur about a bountiful life just waiting for them to step to the mike and take it.—*David Dole, Associate Radio Director.*

"... the most entertaining volume you can offer a bachelor, or a boniface, providing his wife isn't looking."

... New York Morning Telegraph



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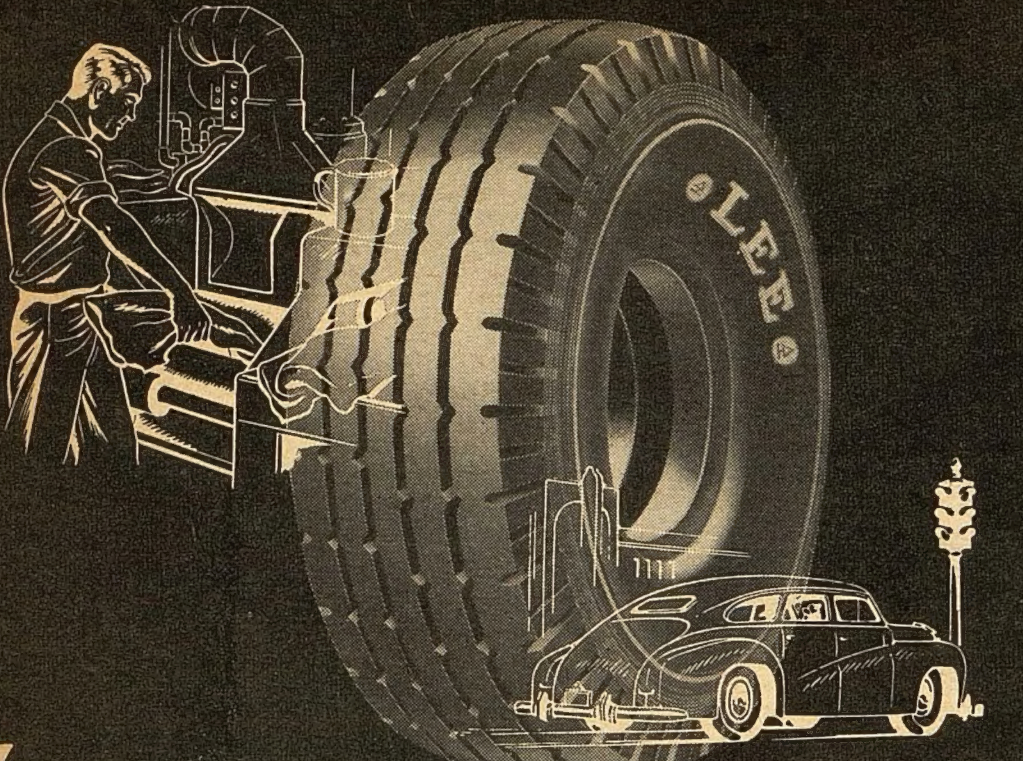

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# VETERANS' *Bulletin Board*

### BY MATT URBAN

WOULD you like to meet up with your old first sergeant or captain? As a civilian, you would have the democratic right to call him anything, say anything your heart desired. It could be just plain "Mike," or "You always were a pretty swell guy"—or even "How did a joker like you ever win a commission?"

All that and more is what you may expect from a division convention. More than forty of the divisions of World War II now have active division associations and societies. With many of the divisions inactivated into National Guard and Organized Reserve Units, General Jacob L. Devers, Commanding General of the Army Ground Forces, believes that "these groups, functioning as alumni bodies, perform a most patriotic role in keeping alive their proud traditions."

And they most certainly do keep alive traditions—especially if our participation in the recent convention of the Ninth Division's Association is any indication.

Is such a shindig worth a trip around the country? Well, judge for yourself after I tell you what went on at the Ninth's party.

Backslaps and loud greetings went on all during the two days. "Boy! But it's good to see you!" "You look good!" "Never expected to see you again—we all thought you were dead." "You look good in civilian clothes." "No! You're not the same man—you look so much younger!" These were the common remarks that could be overheard throughout the session.

Ex-privates and ex-colonels were chumming about in such a manner that one couldn't help but wonder which of the two was top so far as civilian "rank" was concerned.

On the first day there were get-acquainted gatherings of the various division units.

The next day a memorial service was held. This was followed by a business meeting. Here, such Association problems as registration fees, finances, resolutions, monthly and division history publications, and when and where the next annual convention was to be held were thrashed out. The climax came that evening at the convention banquet. Chaplain

DeLaura, acting as toastmaster, had the honor of introducing such speakers as Generals Devers, Hodges, Eddy, and Smythe.

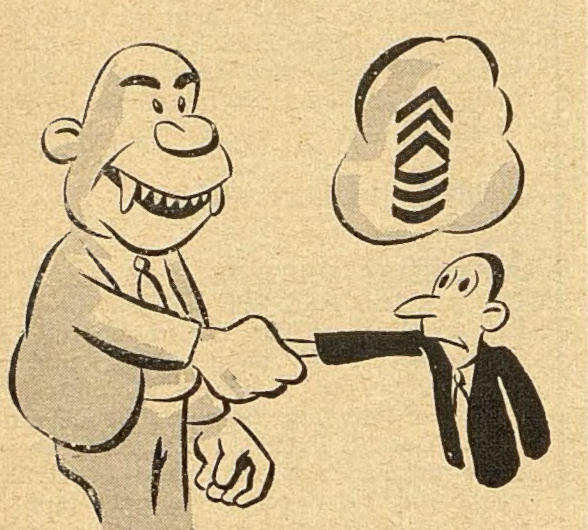
The Association's intentions call for keeping its members well informed on federal, military, and individual happenings. The Association definitely does not help seek legislative and veteran benefits.

The word from the Association secretary is that all former members of the Ninth Division are to keep their office at Box 1704, Washington, D. C., informed as to any change in address. This allows the Association to serve as clearinghouse for those seeking the whereabouts of their former buddies.

The convention did have color. Over a thousand attended. And as Robert Herzog, coming all the way from Portland, Oregon, put it, "I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

* * *

*Larry Newell, Madison, Wis.* You are heading for all kinds of trouble if you fail to keep payments on your G.I. loan up to date. Exactly what takes place will depend largely upon the terms of your loan, the attitude of the lender, and your individual state laws. If payments are not made, the loan becomes in default, and the lender may then take legal action against you.



Your old "top"!

* * *

*William Ratkoski, Bridgeport, Conn.* Your family doctor is 100 per cent right, Bill. Although your service-connected disability is not causing you any trouble at present, you should go right ahead and file a claim for pension. In later years you may require treatment for your disability, and it will be to your advantage to have your ailment rated service-connected.

---

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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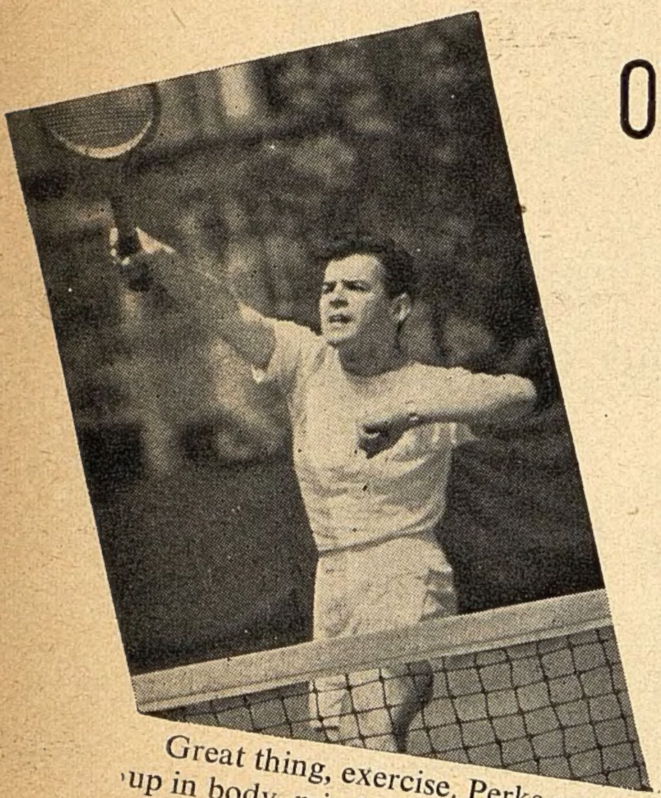

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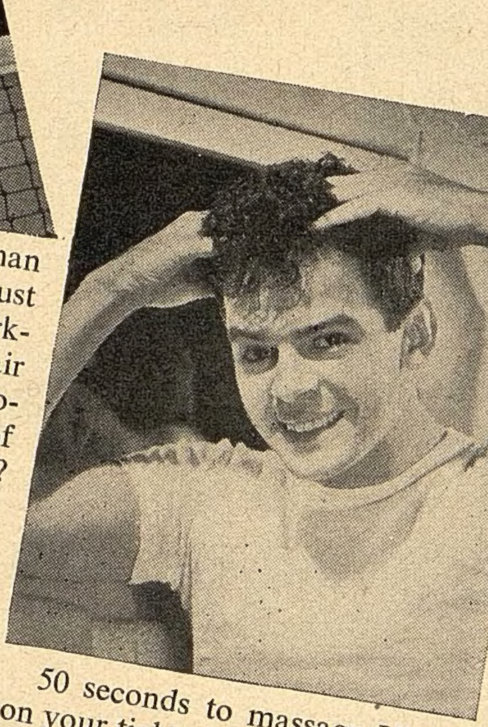

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# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

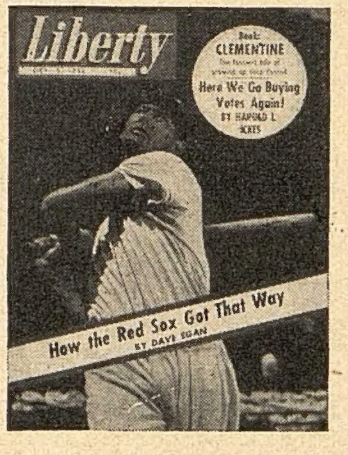
**CONNOISSEUR CLAYTON**

WHEN it comes to oysters, Clayton Hartsoe is a connoisseur. He's done everything from eating them to tonging them to seeing (as a steward in railroad dining cars) that they were properly served. Now, in THE AMAZING OYSTER (page 21), he tells about them. He began writing in 1942, and the research, he says, makes it a double pleasure. Witness the night he spent aboard an oyster planter's runboat, after a load of seed oysters. "The sun had sunk from sight when the last bucket of seeds was hoisted aboard, and the tongers' boat had put-putted away to anchor a short distance off starboard. The aroma of coffee and frying bacon was wafted across the water by a light breeze, and as the stars came out I could hear the strumming of a guitar accompanied by the plaintive voice of a tonger as he sang a hillbilly tune. Yes, working can sometimes be fun," he concludes.

**A VETERAN LOOKS AROUND**

DICKSON HARTWELL, who answers the question, ARE THE VETERANS CHISELING? has a war record himself. He started out in 1942 as a second lieutenant and ended up a lieutenant colonel in charge of Army Air Force Public Relations in the Central Pacific. Back home, he became so incensed at stories of civilian gold-bricking by some veterans that he went after the facts with an investigator. After three persistent weeks of getting people to talk, he had the facts, which he reports on page 15.

# NEXT WEEK



Liberty
Book: CLEMENTINE
Here We Go Buying Votes Again! BY HAROLD L. ICKES
How the Red Sox Got That Way BY DAVE EGAN

$50,000,000 or more will be spent before '48 to influence voters in their choice of Congressmen and President. We *can* free our elections, says Harold L. Ickes, and tells how in HERE WE GO BUYING VOTES AGAIN. . . . Tom Yawkey sank oodles of boodle in the Red Sox—and never won a pennant. Then he tried dime-store technique and look what happened! Dave Egan gives you the inside dope on HOW THE RED SOX GOT THAT WAY. . . . SNEAK PUNCH, by David Dodge, is an exciting two-part story of a murder outside the ring and the strange motive behind it. . . . For the most appealing tale of growing up since Penrod, read Liberty's Book Condensation, CLEMENTINE, by Peggy Goodin.

# ON THE BEAM

### BY WAYNE PARRISH

**Who's done most to make United Air Lines what it is, much for air transport in general? The answer: William Allan Patterson**

ONE of the most human, sincere, and conscientious figures in aviation is the forty-seven-year-old man who has been president of United Air Lines since 1934. He is William Allan Patterson, a businesslike executive whose accomplishments and broad outlook have contributed greatly to the building of the nation's air transport system.

"Pat," as he is known throughout the industry, is not a pilot. He entered the industry in 1929 through the banking profession. More conservative than many of his colleagues in the air-line business, he believes in asking questions before leaping to a decision. He is one of the most highly respected men in the business.

Two things, especially, have been outstanding in the development of United's coast-to-coast route and both are due to a tenacious policy of Patterson to build a sound company. One is United's emphasis on scientific research, particularly in the fields of aviation medicine and radio communications. The other is the many forward-looking benefits —pensions, insurance, and the like— for the employees and the stress placed upon human relationships.

The responsibility of operating a major air line is heavy. Yet Patterson makes a point of visiting every single station on the system at least once a year, to talk frankly to all of the employees and answer all questions that may be asked. It used to be that "Pat" knew the first name of everyone in the company. Now, with many thousands of employees, that's impossible. But he still meets as many of them as he can and his ability to recall names is almost legendary.

Recently when I was in Omaha, United was having one of its informal company dinners. I was privileged to sit in on the family affair and I found it a most revealing experience. Few executives in U. S. industry have the ability to let their hair down to employees that "Pat" has. From questions asked from the floor (and some pretty hot ones are thrown at times), he gets many ideas for improving the relationship between company and employees.

Omaha wasn't the best average sample of United's company-dinner policy that I could have found, for in that city Clyde Sharrar, the district traffic manager there for sixteen years, and Charlie Sluder, the station manager, have maintained one of the highest levels of efficiency in the country. Omaha is a top station. Yet it was highly impressive to see how rapidly air-line operations have changed within a few years from the mere operation of airplanes to the development of a sound transportation business. The adventurous pioneering days are over. The air lines are coming of age as an industry.

Patterson has been very frank about the service to passengers. He has even taken full-page advertising space in the newspapers to admit to the public that it isn't what it used to be, or what it will be. He admits that the air lines are swamped, that they have had to train thousands of new people, that the telephone lines are inadequate, and that the patrons are subject to many inconveniences. These problems are being ironed out gradually, and meanwhile United has been able to maintain better-than-average service.

"Pat" thinks all-weather landings are three years away, although improvement will be noted during the coming winter and the next. He is having installed in a United C-54 plane the first automatic landing system, but he insists that the experimental period will be long and thorough before commercial flights are made with it.

He is a bug on safety and his company has spent millions of dollars trying to reach the ultimate goal of complete safety and operations in all kinds of weather. He says many passengers complain about the lack of regularity of service in bad weather, but he maintains that today regularity is inconsistent with safety.

By average U. S. industrial standards before the war, no air line could have been called big business. Today the air lines are buying several hundred millions of dollars' worth of new airplanes. United, for example, is spending $52,000,000 on new equipment, of which over $43,000,000 is for new airplanes. And more are to be ordered soon. By early 1947, United will be flying new fast Douglas DC-6 planes and later in the year the smaller but fast Martin 303 will be in service.

Before the war United had sixty-two 21-passenger DC-3 planes. When it takes delivery of all of its planes now on order, it will have the equivalent of 460 of those DC-3 units.

Right now United has over 100 airplanes in operation, and in 1941 the entire industry had only 359. In April, United carried 140,621 passengers a total of 83,850,788 miles, and the monthly figure has been going up and up.

SOON United will operate its new route to Honolulu, and for a long time it has been operating routes for the AATC throughout the Pacific as far as Tokyo. It recently began operations to Catalina Island, off Los Angeles, and it has applied for a permit to operate helicopter service throughout the Chicago metropolitan area. It has signed a contract with the navy to operate the largest and most complete experimental station for all-weather aircraft landing aids at Arcata, California.

The dynamo behind all this was born in Honolulu. It was while he was with Wells Fargo Bank & Trust

*(Continued on page 61)*

ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTO

**Trust United Air Lines' president "Pat" to talk turkey and make listeners relish it! Here he is in Washington, shaking his finger at the Senate Naval Affairs Committee.**

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# What a System!

**Woman's intuition is a strange and wonderful thing—especially when it comes to picking a horse**

BY ROGER GARIS

3 spots returned to Rosenberg (J c Martin) 10/9/46

AT Aqueduct race track in New York one June day two women were consulting their programs. One said, "I think I'll put two dollars on Spring Thaw. That's a cute name, don't you think?"

The other said, "It *is* cute—I guess I'll play him too. No, wait—here's a horse named Boston Babette! My cousin's name is Babette, and she used to work in Boston—isn't that a strange coincidence? I'm going to play Boston Babette!"

"Well, my goodness, so am I!" the first one exclaimed, and they hurried toward the mutuel windows.

Of course all women don't bet like that. Some study form charts, past records, and handicapping as faithfully as any male horseplayer. But, by and large, women bet by hunches.

Last year wagers at tracks in eighteen states where betting is legalized totaled $1,306,514,314. This year it will go well above two billion dollars. So far, all existing records have gone by the board. There is, naturally, no way to tell how much of the more than two billion will be placed by women.

Tuesday is the best day for the petticoat pony pickers. The reason given is that Monday is washday, and once that's over the gals are in the mood for a little relaxation. And do they get it! But any day—and particularly on Tuesdays—you can see thousands of them at tracks all over the country, race programs clutched in hot little hands, marking circles around horses that, according to their hunches, are sure winners.

In spite of their apparently haphazard method of betting, women as a rule are not nearly so reckless as men. However, some women *will* go as far as using the rent or house money on bets. Last winter the writer was in Florida during the racing at Hialeah. There was an auto court on the corner. Via the clothesline—which is far more efficient than the grapevine—it became known that two of the women at the court were plunging pretty heavily. In the beginning they had played cautiously, risking an occasional two bucks on the favorite to show. But eventually they had lost all their pocket money and had begun to dig into household funds.

At last they were faced with a horrible decision—either to tell their husbands they had spent the rent money on the horses, or get a stake and in one last desperate risk try to recoup their losses.

The other women of the auto court, in a splendid example of feminine solidarity, got together a sum variously reported at from $300 to $500. This stake was to be placed on a horse in the Widener Handicap. One of the ladies of the court who, just for fun, told fortunes by cards, was asked to let the cards choose a horse. They chose Armed. Armed romped home the winner and paid $6.40.

Women as a rule are good losers. They take losses better than men, whatever the reason.

SO far as the writer has been able to find, there is no predominating type of woman bettor; they come in all sizes, ages, and conditions of wealth or poverty. Exceptionally far from being typical, however, is a gal who frequents the Florida tracks in the winter and the New York race meets in the summer. This young lady—she's under thirty and definitely an eyeful—specializes in fixed races. She has a selected list of clients, mostly wealthy men. She makes it her business to pal around with owners, trainers, jockeys, even exercise boys. Consequently she is in the know as soon as chicanery raises its lucre-wreathed head. Having assured herself that the race is indeed in the bag, she tips off her clients. Each client buys her $100 worth of tickets on the selected horse. Thus she shows her good faith—she takes no money directly, and if the horse doesn't win, she gets nothing. Those who know say her record is about 95 per cent perfect.

Certainly there is little relationship between that Tillie the Tipster and women who play the ponies on the level. They have, however, this much in common: Women, supposedly careless in other financial transactions, are pretty darn sharp when it comes to buying a pasteboard at a mutuel window.

Racing is no longer just the sport of kings. The queens have taken a hand, too.

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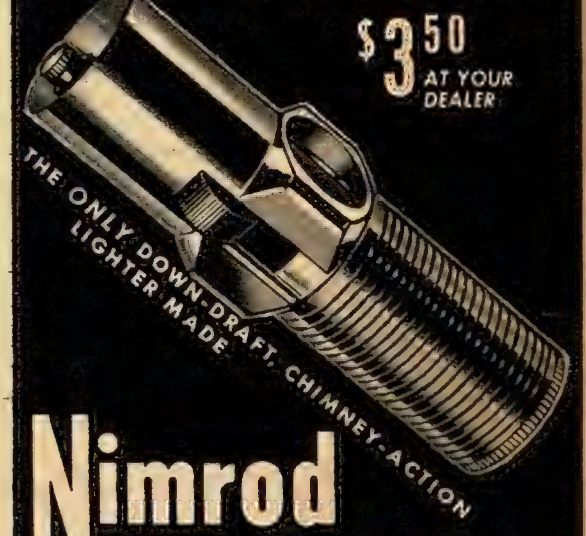

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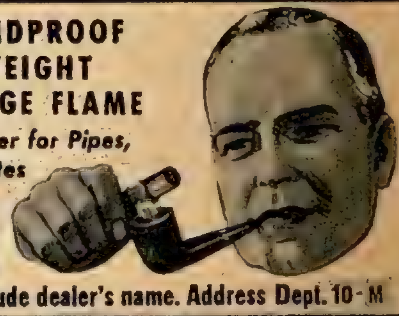

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
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# ARE THE VETERANS Chiseling?

The most explosive story of the year: How some veterans (actually thousands) are refusing to work, racketeering in surplus war goods and threatening to milk a grateful nation dry

### BY DICKSON HARTWELL

**Liberty is publishing this article in the interest of the veteran as well as the country. The author is himself a veteran. As the only national weekly to have a regular veteran's department, Liberty has constantly upheld the legitimate rights and needs of former servicemen. We believe their greatest present need is to get rid of the chiselers who, to use the author's own word, "threaten to defame the very term 'veteran.' "—THE EDITORS.**

WHEN General Omar N. Bradley, Veterans' administrator, warned recently that a scandal was brewing in veterans' job training, he spoke only a fraction of the truth.

A scandal is not just brewing in vets' job training; it is boiling over.

Another and bigger scandal is smelling up the country in veterans' unemployment payments—the infamous 52/20 club.

And a national disgrace, even more dishonorable, is about to burst on the nation in the fraudulent purchases by certain veterans of huge stocks of scarce war materials.

General Bradley mentioned half a dozen examples of what he mildly called "trick practices." Investigators have shown me evidence that there are scores of thousands. They are serious frauds. Making a false affidavit in order to chisel $1,000 or more is not merely a "trick practice." It's larceny.

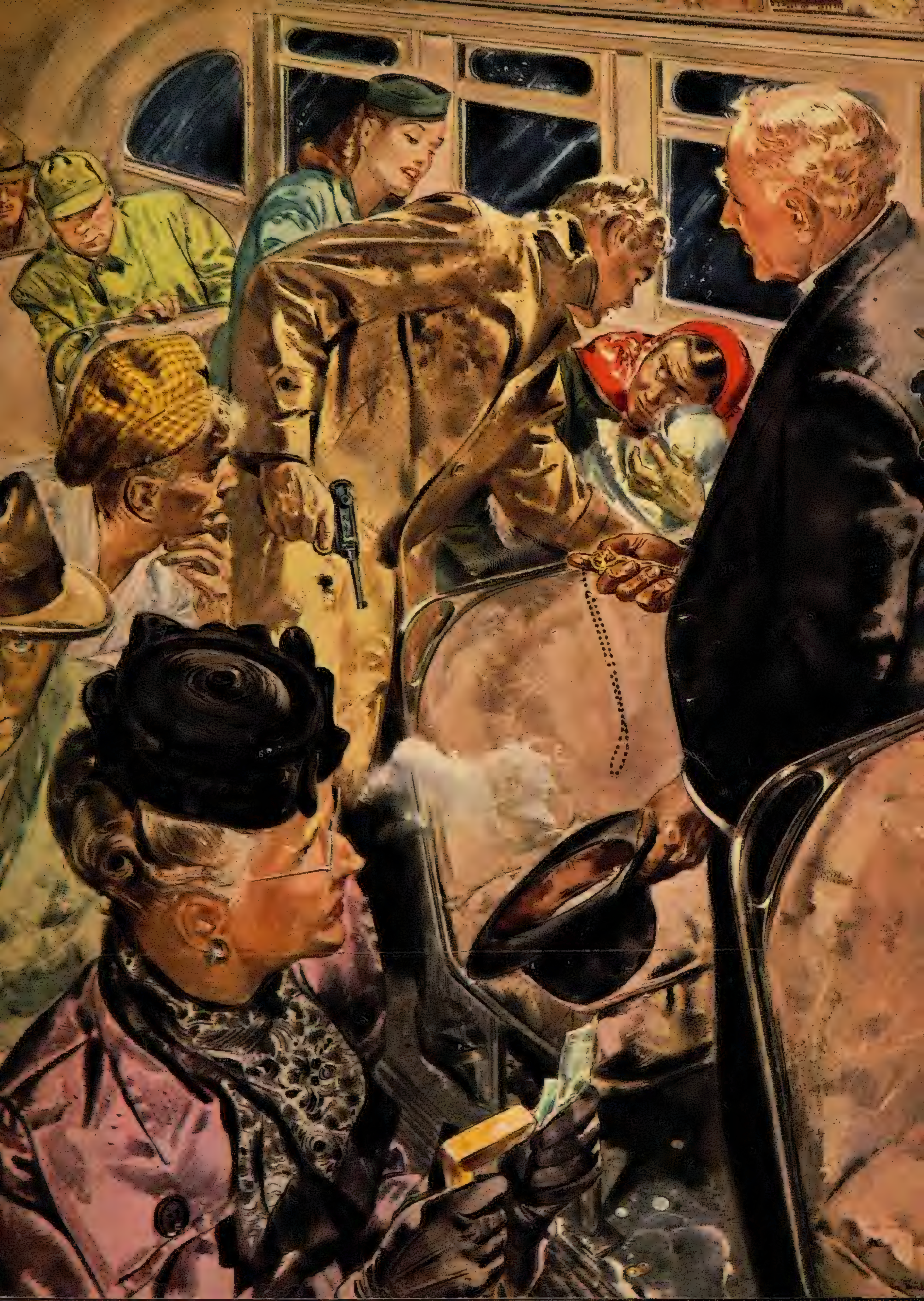
The head of the policing section of a large federal agency told me that within twenty-four hours he could arrest "thousands" of chiseling veterans for that kind of larceny if he got the go-ahead from higher up.

But nobody higher up will turn on the green light. First, it's a political hot potato. Second, everybody wants to provide every break for "our boys who have given so much." That is splendid sentiment. *But a fraction of our growing family of 13,300,000 World War II veterans is beginning to steal the country blind. Unless someone cracks down on this minority, they'll keep on until the Treasury is empty.*

Moreover, their actions threaten to defame the very term "veteran." Those millions of honest law-abiding veterans—I count myself among them—who ask nothing more for themselves than an equal chance to earn and live, will suffer undeserved indignity. We want the chiselers brought out in the open where they can be judged for what they are and, if guilty, punished.

Chiseling—stealing is a more honest word—by vets takes every form imaginable. For example, vets who go into business for themselves—storekeepers, farmers, filling-station operators—are guaranteed a minimum profit of $100 a month for nearly a year.

Here's what happens: Thousands of vet tenant farmers throughout the South who (*Continued on page 73*)



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# Provincetown Bus

### BY WIN BROOKS

Though a great storm raged outside the racing bus, the driver and passengers on this particular night were hardly aware of it

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

THE last train from Boston pulled into Yarmouth a half hour late because of the storm.

Mack Cardigan, driver of the Provincetown bus, stood back in the shelter of the station overhang and watched the few passengers alight. It would be a light trip down the Cape and, with the northeaster, a rough one. On nights like these, Sara, riding in the seat behind the driver, used to make the forty-mile roll seem like a drive to the corner store. Not any more, he thought. The bus is still good enough but not the driver.

Torrey Calhoun, returning from Bourne, rounded the station toward the bus. Miss Benton followed in his wake, small, serene—back from a trip to Maine in search of antiques, Mack guessed. He stepped out and called, "Provincetown bus right around back," as a tall lean man approached. The man came closer and Mack had an impression of white cheeks hollowed by pain and eyes aglow with tiny flames.

"I want to go to North Truro," he said.

"The bus right around the station, mister," Mack said.

Then he drew back quickly as a priest stepped from the train and entered the station waiting room. Mack, until he could warn Tim, didn't want to be seen by Father O'Laughlin.

Mack, peering in through the steamed window, saw the priest approach a woman holding a small baby. The woman had been aboard the bus on the first trip up from Provincetown that morning. Mack remembered her as making frequent round trips with the infant. The priest drew the blanket back from the baby's face and made the sign of the cross.

The train pulled out for its Hyannis terminal. Mack walked around to the open door of his bus. Miss Benton was aboard; and Calhoun, the boatyard manager, already dozing; and a heavy-set ruddy man with a black mustache, a stranger. Mack turned back to the station and peered in again and saw the priest praying—praying or talking to the woman. Come on, father; I've still got to collect Tim, he thought.

As if the priest received the thought, he stood and helped the woman wrap the blanket closer about the child. Then, as he started with her toward the door nearest the bus, Mack ran around the station to the baggage room. A bull's-eye lantern showed Tim still asleep on a heap of old newspapers. He shook the gray-haired man heavily.

"Come on, Tim, snap out of it. We're ready to leave. The padre's aboard."

"Who'sh 'board?" Tim demanded.

"Father O'Laughlin's on the bus and waiting," Mack said. "Let's go. Can you make it?"

"My luck," said Tim. "Me that took the pledge not two months since. Give me the bit hand to the bus, Mack, but don't let him see. Easy now. Not so fast."

At the bus stop Tim shrugged his bony shoulders under the cold rain. He pulled himself up the step uncertainly, but he walked down the aisle with an air of bold assurance, tipping his cap to the priest who had taken the seat beside the woman and baby.

Father O'Laughlin said quickly, "It's good to see you, Tim."

"The same to you, father," said Tim, not looking at him.

"You'll be paying me a visit this Saturday night?"

"I will," said Tim. "I will."

MACK gave the blustery darkness a last glance in search of reassurance. Wind made a high far moaning and the rain was a gusty torrent. He swung aboard and closed the door against it. He walked back in the bus. Miss Benton returned his smile. Torrey Calhoun said, "How's it, Mack?" The big man with the mustache had his eyes closed; the gaunt man had his eyes to the window. Mack gave Father O'Laughlin a salute, and the woman beside the priest glanced up at him with black liquid eyes. She rocked back and forth, holding her baby gently.

"It's a turbulent night, Cardigan," the priest observed. "You'll have your hands full of our safety."

"Safe enough, father," Mack said.

"With God," said the priest. "That young lady of yours will be tired waiting at East Dennis."

Mack meant to say nothing and he was dismayed at his failure to check a reply. "No young lady of mine, father."

"So?" said the priest.

Mack was afraid he would say more. He made a last check of the windows, took his place at the wheel and eased the idling motor into gear. The windshield wipers slowed and stopped and the rain made a solid veil, wet-woven, on the face of the glass; the wipers caught again and stripped the surface clear. The bus rolled.

THE gaunt man turned his face from the window. "I want to get off at North Truro," he said. "There's a path goes down to the dunes."

"That's pretty much all dunes," Mack called back.

"I believe I'll remember the exact place," said the man.

As the bus turned down the main Cape highway, the storm came crashing obliquely against the left front windshield. All night it would gather strength and all tomorrow it would vent its fury. Mack's thought went beyond the storm and into the spring toward all that he and Sara had planned. He reached out and yanked back the thought.

It was eight o'clock, more than thirty-five minutes late, when he swung into the Yarmouth post-office stop. There were no passengers going on down, and in spite of himself his thought leaped on ahead, not across weeks this time but across the five and one half miles to East Dennis where, unless she had caught a lift, Sara would be waiting. He still found it difficult to believe, it was all so unreasonable, Sara's demand that he give up the bus job.

(*Continued on page 78*)

He reached for the blanket around the baby. "In God's name, don't bother her," the priest pleaded.

# Unhappy Chandler

Baseball's $50,000-a-year commissioner is being by-passed by the club owners in a way Landis would never have tolerated. They're frankly just sweating out Happy's blunders

## BY STANLEY FRANK

BASEBALL never was in greater need of progressive leadership and intelligent policy-making on the top level than it is today. Problems of the troubled times finally have caught up with the game and are exerting increasing pressures upon the barriers of its dream world. Enough fans and commentators to mark a trend are beginning to ask what baseball proposes to do about the Negro question, about the legality of the player's contract, about the rumpus raised by the Pasquel brothers in Mexico; and what do the owners make of the attempt to unionize the players?

The sixteen owners of major-league teams pay a commissioner $50,000 a year to handle such delicate issues for them. This expensive employee is, of course, "Happy" Chandler, former Kentucky governor and U. S. Senator. Happy since has indicated that he intends to earn his cushy salary by professing his great affection for baseball at Boy Scout and Father-and-Son banquets. The same problems still confront the owners and must be resolved by individual, rather than concerted action. The commissioner, therefore, is a total loss, but there are compensations. Happy, at least, will not bring ridicule to their business by keeping shut his mouth, which has an irresistible affinity for his foot.

ALBERT BENJAMIN CHANDLER'S nickname today is a sorry misnomer. Happy, once a carefree extrovert, is shocked and bewildered to discover that the identical mugging and backslapping which made him the people's choice in Kentucky now have set him up as the favorite whipping boy of the nation's well-read sport pages. Although he has a seven-year contract at $50,000 a year, he no longer sings, in a lilting tenor, There's A Gold Mine in the Sky, once a sure-fire campaign theme song.

The scope of Happy's extensive disenchantment was betrayed on last May 6, when he was asked for baseball's official attitude regarding the Yankees' court order seeking to restrain the Mexican League from waving large rolls of folding money at their players. Happy, formerly one of the best free-style speechifiers, withdrew behind the scar tissue of his bruised dignity and declared:

"I have no comment. From now on, I'm not commenting on anything controversial. When I first took this job I tried to be open-minded with sports writers, but they saw fit to twist and distort what I had to say."

Happy's determination to go far—halfway across the continent, if need be—to duck a controversial issue was demonstrated on June 7, when baseball was threatened by the first strike in eighteen years. The Pittsburgh players and management tried frantically to get in touch with the commissioner for guidance on a crisis that had been coming to a head for a week. His office informed all callers that the No. 1 man in the game was inaccessible. He was in Grafton, North Dakota, attending an old-timers' ball game and clambake. It was in Grafton that Happy made his debut in professional ball in 1920. It may be symbolical that he was smacked for four runs in the one inning he pitched.

The most pointed renunciation of the commissioner and his negligible authority was made by the owners in July, at the All-Star Game, when they decided to give the players a voice in the framing of contracts. Chandler was not asked to sit in on that epochal meeting and he was not among those present when the players' representatives conferred with the joint policy-making committee from each league on August 5.

Anything Happy does from now on will be in the nature of a comeback. He seems to have a talent verging on genius for making mistakes. The day after he was elected, on April 24, 1945, the new commissioner hustled out to the Washington ball park and posed for a picture with Nick Altrock, the Senators' aging clown. It really wasn't a bad picture, but the purpose behind it—a switch on the dour, aloof personality of Judge Landis, whom he succeeded—was so transparent that the gag backfired in Happy's chagrined face.

Having stubbed his toe slightly, Happy proceeded to pull a Leon Errol when, in response to a question nobody asked, he sternly warned ball players to stay away from race tracks and went on to fulminate against the evils of gambling. The following day Larry MacPhail, the man who maneuvered him into the job, appeared at the Pimlico track with his bride, and shortly thereafter Mrs. Chandler and her daughter were photographed at Churchill Downs. Such repudiation was small potatoes, though, compared to the beating Happy got from more objective critics. The southpaw slap at Kentucky's most famous product—its race horses—was regarded as barefaced treason by the state which had sent him to Washington. Happy, a man of abstemious habits, could be forgiven for shunning Kentucky's justly celebrated bourbon and broadleaf tobacco, but his blast at horse racing outraged his constituents.

IN a feeble effort to placate the folks back home, Happy moved the commissioner's office from Chicago to Cincinnati, "to make it easy for me to look across the Ohio River into my native Kentucky." But the owners were opposed to Cincinnati on the justifiable grounds that it was a one-league franchise, the smallest city in the major leagues and well off the publicity track. That was before the owners had agreed on the advisability of having Happy set up headquarters in a barrel with a tight lid.

In his zeal to show that he was in there taking his cuts at the ball, Happy rushed off in all directions at the same time and broke his neck in a dozen places. He embarrassed everyone in the business with his stand on the Negro question: "A lot of Negroes can make more money barnstorming than playing in organized baseball. Many don't want to play in the big leagues. Maybe there's something in this idea for them to have their own league."

He further antagonized the owners by proposing to give away their money in a permanent series of interleague games to be played in July for the benefit of local charities. It was a spontaneous, off-the-cuff idea and had merit, but protocol and procedure dictated that Happy should have made the suggestion at a joint meeting of the two leagues

L 6 DRS = 14.24 PORTRAIT

Happy's demeanor does not betray the headaches big-league baseball has given him since he left the Senate.

before broadcasting it without authorization. Ten days later he took off on another graceful swan dive into an empty pool in the Hank Borowy case.

Late in July, 1945, the Yankees sold Borowy, who had been their best pitcher the previous season, for the interleague waiver price of $7,500 to the Cubs, for whom he proceeded to win the National League pennant. Clark Griffith, owner of the Senators, screamed blue murder and accused everyone in sight of skulduggery. The deal, like the bleat, was a routine affair; Griffith simply was trying to get out from under the criticism of his fans, who wanted to know why the Senators, then in second place, failed to claim a first-class pitcher who might have meant the American League pennant which Washington subsequently lost to Detroit by a game and a half.

The waiver rule has been a joke for twenty-five years and is flouted as casually and consistently as Keep-Off-the-Grass ordinances. Technically, no violation of a rule had been committed by the Yankees, but Happy got in Dutch when he bravely promised "to find out whether any subterfuge was involved." The owners gave him a good going-over for butting into their private affairs.

(*Continued on page 68*)

# We Are Not Alone

L 5919-75

### BY BETSY EMMONS

THE Wana club has a varied membership. There is a crisp-spoken gray-haired woman who belongs to the American Bar Association; a foreman in a cosmetic factory; a textile worker; a former Wall Street broker; a number of veterans; several college students. But they all have something in common. Every one has been a patient in a mental hospital, has fought from the tragic depths of mental illness back to sanity and a place in the world.

The club's name derives from the initials of We Are Not Alone. It began two years ago in New York City, when a group of eight recovered patients who had been friends at a state hospital decided to get together and help each other with the difficult job of rehabilitation. Now there are about a hundred members, with a branch in Utah and chapters forming in Milwaukee and in Rochester, New York.

Wana is founded on the belief—shared by most psychiatrists—that mental illness is often no more than a psychological crisis which, if it is passed through with courage and understanding, can mark the beginning of a new and better way of life. Some of the club members, only a year or so away from the hospital ward, know that they are happier, more successful, and more at ease with friends than before their breakdown. Wana's help, they say, was invaluable.

Former mental patients often feel that there is a barrier between them and other people, and often they are right. It is a barrier of fear and misunderstanding. Very few firms will employ such people. Friends and relatives are likely to treat them as if they were dangerous or stupid. Inevitably, these men and women risk a return to the loneliness and brooding which can be not only a symptom but a cause of functional mental breakdown.

"Of course, it often does take two or three years for a complete readjustment after you get out of the hospital," says Wana's president, a recovered schizophrenic who now is a student at New York University. "But most people don't help much. When they hear you've been sick, they act as if you might try to kill them at any minute, or at least might start chewing the carpet."

For many members, Wana is the only group where they need not conceal their history of mental illness. "Everywhere else, I've got to keep my mouth shut most of the time, for fear I'll mention something that'll set people figuring out where I've been the last half year," says a newly-recovered youngster who broke down in Army service, was discharged as psychoneurotic, and spent six months in the veterans' wing of a state mental hospital.

"If people know you've been a mental patient, you hardly dare do any of the silly things everybody wants to do sometimes, like playing a kid's game or making a lousy pun," a third member complains.

Wana's woman lawyer suffered a schizophrenic episode in her early twenties, and after recovering found that her family insisted on treating her as not quite bright. She studied law and got a degree just to prove her clear-headedness. Thirty years later, there has been no recurrence of her illness.

The club meets weekly. But perhaps its most valuable meetings are those termed group therapy sessions. Psychiatrists have found that emotionally ill people who talk things over in a group gain new ability to get along with others, lose their feeling of isolation, and acquire new insight into their own problems. The members discuss the reasons for their own various breakdowns and compare notes on the best way to meet such troubles.

Wana not only offers companionship to any former patient who cares to join, but also helps those who are still hospitalized or who are just beginning the job of rebuilding a life outside hospital walls. The club puts out a semi-monthly paper, the Wana Society Bulletin, which is distributed in several mental hospitals. It offers assistance to patients who are well enough to leave but cannot do so until someone helps them locate work and lodging. It carries the message, "If you are lonely, let us be your friends."

Dr. Russell Blaisdell, director of Rockland State Hospital near New York City, gave Wana its first chance to work with patients still under treatment. Now members of Wana go to several hospitals on visiting days. They talk with friendless patients or boost the morale of those who need convincing that mental sickness can be conquered. Perhaps the group's greatest usefulness is when a recovered patient first leaves the hospital.

Wana is accredited as a social agency to sponsor releases from mental hospitals. Practical assistance is provided, as well as moral support. The organization has arranged with various other social agencies to supply temporary living quarters for an outgoing patient and has located several firms which are willing to employ recovered patients. It has never failed to find employment for anyone it recommended, and usually its protégés make good.

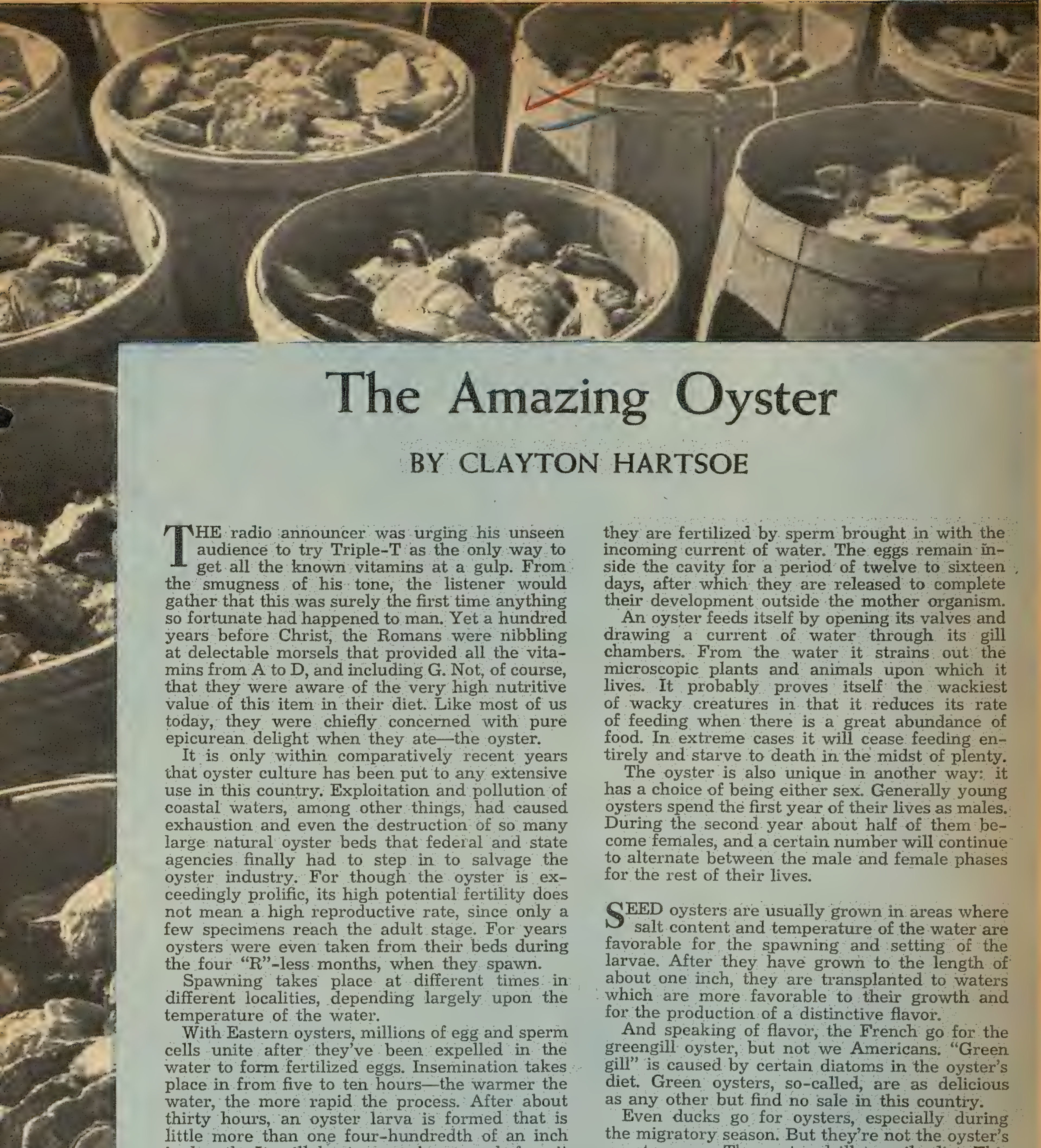
Most of Wana's meetings are held in a Y.M.C.A. The members contribute to the treasury what they can afford. They hope some day to have a clubhouse which will serve also as a temporary shelter for discharged patients. Meanwhile they are making an impressive record.

Ordinarily about one in four of all discharged mental patients go back to the hospital for a second or third time, and often the over-worked hospital staffs can offer but little assistance in readjustment. Wana helps fill this gap. Of the twenty-odd patients it has sponsored after their release from the hospital, only one, an epileptic, has failed to get along satisfactorily.

THE END

This unusual club has an almost perfect record in restoring those who have been mentally ill to a normal, happy life

L6086-12.24 FISH



# The Amazing Oyster

## BY CLAYTON HARTSOE

THE radio announcer was urging his unseen audience to try Triple-T as the only way to get all the known vitamins at a gulp. From the smugness of his tone, the listener would gather that this was surely the first time anything so fortunate had happened to man. Yet a hundred years before Christ, the Romans were nibbling at delectable morsels that provided all the vitamins from A to D, and including G. Not, of course, that they were aware of the very high nutritive value of this item in their diet. Like most of us today, they were chiefly concerned with pure epicurean delight when they ate—the oyster.

It is only within comparatively recent years that oyster culture has been put to any extensive use in this country. Exploitation and pollution of coastal waters, among other things, had caused exhaustion and even the destruction of so many large natural oyster beds that federal and state agencies finally had to step in to salvage the oyster industry. For though the oyster is exceedingly prolific, its high potential fertility does not mean a high reproductive rate, since only a few specimens reach the adult stage. For years oysters were even taken from their beds during the four "R"-less months, when they spawn.

Spawning takes place at different times in different localities, depending largely upon the temperature of the water.

With Eastern oysters, millions of egg and sperm cells unite after they've been expelled in the water to form fertilized eggs. Insemination takes place in from five to ten hours—the warmer the water, the more rapid the process. After about thirty hours, an oyster larva is formed that is little more than one four-hundredth of an inch in length. It will be two weeks more before it will measure even a seventy-fifth of an inch in diameter. By then, however, it has completed its development. It has a shell, a powerful foot for crawling about, and a large supply of sticky material with which it can cement itself to some hard object in the water. Once it has done so, there it must remain for the rest of its life, unless pried loose by oystermen or one of its enemies.

In the manner of reproduction, the West Coast oyster is different from the Eastern. Instead of discharging her eggs into the water, the female keeps them in a special brood chamber where they are fertilized by sperm brought in with the incoming current of water. The eggs remain inside the cavity for a period of twelve to sixteen days, after which they are released to complete their development outside the mother organism.

An oyster feeds itself by opening its valves and drawing a current of water through its gill chambers. From the water it strains out the microscopic plants and animals upon which it lives. It probably proves itself the wackiest of wacky creatures in that it reduces its rate of feeding when there is a great abundance of food. In extreme cases it will cease feeding entirely and starve to death in the midst of plenty.

The oyster is also unique in another way: it has a choice of being either sex. Generally young oysters spend the first year of their lives as males. During the second year about half of them become females, and a certain number will continue to alternate between the male and female phases for the rest of their lives.

SEED oysters are usually grown in areas where salt content and temperature of the water are favorable for the spawning and setting of the larvae. After they have grown to the length of about one inch, they are transplanted to waters which are more favorable to their growth and for the production of a distinctive flavor.

And speaking of flavor, the French go for the greengill oyster, but not we Americans. "Green gill" is caused by certain diatoms in the oyster's diet. Green oysters, so-called, are as delicious as any other but find no sale in this country.

Even ducks go for oysters, especially during the migratory season. But they're not the oyster's worst enemy. The oyster drill tops the list. This fellow kills untold numbers of oysters by drilling through their shells to get at the meat. Then there's the boring sponge that literally smothers his prey to death. Starfish and mussels do plenty of damage, too.

Just the same, with the "R" months here, there'll be plenty of oysters for all who like 'em. And who doesn't? For one thing, no other single food is so well balanced as the oyster. The early Romans weren't vitamin-conscious but they knew that.

THE END

L3 764 -300

# MIND *over* MONEY

**Philip had always believed where there's a will, there's a way. Well, Uncle Jarvis had the will, and this, Philip was certain, was the way to it**

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

### BY ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES COLE

IT was a book idly discovered in a secondhand bookstore that awoke Philip Reeves to the magic powers lying latent in his brain—an organ which, up to now, had excelled only in the sort of cunning employed by rats. It was the book which led him into habits of reform, and eventually, to an interview with Uncle Jarvis.

Uncle Jarvis was one of those rugged individuals who actually look self-made: a big heavy man, impatient toward any weakness in others—with a coppery nose that showed he did not always practice what he preached. He lounged in a chair in the roof garden five stories above the goldfish pond of his town house, and tinkled the ice in a tall glass. The sound was maddening to Philip.

"I understand," said Uncle Jarvis, eying him, "that you've finally decided to quit horsing around. I'm told you've stopped drinking, and that you were even seen studying a book that had something to do with the mind. I must say I find these reports rather hard to believe."

Philip laughed. His mouth was weak but he was not lacking in charm.

"I can understand how you feel, sir," he said. "But it's true. I haven't taken a drink for a month."

"Humph!" muttered Uncle Jarvis. "Remarkable!"

The thought seemed to make him thirsty, and he drank while he studied Philip. That was one of the differences between them—that, and a matter of forty years and something like a million dollars. Philip smiled, but he was hating the older man. Uncle Jarvis can drink all he wants to. He doesn't have to go to work tomorrow. The money keeps rolling in just the same.

"Philip," said Uncle Jarvis, "I've been about to the point of changing my will and leaving everything to charity. But I'll give you one more chance. I'll have Hotchkiss put you to work in the office, and you'll start at the bottom and learn the business as I learned it—the hard way! Is that agreeable?"

"It's only fair," Philip said. His smile stayed on, because he had plans of his own. What was it the book said? "The power of suggestion is, of course, exerted more easily upon individuals whose thought processes are not so strong as your own. Tests have proved conclusively that children, elderly persons, those weakened by illness or disease, and individuals addicted to the use of liquor or narcotics are all more susceptible to hypnosis, or to mental suggestion, than the alert, vigorous adult. . . ."

There was nothing like trying it now, in a small way. He concentrated; he wanted to see if he could make Uncle Jarvis do something unlikely: You will offer me a drink. You will offer me a drink. You will offer me—

"I suppose," said Uncle Jarvis, "that you'd better move in here. Take that front guest room on the ground floor."

"Thank you, sir," Philip said. He was a little disappointed; it wasn't working as easily as he had expected. The book said—

"By the way," Uncle Jarvis added, as if in afterthought, "I don't object to a man having a social glass now and then. I do object to drunkenness. Will you have a whisky-and-soda, Philip?"

"Oh, no, thank you!" Philip answered almost triumphantly. "No, sir. I'm leaving it entirely alone!"

NOTHING in Philip Reeves' conduct during the next several weeks could have caused Uncle Jarvis to regret having given him another chance. Hotchkiss had only one criticism of his work at the office: Philip daydreamed quite a bit. But he could concentrate when called upon to do so.

And at home Philip kept exemplary hours, appeared promptly for dinner in the bachelor establishment, and seemed solicitous about his uncle. Didn't Uncle Jarvis think the roof garden was rather dangerous, with such a low parapet? Wasn't he afraid of having a dizzy spell sometime while caring for the potted plants at the edge of the roof?

"Nonsense, my boy!" rumbled Uncle Jarvis. "I never have dizzy spells. I'm in perfect health. I'll live for at least another twenty years!"

That, Philip told himself, is what *you* think! He was assiduously practicing the exercises in concentration set forth in the book, doing most of them at the office. Only yesterday at luncheon in a restaurant, he had used the power of suggestion to make a smart-looking girl turn completely around and look at him.

And now he was ready to begin. The idea had been planted in Uncle Jarvis' mind. There remained only the task of bringing it into focus.

He watched Uncle Jarvis across the dinner table. *At eight o'clock you will step to the parapet for a view of the city's lights. You will lose your balance and fall. At eight o'clock you will step to the parapet . . . you will lose your balance and fall. At eight o'clock—*

"PHILIP," Uncle Jarvis said suddenly, "I've been thinking about what you said about the parapet being too low. You may be right. *I'm* not afraid of falling, but when Hotchkiss was up here last night, I couldn't get him anywhere near the thing to show him how the bridge looks, all lighted up. Says he suffers from—from some fancy thing or other."

"Acrophobia," Philip said, concealing his jubilance. "Fear of height."

"Silly," said Uncle Jarvis, with his characteristic intolerance. "But I suppose I ought to have it made higher."

He refilled his wineglass. At *eight o'clock . . . you will lose your balance and fall. At eight o'clock . . .*

Nothing happened at eight o'clock that night. But, then, it took a little while for suggestion to make itself felt, for thought impulses to work. Most of that night, and all the next day, the words chanted in Philip's mind. Hotchkiss spoke to him sharply and decided to tell Uncle Jarvis that young Reeves wasn't doing so well.

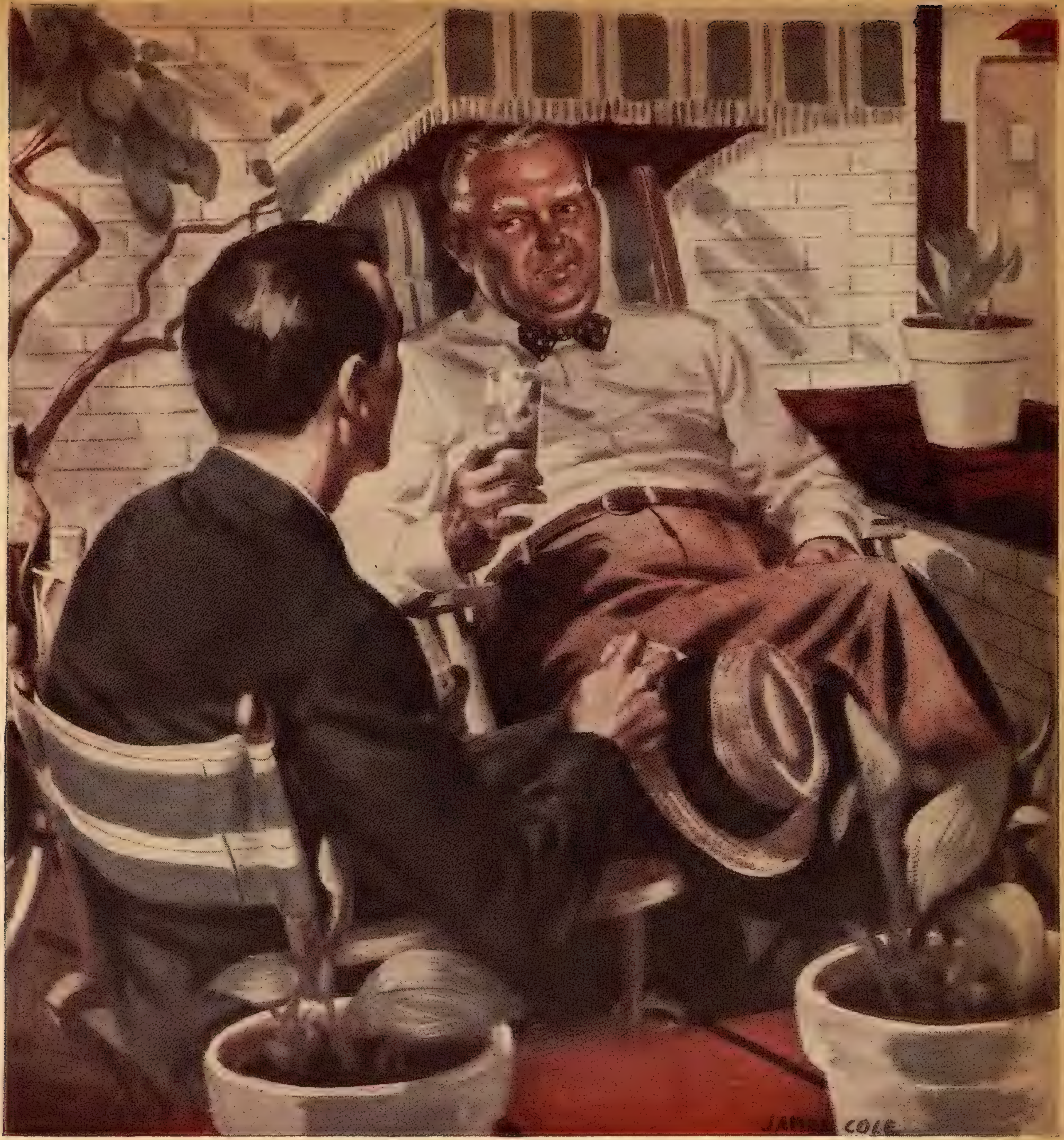
*At eight o'clock . . . you will lose your balance and fall. At eight o'clock . . . lose your balance and fall. At eight o'clock . . .*

All through dinner the litany rang in Philip's brain.

"You look tired," said Uncle Jarvis. "Job getting you down?"

Philip shook his head. Uncle Jarvis little knew why he was tired. *At eight o'clock . . . you will lose your balance and fall!*

It was seven now, and Uncle Jarvis had his brandy while Philip's brain kept hammering at him. Uncle Jarvis excused himself and took the elevator. It was seven thirty, and



"I'm told," said Uncle Jarvis, "that you've decided to quit horsing around. I must say I find these reports rather hard to believe."

the brandy decanter was still on the table, and Philip needed a drink as he had never needed one in his life.

He had a quick one, with no leisurely appreciation of the brandy's fine bouquet. He had refrained from going up to the roof because it wouldn't do for him to be there when Uncle Jarvis fell.

The brandy sharpened his mind. *At eight o'clock . . . you will fall . . .*

He went into his room. The hall clock chimed the quarter hour. He lay face down on the bed and shut every other thought, every other word, out of his mind. Carefully, slowly, diabolically, he mentally repeated the fateful phrases.

The hall clock began striking eight.

Philip Reeves got slowly to his feet like a man in a trance. He went to the casement windows and opened them. He stepped out on the little balustraded balcony.

The clock was still chiming. It said, *At eight o'clock you will lose your balance and fall!* drumming the words in measured cadence.

Philip Reeves, moving like a somnambulist, mounted the balustrade, lost his balance, and toppled into Uncle Jarvis' ornate marble fishpond. The shock of the cold water brought him out of his self-hypnosis and he screamed. Up on the roof, five floors above, Uncle Jarvis leaned fearlessly over and looked down.

"Hotchkiss?" Uncle Jarvis said into the telephone a little later. "My nephew won't be at the office tomorrow. . . That so? Doing all right until today, eh? . . . Well, he won't be back at all, and I want you to remind me to change my will. . . . Why, he had his chance, and what happened, Hotchkiss? He got drunk and fell in my fishpond!"

THE END

PORTRAIT STAFF PIC

PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

The Fox of Fifth Avenue's flair for publicity has put him in touch with the great. Among his mementos on the wall: a Papal blessing, a letter from Franklin Roosevelt.

# Crazy Like a Fox

**I. J. Fox puts more furs on women than any man in history. How? Using spectacular stunts from which even Barnum might shrink**

BY LEWIS FUNKE

I. J. FOX is said to be the largest retailer of furs in the world, and, according to those who know, he's done more to make the American woman fur-conscious than any one man in history. If you don't know who he is, it is through no fault of his. I. J. spends $1,000,000 annually ballyhooing himself and the products he sells. He hires sky-writing planes to float his name across the heavens, stages fashion shows in Madison Square Garden with the flourish of a Ziegfeld, and gives radio gag writers carte blanche to say what they please as long as they mention his name.

Fox thrives on publicity like a rabbit in a lettuce bed. Last spring the Fur Garment Traveling Salesmen's Association chose him the outstanding man of the trade for 1946. Informed that he would be the organization's guest of honor at a testimonial dinner, Fox basked in the warm glow of humble appreciation for an afternoon and evening. The next morning he was at his Fifth Avenue headquarters figuring out ways and means to let the wider world know the news. By the time the dinner arrived, he had arranged for a battery of celebrities, including James A. Farley, Senator Styles Bridges, Henny Youngman, Harry Hershfield, Phil Baker, Nick Kenny, plus a Mutual Broadcasting System hook-up to ensure his praise.

During the depression, he turned the construction of his seven-floor Boston store into a civic event. For the laying of the cornerstone he ordered a specially cast silver trowel, had present business leaders and officials of the city, state, and nation, and garnished it all with a detachment of Marines to honor his service as a buck private with the Seventy-seventh Division in World War I. He took space in the Boston papers stressing his faith in the country's future. Photos of workmen on the job appeared in the ads voicing such testimonials as: "I'm a bricklayer and I know Santa Claus will come down my chimney, thanks to I. J. Fox. It's a long time since a new building went up from a hole in the ground on Washington Street." And: "I am a steelworker. This new building is a break for me right before Christmas. . . . Lots of business men could be builder-uppers like you if they had the nerve to start new buildings. You have shown them how to do it."

FOX not only sells the public, he sells his employees, visitors, and friends. A bronze bust of himself, presented by the Seventy-seventh Division for his efforts in behalf of veterans, sits on a pedestal diagonally opposite his desk: the walls of his office are overhung with congratulatory letters, invitations, photographs of Fox in the company of the famed, and a copy of the Papal blessing that he received through his friend, ex-Governor Curley of Massachusetts. Prints of foxes, heads of foxes, and porcelain ornaments of foxes adorn the nine-floor New York store. His picture hangs in virtually every department.

Once Fox told his press lieutenant, "I've had enough publicity. Build a fence around me." The fellow followed instructions, only to be startled one morning by an irate phone call from Fox demanding to know why the newspapers had stopped bothering him. Reminded of the fence, Fox replied, "Yes, I know, but not such a high fence."

Fox explains his need for publicity on the ground that after a quarter of a century he still is in his pioneer years. When he achieves the station of, say, Sears, Roebuck, he promises to let up. He says with disarming naïveté, "Even the King of England needs publicity."

Whatever the causes, the effects of Fox's promotion campaigns have been considerable. Retailer of mostly popular-priced furs, he owns major outlets in Philadelphia and Cleveland, besides the ones in New York and Boston, has representatives all over the world, even in China, owns an 85,000-square-foot fur storage plant, and has sold close to one million fur coats and pieces. Last year he did an estimated volume business of $12,000,000. Manufacturers like Lou White, one of the largest in the country, admire his supersalesmanship and credit him with contributing toward the broadened base of the whole industry. They say his constant plugging of the fur-for-every-pocketbook theme, his fur-buying service—a system of staging special sales in various cities through arrangement with department-store owners—and his insistence that cheaper fur coats can and should have careful workmanship, have helped transform furs from a winter luxury into a year-round necessity.

Dyers, dressers, and cutters attribute to him much of the encouragement they received in their recent efforts to turn such pelts as the lowly muskrat into lordly mink. As a case in point they cite "silverblu" mink. Two years ago the Silverblu Mink Breeders Association made its initial offering of the new mutation. Fox paid $265 a skin for a bundle of sixty-five pelts and made up a coat with a price tag of $25,000. The coat was good press copy; fashion magazines displayed photographs and women dreamed. Silverblu mink still is a pretty precious item. But, as a result of Fox's popularization of the fur, the dyers went to work. Now for $350 you can get a silver-blue-dyed muskrat that will look so much like the real thing your next-door neighbor will not know the difference unless she's an expert. Only last December Fox introduced the first white otter. It took six months to bleach the dark brown shade and proved so attractive it started the first white season in furs in twenty years. This season white furs are being shown in the leading salons. You can purchase skunk that is a dead ringer for stone marten or platina fox, white-bleached muskrat, white-bleached squirrel, white-bleached opossum, white-bleached lynx, and white-bleached wolf.

ALTHOUGH finding the dividing line between Fox's benevolence and passion for the spectacular is tantamount to squaring the circle, he also has been helpful to the breeders. In 1940 the Norwegian Platina Fox Breeders Association of Oslo sent to the New York auction mart its first major offering of the beautiful silver-fox mutation. It was a pioneer move, and for the shipment's prize pelt Fox paid a record $11,000, outbidding some twenty-five buyers, including ultra-swank Saks-Fifth Avenue. Fox got himself headlines, even in the New York Times. His record bid and subsequent exploitation of the skin brought the mutation to public notice and demand.

Despite the fact that his $22,000 sables, $15,000 minks, and $10,000 chinchillas are basically come-ons for the mass sale of $100-beaver-dyed mouton lambs, $400 beaver-like sheared raccoons, and $300 muskrats, he insists on an atmosphere oozing with luxury. He says, "Any fur coat is an event in a woman's life and should be so treated." Versailles-like mirrors, soft lush carpets, brilliant fluorescent lighting—all are calculated to whet a woman's vanity and to aid employees versed in the subtleties of the salesman's craft. Fox is proud that he sells coats that look like a lot for the money. He concedes, however, that, like most low-priced furs, they have a life expectancy of about three years before they are discarded or remodeled.

Volume sales are Fox's lifeblood, and although his advertising has taken on dignity with the years—he no longer uses his photograph in his ads—he still leans toward the hard-hitting technique of the come-and-get-it school. His front-door receptionist not only directs customers to the proper departments but also keeps a check on where they go. He makes hourly reports to headquarters, enabling Fox to determine the pulling power of his ads. During major sales, songs like All Girls Are Beautiful (in an I. J. Fox fur)—written for him by Gladys Shelley and Ruth Cleary, well-known Tin Pan Alley tunesmiths—jingles and announcements go out over radio stations seventy times a day. On ordinary days he sponsors some forty-odd spot announcements and is on the air from eight o'clock in the morning until five forty-five the following dawn. He carries in his pocket a complete timetable of his broadcasts, and disk jockeys no longer are surprised to hear I. J.'s

(*Continued on page 61*)

CLOTHING

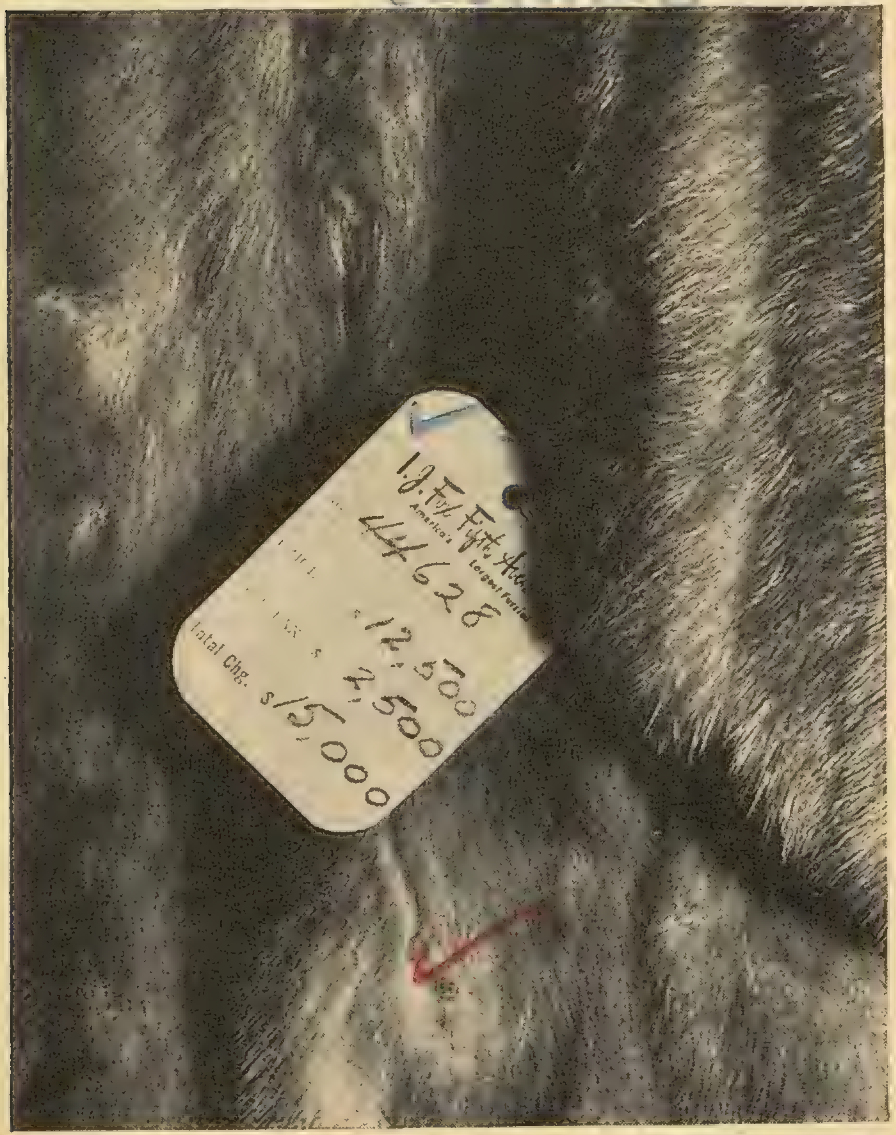


PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

**L J. Fox reproduces this $15,000 chinchilla for $350 in such a way only experts can tell Mrs. Vanderbilt's coat from her housemaid's.**

PORTRAIT

fur

INP PHOTO

**Crowning Fur Queens may be old hat in the publicity game, but I. J. knows this picture of Bette Ribble will sell pelts**

# School for Talent

## BY DARRELL HUFF

New York's truantless School of Music and Art gives gifted kids a chance to develop what's in them—and get an education besides

PARENTS and the rest of us who have been worrying overtime about the low state of American education should take a look at New York City's High School of Music and Art.

Not that music and art need be major studies for all high schoolers—although there is a pretty good argument for that too. But the lucky 1,800 boys and girls at this high school, the only one of its kind, are getting more education than their contemporaries no matter how you look at it. It is hard not to become wildly enthusiastic about this school and hard not to feel sorry other schools aren't catching the idea more quickly.

You find the building housing this unique school is nothing to become excited about; just an old structure inherited from a public school for girls. You discover the difference after you get inside.

Guided by a thin tinkle of music filtering through a closed door you step into a classroom and see that it contains fifteen pianos, one for each pair of students. This is a class in piano, and you don't learn about pianos by sitting at a desk. The teacher asks a question; a ninth-grader answers it by playing a few notes on the piano before him. The teacher asks the class to run over a melody.

Now, in turn, members of the class recite their homework. The assignment was to compose a melody to fit a couplet selected by the teacher. A chubby, brown-eyed adolescent runs over her version. It is lilting, pleasant, seems to fit the words. Is this the first composing she has ever done? "Oh, no," she answers, a hint of amusement in her voice. "I've been composing for years."

In a large room next door you find a symphony orchestra at work. It is one of the six orchestras (and a band) that are a regular part of the school work. Students learn to conduct by leading their own orchestras. They learn to play by daily work in them. And they get occasional inspiration from such notables as Leopold Stokowski and Erich Leinsdorf, who have donated their services as guest conductors.

Art classes are on the floor below. In one room you find the beginners painting compositions; some are landscapes, more are New York street scenes. You can see that there is no attempt here to impose any single style on the students. You may notice also that the beginners are doing real paintings, not mere exercises. These come later, after the students have discovered for themselves how much they need to know about technique. In later years of high school they will study drawing, water color, painting, use of oils, design.

In other rooms you find youngsters doing advanced work. Some are specializing in design—fabrics, wallpaper. Others are doing posters of professional quality or magazine covers that look like something on your newsstand. Students of architecture are drawing plans and building models. Their work, you discover, is modern and experimental.

Behind this busy diversity of work is a well-thought-out plan. M. & A. is built on the fundamental idea that every child should be permitted to concentrate an important part of his time on something that he is really interested in. And—this is important, too—that he should be able to pursue it at an adult level in high school.

Dr. Benjamin M. Steigman, principal, believes strongly in what the school is doing. M. & A. has just celebrated its tenth anniversary and Dr. Steigman (Ph.D., New York University), who is fifty-six, has been with it since its second year.

As Mayor of New York, Fiorello LaGuardia gave the school its start and still calls it his baby. The baby began with 250 students and still holds to this figure in admitting new classes. With capacity limited to about 1,800, it accepts 125 art students and 125 music students each term; and therein lies one of its toughest problems.

Students are selected strictly on the basis of talent in their field of interest. They are chosen from the 800-odd talented boys and girls nominated by elementary schools of the city; the methods used throw some light on the nature of the talent.

Potential music students begin by taking a standard test that measures their sense of pitch, rhythm and musical memory. They go on to individual examinations in which they sing or play instruments. The instructors are not looking primarily for quality of performance; they are searching for talent. Few of the youngsters have had instruction beyond that normally given in elementary schools.

The art students bring portfolios of their work. Not too much weight is given to these, however, since it is impossible to know how much is the student's own work and how much may be the instructor's. The students are tested for visual memory; they make sketches of things they have seen. They are tested for co-ordination of eye and hand. In this test, the youngster makes a contour drawing from a model.

The instructor then discusses the student's work with him, pointing out his mistakes and giving advice. The student does the drawing again.

"Prognostic testing," Dr. Steigman calls it. "It's really giving a first lesson to see how the child does."

All the testing is conducted with great care, because of the special problems of a public school that rejects many more talented children than it can admit. There are headaches even so. There was, for instance, the professional musician who came storming into the principal's office after his child was turned down. And there are rich parents who see the school as a source of culture for their offspring, without the high fees of a private school.

ALL this gets fond parents nowhere, of course. Music and Art plays no favorites. It is as free of charge as any other public high school. All materials and instruments needed are provided by the school.

The enthusiasm with which youngsters welcome the chance to attend M. & A. speaks as well for them as it does for the school. To meet state law and college entrance requirements, Music and Art must give its students the full curriculum of other high schools in addition to the special courses. It does this by adding twenty minutes to the school day and by eliminating study periods.

Where other high school students carry an average of a little more than four studies, M. & A. students take six or more. Except in the first year, three of these are music or art. It makes a tough day, but the students never complain. They even manage to get in the usual quota of extra-curricular activities.

*(Continued on page 58)*

ART - PAINTING

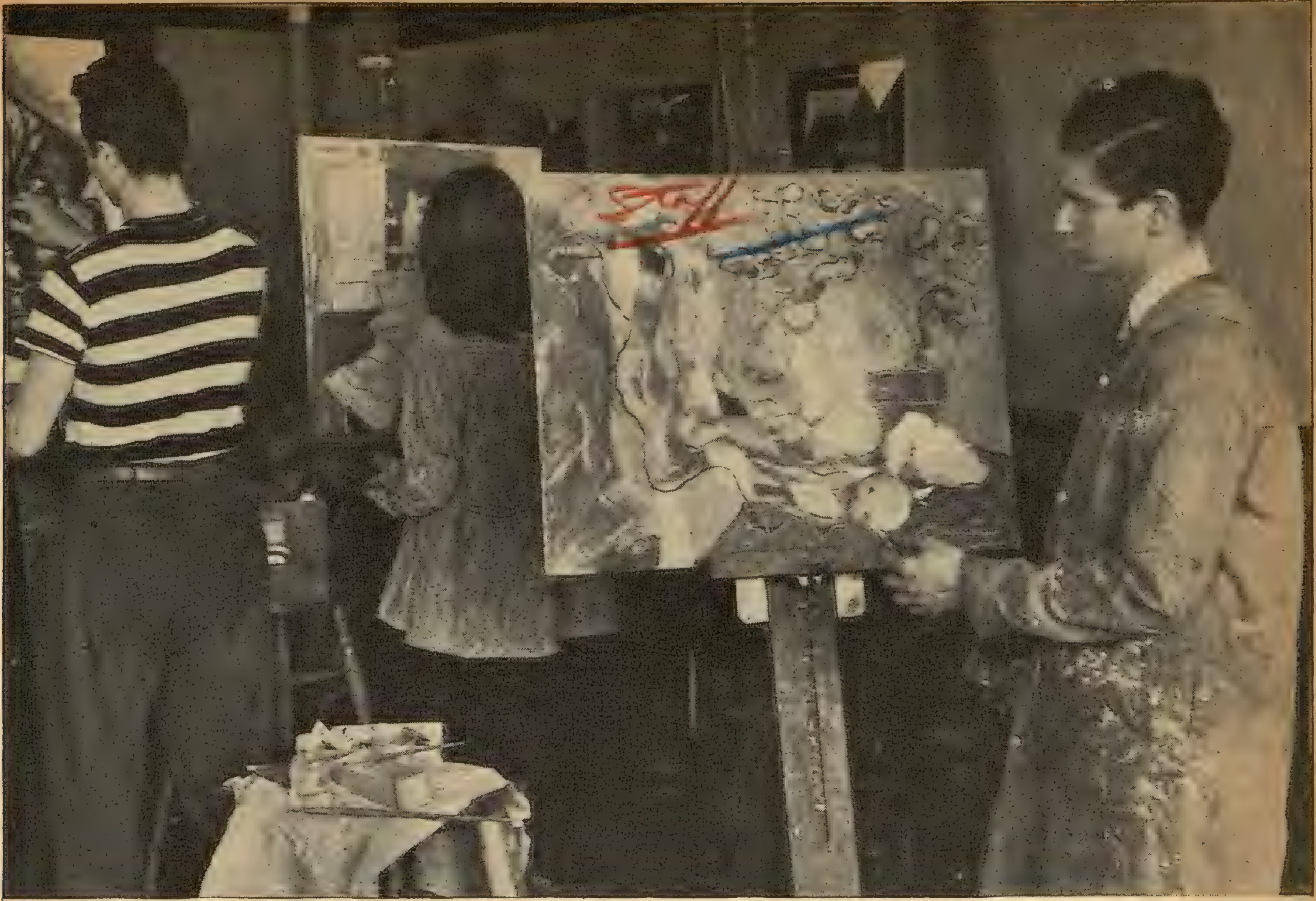


PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

Art Student Matthew Kahn finishes a remarkable still life he has been working on for a week. There is no attempt to impose any single style on the art students. Beginners start on real paintings instead of tedious exercises.

MUSIC

PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

Alma Beswick, an advanced honor student, works on architectural plans. Other students work on posters or magazine covers.

PHOTO BY ROBERT M. LEWIS

How to play in symphony orchestras is a regular part of the curriculum. The students learn to play and conduct by doing.

L6087-24.48 L6088-12.24 L6142-20

# The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

317
S 265
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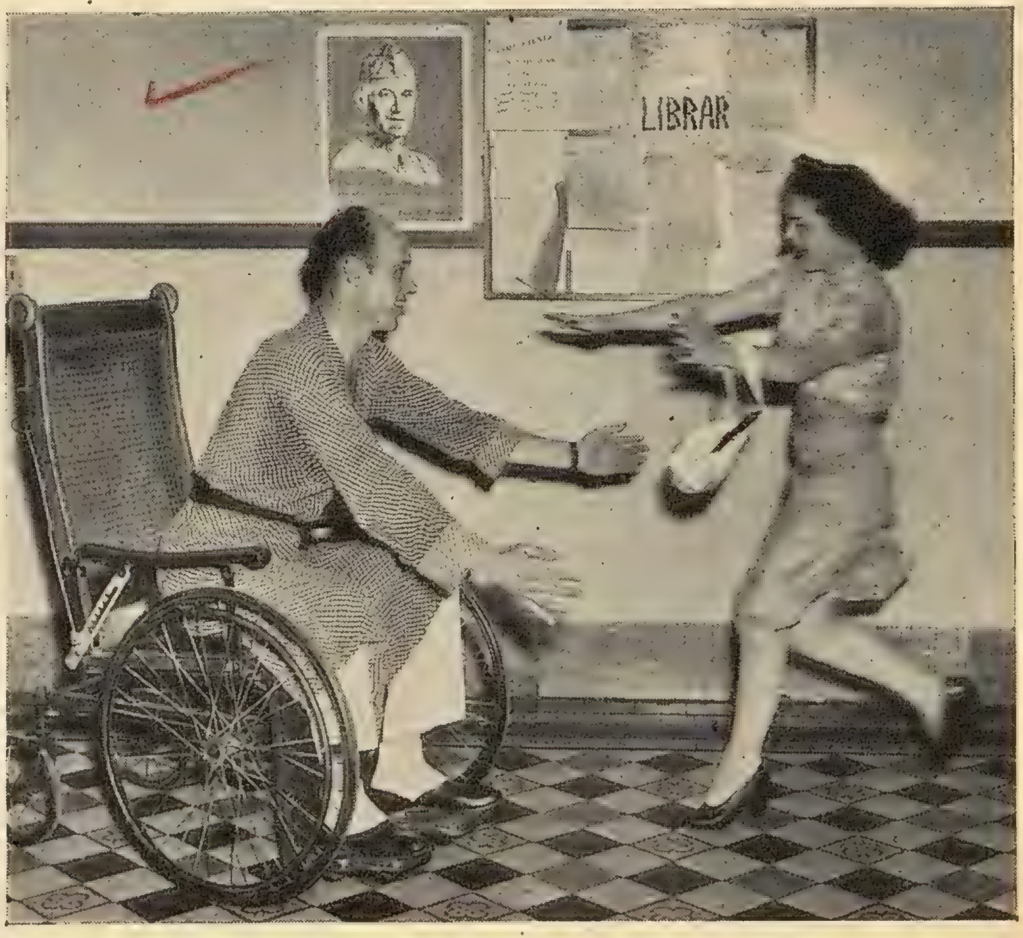
**TRAFFIC JAM**—The sails of 138 Snowbird-class boats blanket Newport Beach Harbor, California, as they start on a six-mile race across blue waters. The sun shone, as advertised, to complete a tableau that pleased and excited several thousand eager spectators.
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

GRIPSHOLM
GÖTEBORG

**NEW LIFE**—Two happy Czech orphans hold up a lifesaver as a symbol of what America means to them.
ACME



**REUNION**—An alert cameraman in Kings Bridge, N. Y., catches one of those rare moments—a wounded vet seeing his wife for the first time.
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

**MANTILLA**—The Spanish influence is apparent in this young lady's ensemble. A lace shawl draped with studied carelessness has been standard equipment with señoritas for many years.
ANDRÉ DE DIENES

**STROLLER**—President Harry Truman sets quite a pace as he steps briskly onto the curb of his home town's main street. This picture of the Chief Executive taking a walk in Independence, Mo., is considered one of the best action shots made since he took office.
AP

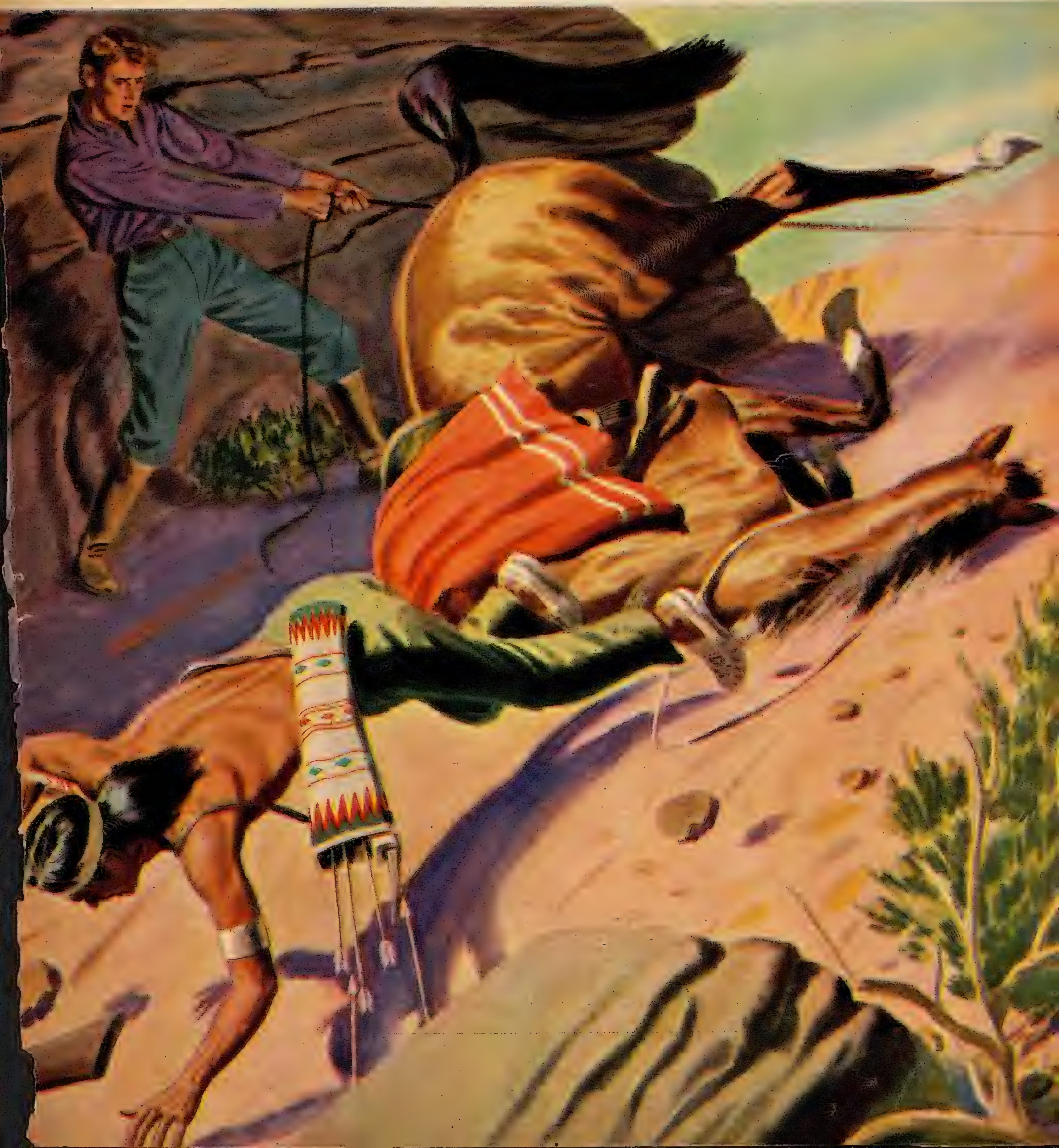
**THE BARE FACTS OF LIFE**—or how some people solve the clothing shortage. It's the American Sun-bathing Association's first postwar convention in Roselawn, Ind. Members believe "clothing is a barrier to natural living" and they practice what they preach.
ACME

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

# Please

That confounded son of Matt Ormsby was always getting into trouble, and now he'd bolted the wagon train to go on the trail of a runaway horse—he and a girl

The pony, lean and ribby, hit the rope with its forelegs, and both the Cheyenne and animal went end over end down the claybank.



# Be Careful, Son

L5812 - 25

### BY CLIFF FARRELL

THE caravan of Pikes Peak busters had been thirty wagons strong when it pulled out of Leavenworth, but that had been six weeks ago. Now there were only fourteen trail-battered vehicles in the overnight camp, in a dry and barren stretch of sand hills on the high plains.

First it was the spring mud on the Kansas prairie, and then the hard going in the ridge country and the threat of the Cheyennes that had turned the others back one by one. And the fourteen hardier outfits were about beaten too.

At daybreak Matthew Ormsby began shaking his son awake in their bed of buffalo robes beneath their wagon.

"Pay attention to me, son," Matt Ormsby said earnestly. "Are you wide awake? Try your best to keep your mind on what I'm sayin'. I'm askin' you for hokey's sake to 'tend strictly to business today, and to stay out of trouble. Do you hear me?"

His tone was pleading. A solid-minded wide-shouldered man who took responsibility seriously, Matt Ormsby could never understand why it was that Bud could look him right in the eye and apparently be very attentive, yet never remember a word that was said. Bud was at that incomprehensible age of seventeen.

"I hear you, sir," he affirmed. "Gawsh neds, everybody else in camp did too, unless they're deef."

"Deaf, son," his mother spoke reprovingly from the wagon just overhead. "Not deef. It's spelled, d-e-a—"

"We know how it's spelled, Margaret," her husband interrupted. "Bud, all I ask is that you stop and think before you do anything hasty."

Bud's mother spoke argumentatively. "Well, it wasn't Bud's fault that water hole turned out to be nothing but alkali gyp yesterday. If you men had made sure before starting lickety-split across country with the wagons, there wouldn't have been any time wasted."

Matt Ormsby sighed. He pulled on his worn cowhide boots, and crawled from beneath the wagon. Bud dressed and followed. He was two inches taller than his father and hadn't reached his full height. He was all arms, long legs and dignity.

The other wagons were astir, and the last night guard was driving the stock out for what scant forage they might find in the vicinity.

Bud saw the flash of a petticoat around the Stoddard wagon across the circle. Nettie Stoddard was half a year younger than himself. She had a pert ribbon in her buckskin-colored hair. She was sure pretty.

What Bud wanted most of all was to make Nettie Stoddard realize that he, also, was a very mature and accomplished gentleman.

But he knew she must have heard his dad's admonition. He stalked to the opposite side of the wagon where he could be alone with the shreds of his pride.

Matt Ormsby was calling all the men together. It was a serious powwow, and Bud ached to join them. They were trying to decide whether to keep going west, or to try to make it back to their last source of water before the oxen gave out.

Denver City and the Cherry Creek diggings should be no farther than a week's travel now, but nobody knew exactly the direction to go. They had been lost for three days in an arid stretch of country where the only trails were the aimless patterns made by the buffalo herds.

THE wagon barrels were about empty and the oxen were showing the effects of short rations. They had expected to hit the Arikaree River the previous day. But they hadn't. The only water they'd found was so heavy with alkali it would have finished the cattle in a hurry.

Bud, of course, had to be the one who had sighted the unmistakable glimmer of water in the distance.

Jasper Hoskins, a sparse leathery man with a sour expression, allowed that if Bud was his young'un, he'd keep him where he couldn't do any more damage.

His dim opinion of the boy dated back to a day when Bud had rigged up a sail and had tried it out on Mr. Hoskins' wagon, where Mr. Hoskins had been taking a nap. The only trouble was that when Bud unfurled his invention, the oxen took one look at that soaring balloonlike contraption above them and then stampeded. They upset the wagon in a dry wash.

And then there was Mr. Hoskins' Morgan saddle horse, which had been missing for the past two days.

Bud hadn't really intended to try to pick that deer fly off the Morgan horse's rump with his bull whip. He was just practicing. He had seen bull whackers pick horseflies right off a mule without disturbing the mule. When a deer fly alighted on the Morgan, Bud's lash got the deer fly all right, but he'd underestimated the distance, enough to nick a piece out of the Morgan's hide.

The last seen of Mr. Hoskins' horse was a sorrel streak vanishing into the fastness of the sand hills northward. Since then Mr. Hoskins had been traveling on foot.

THERE had been other unfortunate incidents. All Bud had tried to do was to be of some help to his father. Matt Ormsby was captain of the caravan, the kind who always assumed everybody's worries.

Bud's mother alighted from the wagon. She saw his somber face, and sighed and kissed him on the cheek. She understood how he felt. She always did.

The wagon council broke up. Bud's father came walking tiredly. "We're turning back," he said resignedly. "The boys figure it's wiser to try to get out of the country with a whole skin."

Bud knew how much his dad had counted on settling in a new country. But that half day of hard pulling on the false trail to the lake of gyp water had been the last straw Except for that, the other men likel would have been willing to kee heading west for another day or s in the hope of hitting water. If they had found the Arikaree, it'd have been plain sailing.

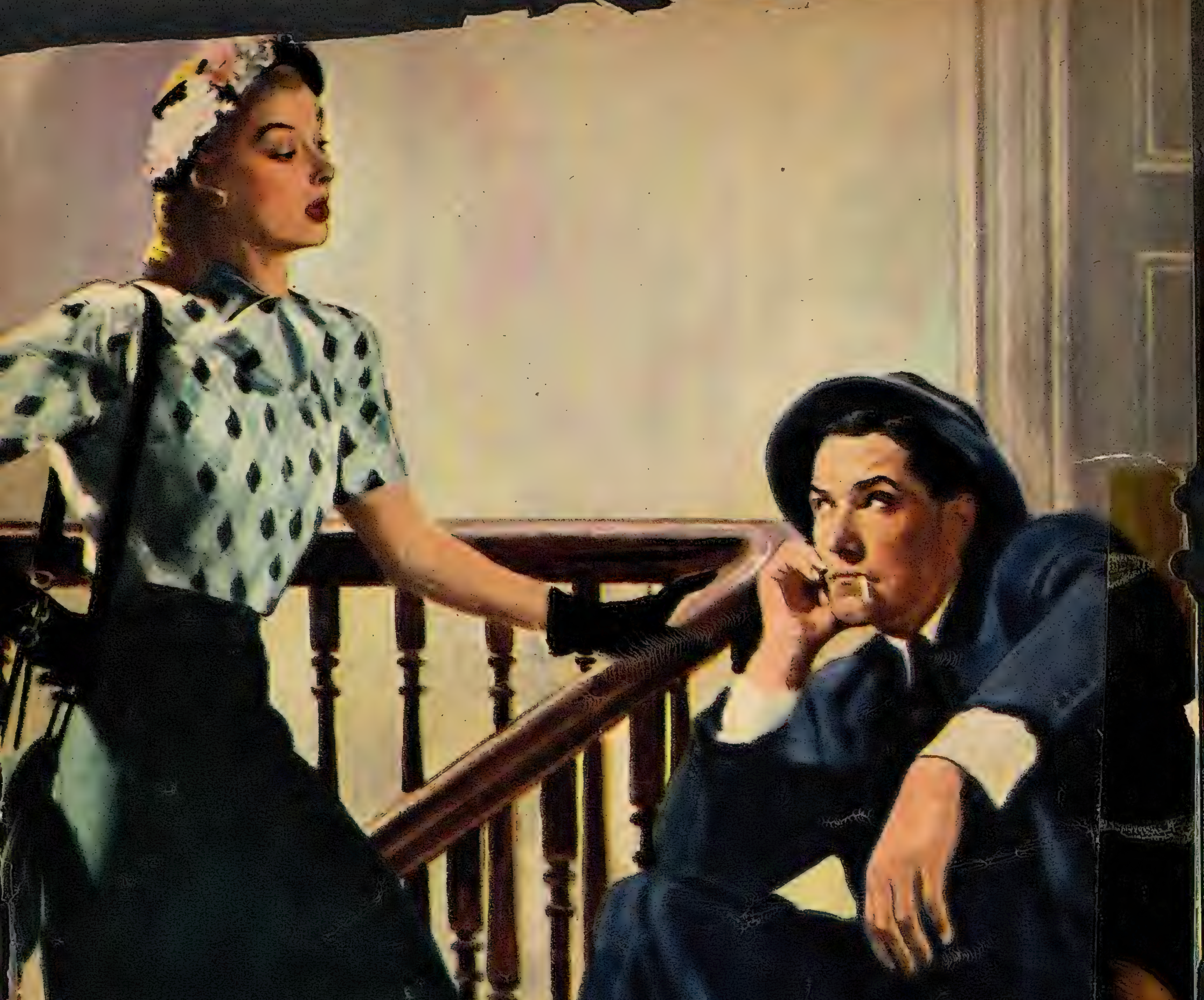
Silently Bud helped his father inspan. Matt Ormsby inspected hi Henry rifle, seeing to it that it wa fully loaded and ready. Nobody ha seen hide nor hair of any Indian but his father never relaxed vig lance. He next began searchin around for his navy cap-and-ba pistol.

"You lookin' for the six-shoot pop?" Bud asked uneasily.

His father turned, eying him wi quick suspicion. "Look here. Y haven't been foolin' with that g have you, Bud?"

Bud sweated a little. His fath

(*Continued on page 52*)



"The sign in the vestibule," I said, "practically rails against canvassers, peddlers and loafers in general."

# A Matter of Technique

Jim had come up the hard way and knew all the angles. Yes, Jim was smart. But he overlooked one thing—Liz wasn't dumb, either

L 5770-400

## BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

NOW at the advanced age of twenty-four, I have, I hope, my share of sangfroid. Wherefore I am wont to meet the unusual with steady eye and no appreciable rise in the blood pressure. And ordinarily when confronted by a member of the genus *Homo,* male, I do not become a thing of guava-jelly knees and goose pimples.

But let same arise djinnlike from behind a musty dusty filing cabinet in a presumably deserted law office at 9 P.M., and even this stout-hearted career woman will loose off a fine fluent "Eeeek!"

It happened thus. (You must grant me a few words like "thus" on account I, Elizabeth Edna Oliver, am secretary for a living in Roxborough, Roxborough, Roxborough & Foley—Counselors-at-law.) This day Mr. Alexander Roxborough elected to dictate. Rush letters. And as a dictator of letters, Mr. Alexander bows to none. He kicked off at two, finished at five. Then he departed.

The mathematically-minded might object. If, they may argue, the eminent attorney twisted out all this in three hours, why should his supposedly smart secretary still be bogged after four hours?

Objection overruled!

I had to look things up. P.S.: Alexander R., when excited, oft strays from the legal. And a lawyer's letter isn't just something you run up like a post card from Maisie to Daisy.

Well, around nine it became necessary to consult the files. There I perceived a light. This did not alarm me. I merely thought someone had failed to put it out before leaving. So I yanked open a drawer and made quite a clatter.

At which point the face appeared above the filing cabinet.

So Elizabeth Edna said "Eeeek!" and doubtless startled the Statue of Liberty.

The chief reason for my outburst was that I had never seen the gentleman before. And what he was doing among our confidential files, I couldn't think. He was smiling.

"Take it easy," he said. "You want the night watchman in here?"

"Y-y-you bet I do!" I chattered. "W-who are you?"

"Why, I'm Johnny Van Vechten."

"You're sure?" I said. "You're not the Phantom of the Opera?"

He looked at me intently. "Gee, I believe I scared you!"

"What an idea!" I contrived a brassy laugh. "I just shrieked for fun. But—why were you crouching behind this cabinet?"

"Crouching?" *His* laugh was genuine. "Good Lord, I was just sitting on the floor, looking over a case. They ought to put chairs in here."

"I'll speak to the management," I said, still shakily. "It's tough for the general public to break into a private law firm and then have to sit on the floor."

"General public? I work here!"

"Do you now?" I said.

"Why, yes. Since last Monday."

Well, this was Wednesday. I'd returned from my early-autumn vacation only yesterday. Obviously he had augmented the staff in my absence.

"A thousand pardons, Mr. Van Vechten," I said. "Welcome to Roxborough *et al.*"

"Thanks," said Mr. V. V. "I'm lucky to get with this firm."

I liked the way he said it. So I said, "I think you're off on the right foot. But what are you doing—burning midnight oil?"

"In a way." He nodded. "You see, I've got lost time to make up. I—I'm twenty-eight now."

I understood. Ex-service palpably. "You've got Methuselah in a state," I said. "But where have you been these last few years?"

"Lots of places. Navy." Johnny Van Vechten sauntered around the cabinet. Which permitted me to see that there was, roughly, six foot one of him. And rangily disposed. He also had semi-serious brown eyes, chestnut-colored hair, and a long nose, slightly hooked.

"Well," he said, "I told you *my* name."

So he got mine, and rolled it on his tongue. "Elizabeth Edna. Kinda long. How about a contraction? Viz. —well—Liz?"

I RETURNED to my desk. Half an hour later Mr. Van Vechten came in.

"Liz," he said, "have you had dinner?"

This detail had slipped my mind from quarter to five on. At that hour Jim Pearsall had called and suggested bread-breaking. But I couldn't talk much, with Mr. Roxborough passionately dictating. I had to refuse, a trifle shortly, and I was worried about my shortness.

Jim is stocky and husky, with a jaw like Pat O'Brien's. He looks at the world out of snapping black eyes, and is headed places with one of the big oil companies. Jim came up the hard way, and I guess that makes a person supersensitive. Anyhow, I knew I'd have to account for my telephonic brevity.

But, the dinner hour long gone, I replied to Mr. Van Vechten, "Well, no. I'm settling for ham and eggs at Benny's." Benny's is a beanery.

Mr. Van V. thought that a fine idea—until we reached Benny's. Then, as if on impulse, he drew me past the entrance.

"Let's up it a notch," he said.

"Well," I said, "there's always the Starlight Roof or the Rainbow Room. But this is Dutch, remember!"

"So am I," Johnny said factually. "Only this isn't."

I RESERVED argument. Because something elusive that had bothered me at the start began bothering me again. I was still trying to nail it down when we hove to before Chez Madeleine.

This caravansary is not inexpensive. But Mr. Van Vechten turned into it like a homing pigeon.

"Hello, Michael." He addressed a presence outside the door.

The doorman's eyes lighted, almost fondly. "Why, good evening, J—er—Mr. Van Vechten, sir!"

Aha, Oliver, I thought! You're consorting with a man about town. The doorman all but addressed him as "Johnny."

Then, inside, Mr. Van Vechten tendered his cigarette case, a handsome affair, gold and monogrammed. I saw the initials plainly—J. deG. V. V.—and tumbled.

My brain swam, envisioning vast estates, proud and ancient Dutch ancestry, plus the riches of the Indies. For, indubitably, I basked in the presence of one of the deGroot Van Vechtens, who are just too too. Me, Oliver!

"Pardon me," I said, "but wasn't it your folks who bought Manhattan from the Indians for twenty-four bucks and a couple of collar studs, and wouldn't give it back?"

I was instantly sorry for this remark. A shadow came into his eyes. "The less said about that," he looked at me steadily, "the better."

He really was disturbed. "Gee," I said, "I'm sorry. I see, though. You want to make good without trading on your—on anything?"

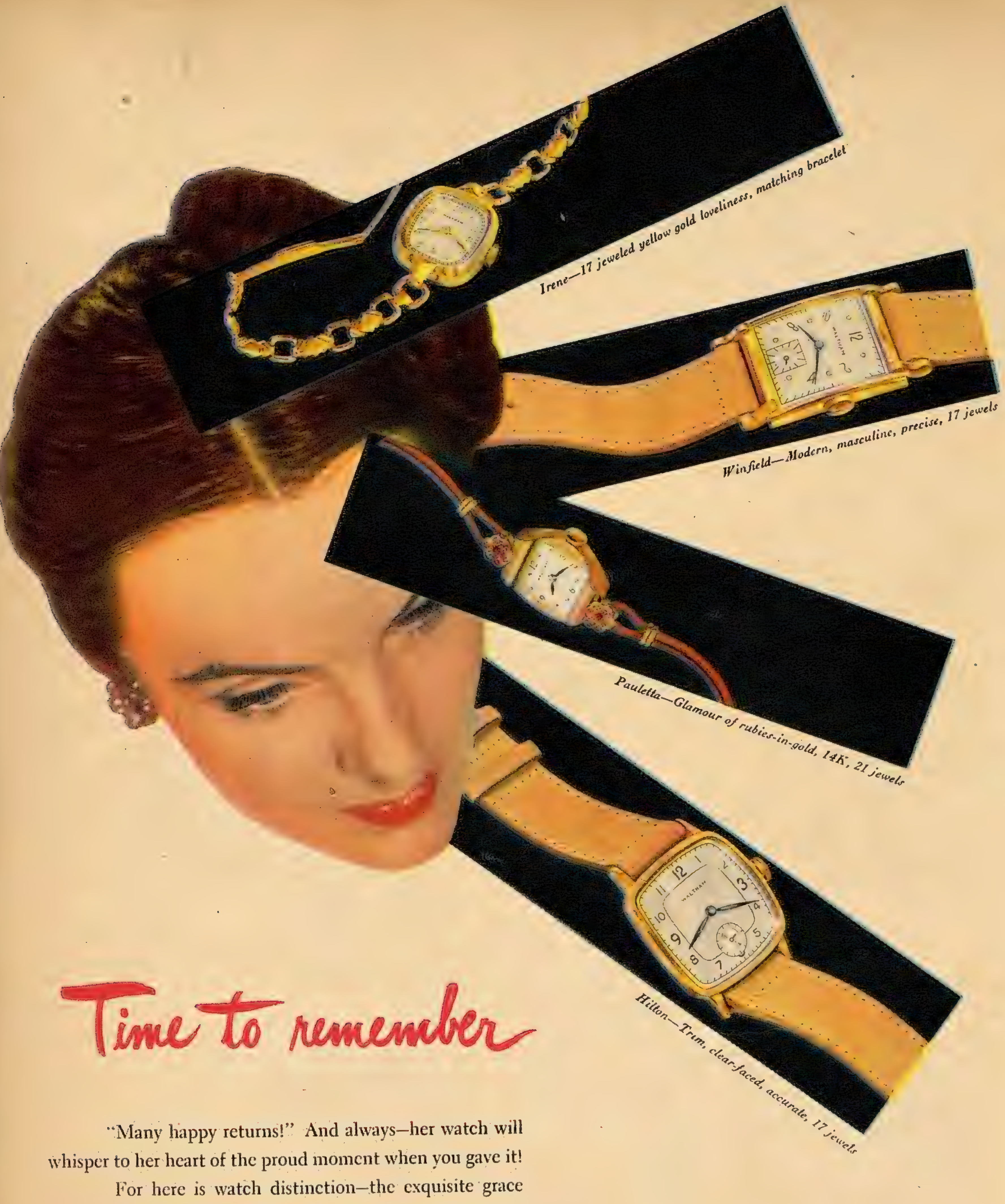
Johnny nodded. "Let it go like that."

I let it go. So his family went back a few jumps beyond Peter Stuyvesant! It was nothing to crack wise about. He was a nice guy.

Well, after dinner, his way led uptown, mine down—to Greenwich Village. He offered to see me home, but I vetoed that. I hopped a bus.

And on the stairs leading to my two-room walk-up I ran spang into

(*Continued on page 64*)


Irene—17 jeweled yellow gold loveliness, matching bracelet
Winfield—Modern, masculine, precise, 17 jewels
Pauletta—Glamour of rubies-in-gold, 14K, 21 jewels
Hilton—Trim, clear-faced, accurate, 17 jewels

# Time to remember

"Many happy returns!" And always—her watch will whisper to her heart of the proud moment when you gave it! For here is watch distinction—the exquisite grace of line—the rarity of design that makes fine jewelry so deeply treasured. It begins, your jeweler will tell you, with Waltham *beauty-within*—the combination of new precision skills with a rich heritage of fine craftsmanship. They make it possible for you to mark *special* occasions with *special* significance—with fine Waltham Watches . . . for both men and women . . . more strikingly beautiful than ever in Waltham's long history. From $47.50. As with all precious gifts, let your jeweler be your trusted adviser.

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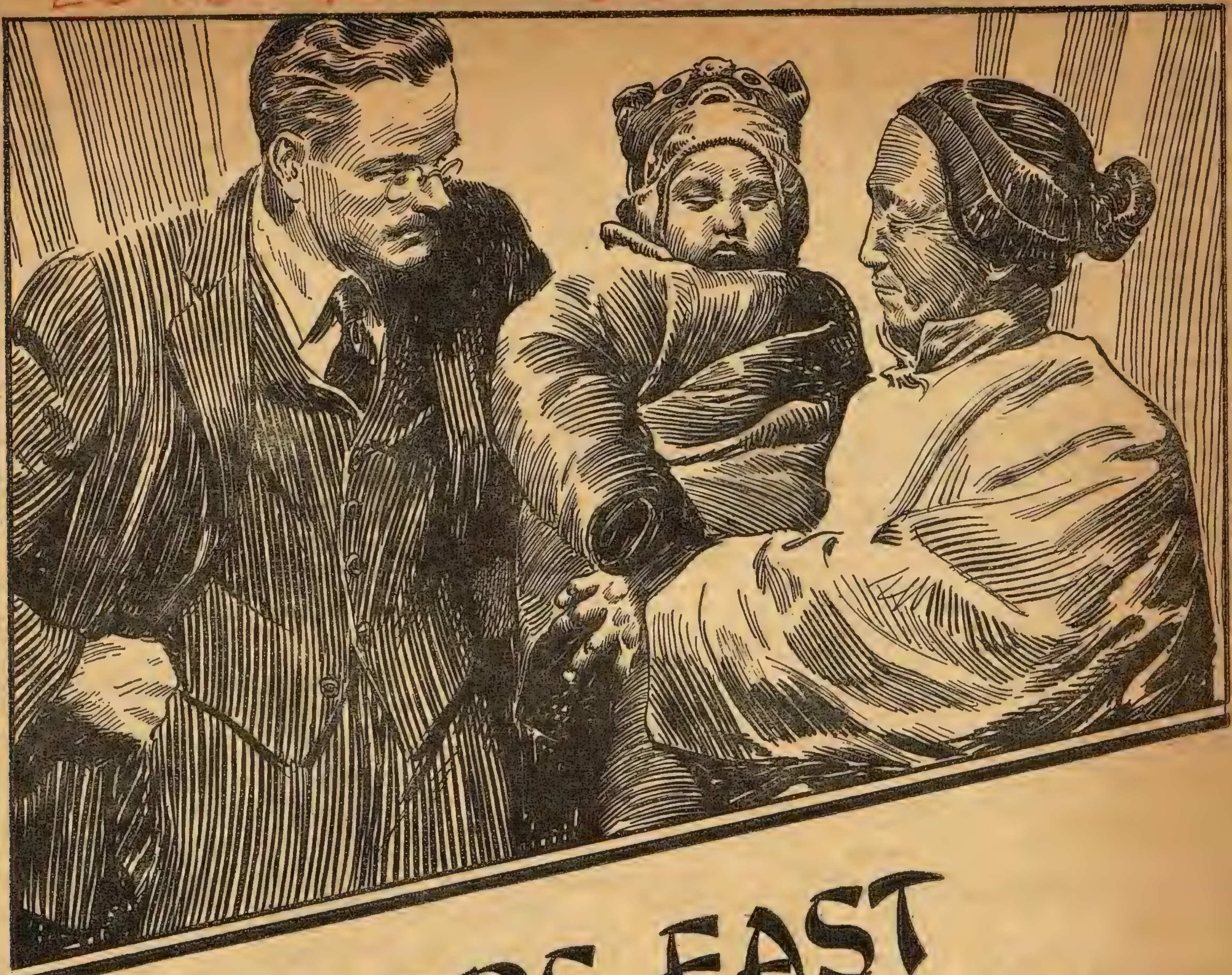

# DOCTORS EAST DOCTORS WEST

### BY EDWARD H. HUME, M.D.

*ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN*

How an American doctor with as much understanding of people as medical skill succeeded in applying both to the health needs of an ancient Chinese city is told here with vividness and humor. Even the curriculums of Yale and Johns Hopkins had not included the moral code of robbers, nor what to do with fourteen tons of gunpowder under your hospital windows.

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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“COME TO CHINA AS soon as you can. You are needed here far more than in India!”

This summons from Dr. Harlan Beach, who was in China making a survey for the Yale University Mission, was startling to one who thought of himself as anchored in India.

“Nothing you can ever accomplish in Bombay can equal the opportunity that awaits you in Changsha,” Dr. Beach’s letter continued. “I have just been up the Yangtze River to visit Hunan. That province has hitherto been thought antiforeign, but a new treaty has been signed making it possible for Westerners to reside and work there. The people are intelligent, well educated, full of initiative. They are sure to welcome a trained Western doctor who comes to start a modern hospital. Before long you will be able to launch a university medical school. Come without delay!”

“To launch a university medical school!” It was the goal I had always set before myself, but it was in India that I had dreamed of realizing that goal. My father and grandfather had worked here for years. I was the only American physician practising in Bombay. I had been born in Ahmednagar and brought up in Bombay within sight of the trains that passed our back yard on the way to Calcutta and Madras, to Agra and Delhi, and the valleys of the Ganges and the Indus. India was home and I had always intended to work there.

Soon after getting my medical degree at Johns Hopkins I was sent to India by the United States Public Health Service and was reporting regularly on the epidemic of bubonic plague, then at its height. One of my duties was to inspect freight steamers clearing for American ports, to make sure that adequate rat guards had been used and that every piece of freight had been disinfected according to regulations. In addition, I was being trained in plague laboratory methods by the distinguished Russian scientist, Haffkine, who had devised the antiplague vaccine that was saving countless lives in India and overseas. Why go from a certain opportunity in India to an unknown situation in China at this time of crisis? Why take our infant son, Ted, into the China Sea, where the war between Russia and Japan was at its peak?

I had heard about the plan for a Yale University Mission in China the year before I came out to India. I had been asked to go out with Thurston, the pioneer appointee in 1902, to be their first physician in China. My India background had led me then to decline.

But American societies were not prepared to share in establishing a university medical college under Christian auspices in India. In China, perhaps, lay the greater opportunity. After weeks of wavering, I decided to go.

The hubbub and excitement were unbelievable as our ship warped up to the pier at Changsha—the City of the Long Sands. What a river front! What forbidding city walls!

Presently, in the middle of the seething crowd on the pier, a familiar face appeared. Warren Seabury, my academic colleague who had reached Changsha a year before me, had come to welcome us. After assembling the baggage, he packed us away in sedan chairs.

We started through the jammed street toward the Little West Gate, a tunnel-like opening cut right through the massive city wall. When my wife first looked up at it, she groaned and said, “Are we going to live *inside* that wall? I shall never be able to sleep at night. I shall feel as if a great stone mass were crushing me.”

After we had passed through the tunnel into the city street, the noise became incredible. Were the people of this city of three hundred thousand just going about their daily occupation, or was a riot brewing?

Soon we reached South Gate Main Street and turned into the entrance that later we always described as “next door to Yung Lung Cash Shop.”

“Don’t be alarmed,” Warren Seabury called out, “about those men in uniform across the street. The governor is personally responsible for the safety of all Westerners in the city. Two armed guards are on duty in that little sentry house, day and night. They will keep track of all your movements and will report about all your visitors to the chief of police. They are instructed to escort you whenever you leave the house.”

The house which was to be our residence for the time being was built within high walls in each side for fire protection. We were glad enough to be so far back from the main street, shut away from outer noises, protected from fires. But I was not to find out for a long time whether Changsha—the City of the Long Sands—was as threatening a place as it seemed that first day.

THE founders at Johns Hopkins couldn’t possibly have been more elated, when they opened the great hospital in Baltimore in 1889, than I was, seventeen years later, when the unpretentious Yali I Yüan—Yale Court of Medicine—opened its doors at Changsha.

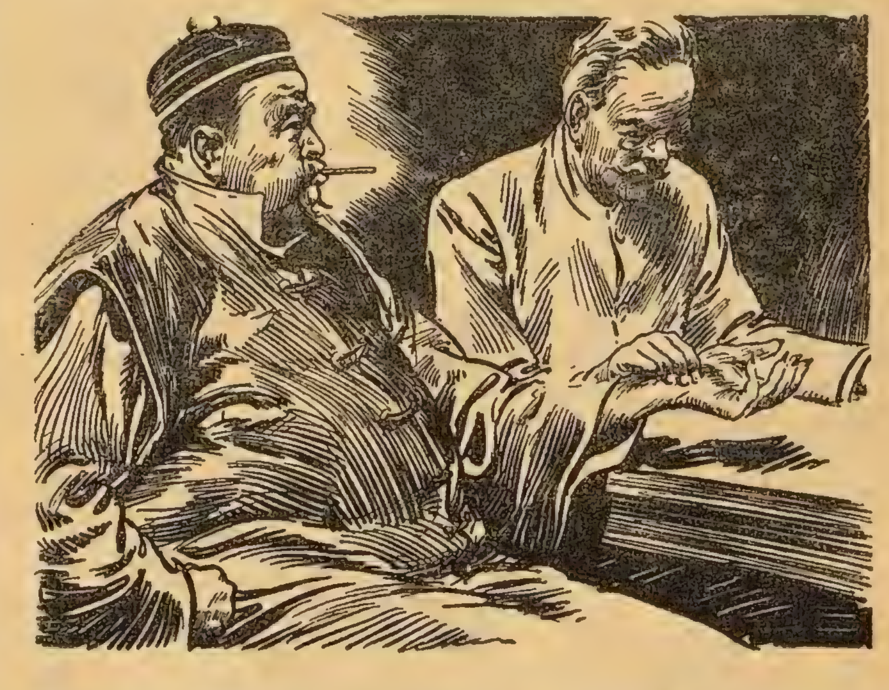
On that first morning, a crowd milled around the doorway, curious and hesitant, watching to see who would be the first to ask for treatment. Finally one man, looking a bit sheepish, stepped up to Gatekeeper Chou.

“How much is it?” he asked timidly. “I want to register!”

“Fifty cash apiece! No less!” Fifty cash was then equal to about two cents in United States currency. “You get a numbered tally that entitles you to be seen by the doctor. First come, first served!”

“Make it forty cash,” the patient shouted. “You should celebrate the opening day by offering reduced rates!”

But Gatekeeper Chou remained adamant. “Think what you would have to pay if you went to consult some of the famous practitioners of our own Chinese medicine in Changsha. You would never get off so cheaply.”



Before long a dozen patients were seated quietly in the waiting room. Gatekeeper Chou struck a bell. No more registrations that morning!

It was natural that in the atmosphere of a Chinese city where religion and health were constantly thought of together there should be prayer and worship at the Yali Hospital as it began its work. A Chinese pastor came over to lead the opening service. He read from the New Testament the story of the Healer who, nearly two thousand years before, found a cripple lying at the Pool of Bethesda and startled him by asking, “Don’t you want to be made whole?”

It was a moving experience to follow the eyes of the group that day as they listened to the speaker. “This hospital,” he told them, “is founded by the followers of that same great Healer. It is opening its doors in Changsha today, and hopes to minister, as that Healer did, to all the people of this city. We invite you to tell your friends about the Yali Hospital. Come with them if they are inclined to be timid. They will soon learn that this is a place of healing, where all may meet as friends.”

In a week we were really under way. A doctor, an orderly, and a gateman were the staff. Obviously, since two of the men were to live on the premises, we needed a cook as well; and since we were using an old building that had once been the Central Inn, we employed one of the inn’s former cooks. He bargained to serve three meals a day to the staff for three dollars per person per month, Chinese currency. Three vegetables at each meal and occasionally a little meat.

After two years we added a Chinese physician to the staff, Dr. Hou, trained as an apprentice in a Presbyterian hospital in North China. He treated with the same methods that the "foreign doctor" used, but he knew local customs better.

Soon after he arrived, we had a series of unusually full days in the dispensary, the crowds starting to pound on the front door soon after sunrise. The registration fee continued at fifty cash, and Gatekeeper Chou had barely enough bamboo tallies for the crowd.

At nine o'clock one morning Dr. Hou and I, at the clinic table, heard shouts and the tread of many feet in the corridor; then loud commands: "Stand aside, this is a mandarin's official chair!"

My friends in America could not have understood how elated we felt because a *taotai* had come as a patient. They would have been duly impressed, however, if they could have seen the patient himself. The rear bearer raised the two long poles, tipping the chair forward, and the gorgeously attired mandarin emerged. His official hat was topped with a light blue "button," shaped like a huge marble an inch in diameter. He was an official of the fourth rank. Below his splendid deep purple gown I could see the striped silken skirt of the official costume. Behind, a long queue appeared from beneath the mandarin hat, with a silken tassel a foot long braided in where actual hair ended.

We heard him say severely to T'ou Sz-fu, the orderly, "Don't you recognize that I am of *taotai* rank? You poor fool!"

"Yes, Great One; but this foreign doctor would dismiss me in an instant if I admitted you out of turn. He has made strict rules, Great One, and enforces them. I am not worthy, Great One, to stand opposite you!"

When the door opened for the next batch of patients, the official forced himself through, his servant close at his heels. As he took his seat on a bench at the side of the room, he related in a loud voice the rumors he had heard about the foreign doctor and the strange things he expected to experience.

Presently his number was called and he took his seat at my right, at one end of the table. Fortunately, Dr. Hou had drilled me in the various opening phrases that courtesy demanded in greeting a new patient, especially one of official rank.

Discovering that the patient was feverish, I reached for the thermometer, placed it in his mouth, and told him to keep his lips closed tightly. This proved to be an almost impossible ordeal. He was wondering, I realized, whether I had started to force some strange medicine into him. When I removed the thermometer, a storm of rage broke loose. He shouted at his attendant, cursing all his ancestors.

"Why did you bring me here? Why didn't you watch me more carefully? Why did you let the foreigner put that strange hard thing inside my mouth? You can see that he knows no medicine!" Then, in a loud voice, so that all in the dispensary could hear, "Did you see? Did you take note that he felt only my left pulse? How in the world can a doctor make a diagnosis unless he feels both pulses, the right as well as the left? Even now, with all his examining, he knows only half the story!"

There was no use offering suggestions or writing a prescription. The *taotai* stalked deliberately out of the room, holding his head high, while the poor servant followed behind, abject, disgraced.

It suddenly flashed into my mind that he had been used as a test case by fellow members of the gentry. They had heard, I presumed, of our mounting attendance at the dispensary. Perhaps they feared that we might be getting too strong a foothold in Changsha.

I SHALL never forget my first surgical patient, the bandit with a bullet in his leg. As soon as I set eyes on this big brute of a man, evidently accustomed to being in brawls with firearms, I was convinced that he was one of those dangerous outlaws that Governor Ts'ên was trying to root out from along the borders of the province. Huang limped in one forenoon, his right leg swollen and red, and told us a fanciful story of how he and his companions were crossing a mountain range when robbers attacked them, killing two and injuring several more. Huang had escaped by falling flat when the first shots were fired and by lying motionless so that the attackers believed him dead.

The bandit said that he had received first-aid treatment of a sort in one of the villages near Changsha, "but it was a small village and I am afraid the innkeeper there didn't use the right sort of plaster to draw out the bullet," he added.

I knew about those local venders of plasters who sealed up every sort of abscess or deep wound with a strong-smelling black ointment. I was certain, of course, that the bullet had not left its deep hiding place, so I agreed to go after it. There was no surgical risk involved, but I had neither trained nurse nor anesthetist. T'ou Sz-fu, the orderly, was out of the question as assistant—I was sure he would faint at the first whiff of the anesthetic. Fortunately, an Irish surgeon had just reached town, on his way to the south of the province. I went over to the Street of Happy Congratulations and corralled him for our emergency. Behind the first courtyard was a small room that had just been whitewashed and would do for the operation. The operating table was an old door laid across some packing boxes.

We found an old-fashioned iron bullet, the sort commonly used in China for centuries. Beyond a trace of rust, it left no sign of its presence in the wound. Many a fascinated group gathered around T'ou Sz-fu during the next few weeks to see the bullet, which we let him exhibit to everybody.

The bandit became a warm friend. For two weeks after his discharge he came daily to the dispensary to have the incision examined. He wanted to be sure that every particle of the bullet was out. He was afraid that government soldiers would track him down and examine him. If they found a scar on his leg they would say their guns had inflicted the wound. One day he vanished entirely.

When I reported the operation the officials told me that this was one of the most notorious criminals in the province and that, when he and his comrades had found themselves surrounded by the governor's bodyguard, they had all taken to their heels. No wonder our patient's bullet was found in the back of his leg!

AS the weeks passed, we were surprised to find the Yali hospital receiving attention in the daily press. And one day I found a group looking at a paper that had just been put up on our front wall. One of our neighbors, the astrologer from the little stand down the street, was reading it aloud for the crowd. It was a message of appreciation ending:

"Let other parents take notice of this miraculous cure and have their children treated at the Yali Hospital. Gratitude! Gratitude Ten Parts!"

On one occasion I was called to a well-to-do merchant's home. Tea was served, and then the host told a story we heard frequently:

The ranking wife had never conceived, though they had been married for ten years. If he did not beget a son, there would be no one to carry on the family tradition when he died. A year earlier a friend had acted as middleman and found a concubine, a strong young woman of good family. Her married brothers and sisters all had children. Now she had lived in his house for nearly a year, and had not yet conceived. "If only you could help us, sir," promised the merchant, "it would be known all through Hunan province, and everyone would say that you were a worker of miracles."

I examined the husband and the concubine, who was brought to the hospital and studied carefully. She was put on a special diet, given other hygienic instructions, and told to report every few weeks. The result was better than I had dared to hope. When she finally bore a son, the grateful husband almost overwhelmed me with appreciation. Our hospital became a mecca for women who had remained childless. They told us that they had been to the temple of the Goddess of Mercy over and over again, and the priests had advised them, when nothing else had availed, to go and see the foreign doctor.

When people went home to their villages, often hundreds of li from Changsha, they would tell all about the details of their life in the hospital, especially about the operating room, the anesthetic, and the cut-with-the-knife doctor.

Many a patient was terrified at seeing the doctor and his assistant completely clothed in white robes, usually of unbleached material. White was the color of mourning and unbleached white cotton garments were the costumes of mourners. One peasant woman, persuaded against her better judgment to come to the hospital, had not been warned about the sights in an operating room. She was wheeled in on a stretcher and placed carefully on the operating table. While straps were being adjusted about her, she opened her eyes, leaped off the table, and ran screaming down the corridor to her bed in the ward.

"I knew I should die if I went to the foreigner's hospital," was her explanation. "Then when I saw the mourners round me, I knew that I was on the way to my own funeral."

When she got back to the village, her courage having been finally restored so that she underwent the needed operation, she told her friends about the medicine they gave her at night. "The attendant would put a little white pill into my mouth and tell me to wash it down with a swallow of tea, saying it would put me right to sleep But you may be sure, just as soon as she left my bedside, I would spit it out. Who knew whether that attendant, dressed in a mourning robe, wasn't just another one preparing for my funeral, and wasn't giving me some poison medicine to make sure I didn't remain alive?"

ONE day a very sick boy was brought in from a village not far away. He had a discharging wound in the thigh and the family begged, "Please, sir, cut-with-the-knife. We have heard in our village that you can perform miracles."

But even a miracle worker was bound to hesitate with a patient in such desperate condition. Besides, was the time yet ripe to risk a fatal result in a surgical case? I remembered that every Chinese thought of the body as the abode of the invisible spirit. Cutting the body would be like defacing the image handed down by one's ancestors, like inflicting a permanent wound on the dwelling place of the spirit. But the family readily agreed to sign a release.

The operation was brief, merely providing adequate drainage; but the boy's system was permeated with poison. The shock of the operation was too much for him. He died three hours later.

Our Chinese surgeon, Dr. Hou, knew the mental reactions of his countrymen. "Do you realize," he asked me, "what a critical day this is for our hospital? Never before has a Chinese patient died in the province of Hunan under the care of a foreign doctor. Send your official card to the governor without delay. Ask him to station a few soldiers from his personal bodyguard at the hospital. Then go home, get your lunch, and let me see what I can do."

The soldiers were soon sent down by Governor Ts'ên and stood on guard in front of the hospital until late into the night. As soon as I left the hospital, Dr. Hou asked what the family would be able to spend, at the very outside limit, for a coffin, and he sent the hospital steward out on the street and told him to spend twice that amount. Even this would come to only six American dollars. Then he had the body prepared and laid in the coffin exactly as he knew the family would wish it.

"The father has come and has examined the coffin carefully," Dr. Hou told me when I returned to the hospital, "but will not open his mouth to say a single word, except that he asked how much we paid for it. He is seated in the guest hall. You should go and receive him."

He did not accompany me, for he believed there was less likely to be trouble if I saw the man alone.

"Any Chinese citizen," he assured me, "will try to be courteous to one he is meeting for the first time."

At the end of the hall stood Farmer Li, erect, dressed in a long, plain, blue cotton gown, his face full of deep sorrow. Seeing me enter, he knelt down respectfully and kotowed three times. I begged him to rise and sit with me on the ceremonial settee at the top of the room.

While still standing, he said, very quietly, "I have come to thank you, sir! You have provided for my dead boy a coffin far more costly than we poor people in the country could ever have afforded. For the boy to die was the will of Heaven; but you, sir, have been a friend. I have discovered today how truly our great sage Confucius spoke when he said:

Within the four seas
All men are brothers.

I shall return to the village and tell all the people there that you are truly our friend and that we can trust you and your hospital fully."

From that day on, we had no fear of death. The hospital mortality rate began to rise slowly. The townspeople were ready, at last, to let some of their dangerously ill cases be brought to us.

WEST Archway Street was a busy, crowded thoroughfare less than a quarter of a mile long and nowhere more than twenty feet wide. Its pavement of granite slabs was like a stage on which, all day long, a fascinating panorama moved.

Water carriers passed with bamboo poles across their shoulders, each pole with two dripping buckets. Most of them brought their load from the river which was only a few hundred yards away. There were men with huge loads of rice or beans, of sweet potatoes or turnips or cabbages or many another of the vitamin-bearing green vegetables of Hunan. Why should there ever be vitamin deficiency in a province so rich in greens and reds and yellows in the vegetable gardens that ringed the city round for miles in every direction? The people of Hunan had always been known for their delight in hot condiments. Flaming red peppers garnished each bowl, and either the scarlet or green peppers flavored each sauce.

The seller of chinaware, with a big load of bowls and dishes, always struck a heavy strip of iron that produced a ringing bell-like note. We knew the vender of sweetmeats and cakes was coming when we heard the sound of his tiny tinkling gong. The coolie with his huge load of coal from Pinghsiang collieries not far from the city pushed along a heavy wooden wheelbarrow that carried at least two hundred and fifty pounds.

We often heard a mixture of squeaks and grunts and roars. When we looked out of the window, we saw a wheelbarrow passing, its axles tortured for want of grease, and strapped to it a huge pig, pink and white all over, bound with heavy ropes, unable to move or withdraw its snout that projected just far enough over the edge of the wheelbarrow to graze each passing ricksha.

As time passed, those carriers of heavy burdens, chair bearers and water coolies, all entered into my consciousness, no longer unknown beings out there at a distance. They became my neighbors, my friends. We were living together, not as native and foreigner, but as fellow citizens, sharing the life of a great metropolis.

But there were other neighbors, too, less visibly mobile; they were the friendly shopkeepers living and working beside me on that narrow street. Shop after shop, like the individual cells along some corridor in a giant honeycomb, had its individual gay signboard. To the casual passer-by, the entrance to the Yali Hospital must have seemed like just one more of those many gateways, one of the scores on the busy thoroughfare. Looking along both sides of the street, one saw a long succession of doorways, some six feet wide, some fifteen, some thirty, all opening inward.

Each door was like the frame of a picture, enclosed in which one might see a living scene. It might be a chinaware shop, in which gay bowls seemed even more festive when filled, all winter long, with narcissus bulbs that sent their shoots upward slowly enough to keep the stems strong under each dainty blossom.

Sometimes when an outer door would fly open, the passer-by could get a glimpse of a courtyard. In summer one saw rock pools with the glint of flashing goldfish fins. In winter, in the midst of penetrating cold, one became aware of the pervasive fragrance of the winter plum.

Our sense of being foreigners lessened when we began to pay street dues of a dozen different sorts. We paid the street cleaners, who made a pretence of sweeping the pavement with their short, inefficient brooms, and the drain cleaners, who, at long intervals, took up the granite blocks in the center of the highway and poked obstructions from the only sewer that the street possessed. There were quarterly dues for the lamp lighters, who kept weak flames burning in lamps filled with bean or peanut oil.

Of course we paid a regular subscription to the street guild itself. It was a sort of union for mutual benefit and co-operative action. The city magistrate could summon the guild leaders to reprimand them for breakdowns of lighting or sanitation or discipline, or to inform them that a new rice tax or coal tax was to be imposed. The only water tax was what we paid to the coolies who brought us water from the river or from the "Sand Spring" outside the South Gate. The owner paid all property taxes to the city government.

Then, too, we were always expected to pay the annual tax to the Robbers' Guild! How, otherwise, could we have escaped petty thieving? The hospital was walled in, to be sure, but doors could be burst open, and street windows were no insuperable obstacles for enterprising burglars. Besides, Chou, the doorkeeper, often dozed in the early afternoon, and a really watchful thief might easily wander in to steal instruments or glassware from the dispensary operating room. It was much easier to provide theft insurance by a friendly subscription, each year, to the chief of the Robbers' Guild. He would then be on our side in case anything of value disappeared.

Our neighbors were becoming aware that we respected their customs and celebrated all the festivals and holidays which they regarded as immemorially a part of their community life. We closed our front doorways at night as their customs provided. When darkness fell, the night roundsman of our precinct struck the bamboo cylinder with one beat for the first watch, and called out his assurance and his warning, as he continued to beat out the watches of the night:

All you street-guild-neighbors!
Be careful about fires and candles!

Sometimes he stopped to have a word on his rounds. "Don't mind the bitter cold of winter," he would say. "Never run the risk of fire in this tightly packed street. Partitions within the houses are so flimsy, paper windows so inflammable!"

In a well-established Chinese house, the gatemen and the manservants might sleep upstairs with impunity, but the members of the family slept on the ground floor. They did not wish to offend the spirits of Feng Shui.

I asked a Chinese friend what Feng Shui meant. "Feng Shui," he assured me, "is an old superstition. People believe that the spirits of wind and water will destroy a house that overtops the near-by temple or pagoda. For the present, the hospital should not use any upstairs room that overlooks our neighbors' bedrooms or the temples on that back street. If there were a pagoda near by, towering above them, that would prevent misfortune, but there is none inside the city wall of Changsha."

Imagine what the neighbors would have said if our operating room had been upstairs and the hospital had been struck by lightning!

ONE day, standing in front of the hospital, I saw a coolie come up with the usual bamboo pole across his shoulder, swinging two rice baskets. One was filled with crude bedding and old clothes, while in the other sat a child of about four years, with sparkling eyes and a restless face. His mother was walking along beside the bearer, who was the child's father.

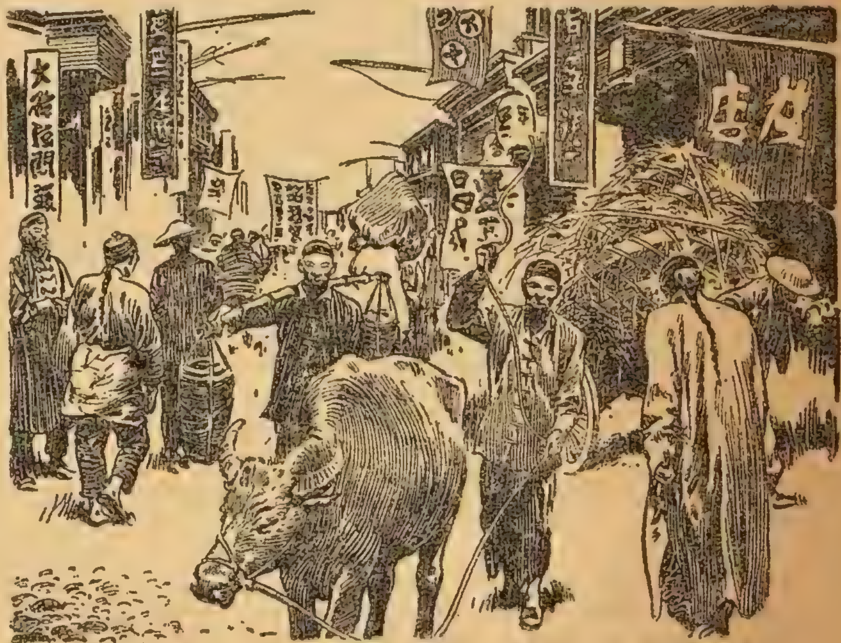
I asked whether she had brought her child as a patient. "Yes," she replied, "I have been trying for a long time to bring him to have you see his sickness." The family, she told me, lived a hundred li to the west, outside of Ninghsiang. This boy was her sixth child; the first five had all died before they were a week old.

As soon as she could leave the house after this one's birth she had taken him over to the big City Temple, paid ten coppers to the priest, and begged him to tell her how to save the boy's life. The husband had carried him there in the rice basket. The priest asked about the date and the hour of his birth, then told the mother that, just as a big rice basket sheltered the grains of life, so would a basket keep the baby's life safe. He instructed her to use the basket as the child's crib all through his infancy, certainly until he was able to run about, so she kept him in that rice basket and called him "Little Basket Boy."

I picked the child up and held him while I listened to his chest. He had a loud heart murmur.

The mother, I could see, was growing nervous. "Let me have him back, sir, and keep him in his basket. I am always uneasy when he is out of it for even a few moments!"

"Bring him up to our children's ward," I suggested. "You never saw such a happy lot of youngsters as are there now. Some of them have lung diseases and others have bone weakness. But they are in a sunny room up there and you will see how they enjoy playing together."



She came up, expecting to be firm in her refusal to leave her child in any "foreign hospital," but was won over by the gaiety of the children. "Little Basket Boy's" father took his makeshift ambulance home, while the child stayed with us long enough to become really sturdy.

Patients came in sampans and sailboats, in huge cargo junks and steam launches, by steamer and train and bus —always because someone they knew had been to the hospital and gotten well there. Later, when people began to trust us with their maternity cases, women were brought rolled up in mattresses slung by ropes to a pole, in homemade hammocks, on rattan chairs or couches, on doors hurriedly unhinged for the emergency journey. When they crept along on the narrow footpath between watersoaked paddy fields and met another team, someone had to turn back to where the path was wider.

The sedan chair, whether ornate like an official's or unadorned like the bamboo-framed seat that the farmer used, was the standard conveyance.

Dr. Hou, of our staff, once took me to a well-known druggist's shop on an inspection trip. In an alcove at the back we saw an altar to the god of medicine with incense sticks burning on it. There were tribute panels on the walls, glorifying the herbalists of old. On the shelves stood large blue and white jars containing tonics, such as syrup of pears, to ward off the feebleness of age and to insure easy delivery. I saw the clerks ladling the tonics out of the jars with iron spoons.

In the smaller jars, they told us, they kept seeds and vegetable substances, some of them quite costly. In the drawers there was an odd assortment: gall bladders of bears for sore eyes (ten dollars an ounce), the contents of tiger stomach to stop vomiting (four dollars an ounce), otter livers for tuberculosis, the horn of the rhinoceros, "cures all illnesses" (twenty dollars an ounce), snake meat, good for rheumatism.

MADAME Ch'ü was a great lady, a poet and a painter, and she controlled the management of the family property as well. No one could cheat her regarding the number of bushels of rice yielded by the family fields out in the western villages.

One day this forceful woman fell ill and sent for me. Grand Councilor Ch'ü met me at the great gates, led me back as far as the women's apartments, then stopped at the door and waved me in. "There are women servants inside who will wait upon you," he said as he turned back to his library.

In the great bedchamber Madame Ch'ü lay in state in a marvelously carved wooden bed hung with heavy curtains. Gorgeous red embroideries formed a canopy above the curtains. I wondered how in the world I could ever examine a patient within such an enclosure.

The maids brought in a heavy blackwood chair and set it down beside the bed. They started to describe their mistress' ailments. Evidently she had coached them herself to explain to the foreign doctor just when her illness had started, which of the animals of the zodiac was in the ascendancy, and what the weather conditions were at the hour when her fever set in.

Having heard their recital, I asked a few further questions of the invisible patient. Presently Madame Ch'ü spoke in a somewhat husky voice, supplementing what the maids had said. After I had made a few further inquiries, I was surprised to see the curtains part slightly and the patient's hand come through. In it she held a little ivory figure of a reclining woman, completely undressed.

"It is not considered seemly," she said, "for a Chinese lady of rank to be examined by a man doctor, so I am handing you this ivory figure marked in two places, the chest and the abdomen, to show you exactly where the pain is located."

I was glad to examine the little ivory piece carefully and hoped I might add it to my Chinese medical collection.

Not long after this I was awakened one night just before midnight by a loud banging at our front gate. "Please hurry, doctor! Mrs. Ch'êng is in labor!"

Armed with a black obstetrical bag as well as a long fish kettle for boiling the instruments, I set out within a few minutes for the Ch'êng home. The servant who brought the message was to guide me. A downpour that had continued for two days had turned the streets into racing rivers, hardly navigable for a pedestrian; but I thought I could get past the ward barriers better on foot than in a sedan chair.

Suddenly we ran headlong into a pair of doors that were locked. It was a district gate, one that separated the wards. Each gate had its own watchman who slept in the cubbyhole overhead. This one, my guide said, was the hardest to waken of the three watchmen he had passed on the way to my house. He shouted loudly.

Finally a thin, ragged form backed slowly down the tiny ladder. Then the gatekeeper groaned that he had forgotten the key. Another climb up to fetch it, another climb down. The long heavy key was fitted into the rusty iron lock, a ray from our lantern guiding his fingers till he found the keyhole. At last, squeaking loudly, the barred gate was pushed open. There were two more barriers to be passed with the same slow process before we reached the Ch'êng home.

My attendant banged with the big brass knocker, and a servant within threw open the big doors. When I reached the bedside of the patient, it took but a few minutes to discover that an instrumental delivery would be necessary.

I had brought along sterile sheets and towels, but how in the world should I be able to get the patient anesthetized? Could I possibly use those elderly women, plainly the midwives, who had been standing around, eyeing me suspiciously ever since I came in? Their clothes were filthy and their dingy sleeves reached down to the middle of their palms. I was sure their hands were as unwashed as those of the gatekeepers we had wakened on the way over. They had clearly failed to deliver the baby, and as a result their expressions were a blend of irritation at the foreign doctor who had been called in to supplant them and of apprehension lest they should be unable to collect any fee.

Just then I noted a likely looking young servant girl, evidently fresh from the country, standing at the side of the room, waiting for orders. She looked strong enough for anything, so I took her into an adjoining room, got out the chloroform bottle, and showed her how to drop the fluid, one drop at a time, on the mask.

"*Ih, êr, san, sz*—one, two, three, four. Just so fast. Drop one drop each time I count. No faster."

There was no special bed available—nothing but a low, wide cot, uncomfortable at best, with nothing but a padded quilt laid on crossed fiber ropes.

The men of the family withdrew, one by one, without a word. I asked the husband, just before he left the room, why all the cupboards and drawers were standing wide open; even the trunks in the bedroom and adjoining rooms had their covers up.

"It has always been our custom in China to open every possible door and drawer and to throw up every trunk lid at the time a child is being born. The women believe it helps to make certain that the birth canal will stay wide open."

"But don't the midwives have any drug that will relieve pain? And don't they ever wash up? See how dirty their hands are."

"Well, we men leave all that to the womenfolk of the family," he reminded me. "We must try to get a bit more modern science into them." He started toward the door. "You were very good to trouble to come over in the middle of the night."

"*Ih, êr, san, sz,*" I counted and heard the maidservant repeating it softly.

When anesthesia was deep enough, I went ahead, fearful all the while lest my newly trained chloroformist faint or collapse with nervousness. She told me afterward that she trembled as she realized what the family might do to her if the inhaling of the powerful drug caused the patient to stop breathing.

But she was careful and steady while I worked with the instruments. Before long, the hoped-for son arrived. His vigorous cries roused the women in the room from their crouching and fear, and the dark room, lighted only by two kerosene lamps, became a scene of rejoicing. They sent for the father as soon as the boy was dressed in his bright red garments. Presently we were all congratulating each other.

"*Kung hsi! Kung hsi!*—Congratulations. The father's wish has been granted. He has a piece of jade!"

The man came up to me beaming and grateful. "We shall name the boy for you."

It was four o'clock when I got home, and I was glad to snatch a few hours of sleep before the day's work began at the busy Yali Hospital. Before noon the word was passed around from house to house along South Gate Main Street that a man doctor might be looked to for almost a miracle when childbirth was delayed, "even though he is a foreigner."

CHINA was seething with the restlessness of impending political change. In the cities from Peking to Canton there were tension and bitterness between partisans of the old and new orders. At the beginning of 1910 the Manchu authorities, supported by the conservative landed gentry, tried once again, as their day of power drew to its close, to turn the enmity of the people away from themselves and against all Westerners.

In Changsha the situation suddenly became tense. At one o'clock on an April morning a rude knock on our bedroom door roused us. There stood the gatekeeper, his eyes as big as saucers. He shouted that mobs of rioters were rushing through the streets and had set fire to the Norwegian Mission a few doors away. They had also smashed the China Inland Mission on the Street of the Court of Education. We were between the two. The gatekeeper had barred the inner doors, but the mob might force the gates.

"Tell T'ang Sz-fu to get sedan chairs for the ladies," I called. "They will take the children on their laps. The men can walk."

"No, sir! That will never do! You cannot go out on the street, but you must escape at once!"

We would go through the *T'ai P'ing Men*—the Gate of Great Peace. This was a secret doorway, always kept plastered up with mud and whitewashed like the rest of the wall at the back of the compound. Every Chinese residence had such a potential doorway at the back, as far as possible from the front gate. It was as if Chinese families assumed that attack might come at any time, from fire or flood or rioters, and that the neighbor whose house adjoined at the back would always provide safe refuge.

We told the gateman we would go out through that door. He nodded approval and ran downstairs to assemble the other servants.

The "compound" consisted of our family with three little children, aged six, four, and one, with three other American adults and another baby. I called instructions to get food ready and to take money along. My wife put several cans of condensed milk and a thermos bottle of boiled water into the picnic basket and picked up a few warm clothes for the youngsters. Fortunately, spring weather was well advanced. I took from the strongbox in my study my whole supply of available cash—fifty silver dollars, together with a good supply of the red calling cards, eight inches by four, that everyone used in those days before the revolution.

A couple of strokes of a hatchet opened the way through the door of peace. We scarcely realized what friendly and hospitable persons Chinese neighbors could be. We had never exchanged calls. Their front gate and ours opened on parallel streets, two hundred yards apart; they were actually in different wards of the city.

The whole family turned out to meet us. They saw us carrying the little children and rushed to their bedrooms to snatch their own children from their beds. They urged us to dress ours in the little padded garments their children wore in winter.

"Be quick!" they urged. "The rioters may rush right through the length of your house, plunge through the peace door and find you all here in our corridor. Put your children into these clothes quickly, and let them lie in these beds. We'll cover them up with heavy comforters, and no rioter will ever know that they are Westerners. You grown-up guests should put on these heavy robes and sit quietly in the room where the children are going to sleep. We'll keep guard for you."

We got the children into bed and turned the kerosene lights low. I sent for T'ang, the cook, and handed him five urgent messages that I had written on the long red calling cards. One was to go to the captain of the British steamer Siangtan, asking him not to sail for Hankow until our safety was assured; two to my hospital colleagues; one to the British consul (we had no American consul in Changsha till 1915); and one to General Yang who commanded all the imperial battalions stationed outside the Liuyang Gate.

One silver dollar—a lot of money in those days—was to be paid each messenger who brought me a reply.

In about an hour T'ang brought in the first of the replies. The captain promised not to sail until he heard from us.

Just at daybreak, we heard the sound of soldiers marching. Our host came and told us that General Yang had sent a hundred men with rifles and fixed bayonets to escort us out to the camp east of the city. They were waiting for us in the street outside. Our hospitable friends served us hot tea and helped the women and children into the sedan chairs that had been brought in for them. The men walked along beside the chairs through the quiet streets, usually so crowded at this hour of the early-morning market.

At headquarters the general himself ran down the steps, greeting us with a military salute. He invited us to rest for a little while, ordered tea served in our rooms, and asked us to join him for seven o'clock breakfast. What a meal it was! General Yang must have feared we might go hungry for several days.

After breakfast the sedan chairs were ordered again and we went off through several miles of countryside. The fields were gay with spring colors, the green of late winter wheat and the bright yellow of mustard. Here and there were patches of tender bamboo. Every farmhouse seemed to be set in a garden of great tree peonies. Turning along the north wall, we swung round down to the river and soon reached the British consulate.

Early in the afternoon the consul sent us aboard the *S. S. Siangtan*. From the decks we watched with dismay the city in which we had lived and worked for years apparently going up in flames.

That afternoon the steamer left for Hankow with forty refugees. But three days later the men among them were back in Changsha, carrying on their work as usual.

The authorities had ordered all the houses of the Hospital staff sealed and guarded by government soldiers. Not a door had been forced, not a windowpane broken. Our clothes and trinkets were just where we left them.

WE learned that a crowd of rioters had surged up the street looking for government or "foreign" property to wreck. As they reached the Yali Court of Medicine, some shouted, "This is a foreign building! Let's go in and smash it up!"

The mob swayed toward the doorway to burst it open, when a broad-shouldered fellow, towering above the crowd, yelled, "Stop! This is the hospital where they took a bullet out of my leg two years ago. If this disturbance goes on, there's sure to be shooting, and some of us are likely to get bullets in our legs. We must leave the hospital. We might need it. Move on!"

He spoke with such authority that the mob obeyed and pushed on up the street. He was our first operative patient—Huang, the bandit!

A square sheet of coarse yellow paper, about two feet each way, had been put on the front of the hospital on the day of the riot. On it in large Chinese characters were written these lines:

> The Yali Hospital
> Is indeed a rented building.
> Seeing this time of crisis,
> It has moved out and left the building empty.
> The street neighborhood guilds have closed and sealed it
> To guard against unforeseen danger.
> To carry on until the price of rice is normal,
> To save the desolate and care for the indigent,
> Raise a fund of a hundred thousand.
> Let everyone contribute gladly.
> This proclamation is official.
> There is positively no prevarication!
> Jointly signed by the Street Guilds
> of Medicine King Street and
> West Archway Street.

IT was years before we discovered what lay behind many of the reactions we met in Changsha. Westerners often said to me, casually, "Surely you don't find Chinese patients as sensitive to pain, as emotionally responsive, as Westerners are." Such an assumption always seemed to me superficial.

I began to find out, as time went on, what the crises were that left a patient unmoved and in what situations he would burst into a fit of anger or become violently obstinate. Gradually I learned that events in the day's experience that lay within the bounds of familiar tradition, and that kept him related to the cosmos as he understood it, caused no disturbance of his equanimity.

The death of a criminal, for instance, no matter how gruesome, was to be expected. The execution of a patient of mine, I remember, roused no resentment in the others, although it had a disturbing effect upon me. The man whom I had treated in the hospital was charged with being a member of a disreputable organization and was sentenced to death. When he was led out along West Long Street to the execution ground, his hands and feet heavy with clanking chains, I followed the group. As I walked I glanced up and saw, suspended in wooden cages on posts at several street intersections, the heads of prisoners who had been executed the day before at the governor's order.

There was an air of solemnity along the whole length of the street People averted their eyes, both from the prisoner as he walked along and from the exposed heads. But there was no sense of rebellion against authority.

Early one morning we were awakened by a terrific clap of thunder and, soon after, a messenger rushed to the house to summon me to see an injured man at the North Gate. When I got there the patient was dead. He had been killed by lightning and the burned body was a gruesome sight. Even I, a doctor, was upset.

"How terrible!" I remarked to the crowd that had gathered.

"Oh, no, sir," one man insisted. "It was as it should be. That man was the meanest fellow in Changsha. Today, before daylight, that wretched thief crept up in the darkness and snatched the string of cash that was tied around the neck of a baby lying in a basket in front of the Home for Foundlings."

"He tried to get away," another speaker burst in, "but he hadn't gone more than fifty feet before the gods got him. The God of Thunder is always on watch to discover and execute wicked people. He is accompanied by a goddess who uses a mirror to flash a light on the victim."

"Quick work by the goddess!" I said to the bystander.

"Oh, sir, the thief ought to be punished promptly. The gods see to that."

ON another occasion I was permitted by the governor to attend the execution of three notorious criminals, two men and a woman. Soldiers were drawn up at both ends of an arena and the block was in the center. Priests in their temple robes were present to grant absolution, not only to the criminals, but also to the executioner whose status would need clearing in the spirit world.

When the time arrived, the executioner handed his sword to an assistant and went over to where the three criminals were standing, manacled. He knelt down before each of the three and kotowed as one might who was venerating his ancestors. This cleared him of offense, for he made the profound apology that Chinese recognize. And the prisoners, too, had saved face. They had received the obeisance of the kotow.

Before they were led to the block, I asked the governor's secretary, my official guide, whether I might, as a doctor, count the pulse of each prisoner. He gave permission and went with me to them. One of the men had a pulse count of 72, the other of 74. The woman's pulse was 78. My own pulse was 128!

Whenever we at the hospital proposed anything outside the familiar round, obstacles sprang up. No one had ever heard of administering chloroform or ether. "What!" a mother shouted at me once. "You are going to put that big white thing over my boy's nose and mouth? Never! He wouldn't be able to breathe. That would be worse than the executioner. He does everything out in the open."

Many a time I mourned at losing the chance to treat a patient surgically. At first people were simply not conditioned to accept any such serious adventure into the unknown. But after a time, I began to suggest that I would put the patient to sleep with *meng yao,* dream medicine. Sleep was known and dreams were familiar enough. To guarantee that a cutting operation could be done without pain opened, little by little, the doors of surgical opportunity.

But there were two regions, naturally enough, where surgical intervention was absolutely refused for many years. If we proposed operations on the trunk or skull, "Never!" they would say. "We'll risk his death from disease rather than let you cut into his head."

They told me that even the most famous surgeon of Chinese history had lost his life because he dared to suggest trephining the skull of an illustrious general.

Underneath all traditions lay deep religious roots. The ordinary man on the street was concerned to keep himself and his family within the stream of life as he understood it.

BY the beginning of 1911, it was common knowledge that a serious political overturn in China was at hand. The revolutionary planners were, of course, working under the direction of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Everywhere men rallied to his leadership, though they knew that the Manchu court had spies watching for him everywhere.

At the hospital we had an excellent opportunity to learn how young China was responding. Pupils from the famous Chou Nan girls' school appeared at the dispensary with bobbed hair—something unheard of in the old decorous regime—and they often came in twos and threes, unescorted. The aristocratic ladies of old China thought it most unseenly for girls to be unchaperoned on the street, but the parents appeared powerless to stop it. "Of course we came by ourselves," girls would say. "We know this is a good hospital, we know our way through the streets, so why not? Besides, we shall have a new government in Peking before long."

Most vivid of all the warnings were the anti-Manchu rallies held in the main auditorium of the Hunan Educational Association. The building itself was a sign of the new day, for it was erected on the site of the old provincial examination halls where, for centuries, scholars had come to sit for grueling classical tests.

It was like a breath of fresh air to go over to the gatherings at the association and to see the great open space cleared in front, "for athletic contests." We foresaw that Hunan could not continue to live any longer in the age in which one of the pupils who was asked, "What do you do for exercise?" replied, "I eat with my chopsticks!"

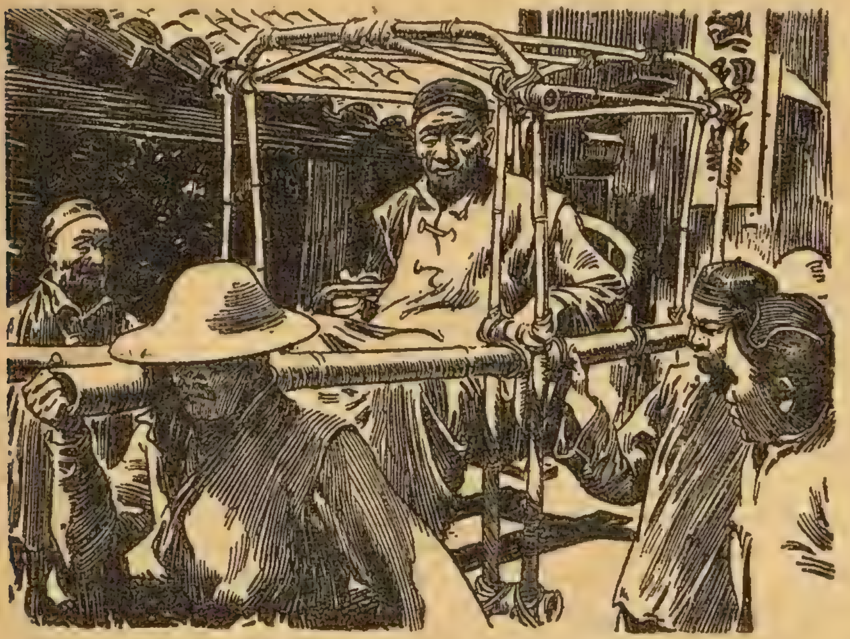
On October 10, "The Double Tenth" (the tenth day of the tenth month), China burst into flame. Everywhere, except in the north round Peking, the provinces allied themselves with the rebellion. In Hunan we helped to organize Red Cross work.

One of the orders to the new republican army was, "Off with all queues!" It was amusing to watch the reaction of farmers and peasants who came in from the countryside to the city gates carrying their huge loads of rice or vegetables, or trundling their heavy wheelbarrows. The guards rushed out, seized every man's queue, and hacked it off with a sword or clipped it off with huge scissors. For many a man it was like parting with a limb to lose the queue which he had brushed and braided so painstakingly since early boyhood. We saw some of them on their knees, kotowing to the guards as they pled for respite. Others actually fought the soldiers and many tried to run away. Though these farmers became loyal revolutionaries by cutting off their queues, many of them kept an extra queue coiled up inside their skullcaps, ready to let down at a moment's notice if it seemed expedient to renew their allegiance to the Manchu dynasty.

Presently the authorities issued an edict forbidding women to bind their feet. This long-cherished mark of gentility which had become a tradition with them was a Manchu heritage. Women who had known nothing since early childhood but the cramping and dwarfing of the bones below the ankle came to the hospital for plastic operations. Many of them were wives of the leading gentry. "We shall not submit any longer to the disgrace of having bound feet. We must have natural feet like our daughters," they would insist. How often during those first months of the republican era did women say to us, "If only we had heeded the counsel of those pioneer missionary women from your country who founded the *T'ien Tsu Hui*—the Natural Foot Association"!

Although we had no room for expansion—we were clearly outgrowing our original quarters—we decided to open the school of nursing which we had planned.

A trained person to wait on the sick was an entirely new concept in Hunan—so new that we found it necessary to coin a word for "nurse." Miss Nina Gage, who came to Changsha in 1909 to launch the profession of nursing, deferred the opening of the school until she had studied the language for a year. When we opened the school in 1911, she selected "Scholars to Watch and Guard," or, more briefly, "Guard Scholars," as the equivalent of "nurse."



In our advertisements and on the large poster on the wall of the Yali Hospital we announced:

OPENING OF NEW SCHOOL
BOTH BOYS AND GIRLS TO BE ADMITTED
TRAINING FOR A NEW PROFESSION

> "Scholars to Watch and Guard" will be taught in this school. Candidates must have completed two years of Middle School, and must pass the school's entrance examinations successfully. Parents must give their consent, and pay the school fee, as well as a deposit to cover breakage or damage.
>
> Entrance examinations in Chinese and arithmetic will be given in the Yali Hospital on West Archway Street on the fifteenth day of the ninth month.

A WOMAN proctor was engaged and the day set for examinations. To our delight, twenty girls and forty boys appeared. Twelve were finally accepted, five girls and seven boys. Miss Gage thought, at first, that the boys were a more promising lot than the girls. Too many problems complicated the lives of the girls. One of them came up to the proctor and whispered, "What shall I do about my wedding? It has been set for next summer. The day will soon be fixed by the family after they have consulted the horoscope scholar."

I asked one of them, Miss Chu, a tiny thing barely five feet tall, why she had decided to be a nurse. She told me that she and a friend, Miss Li, were walking past the hospital one day when they saw the poster. They didn't know what this new profession might be, so they went in to find out. The new proctor, Miss Liu, told them.

The following day other girls went with them to inquire about the examination. Miss Li had seen her mother in the meantime and was not surprised when she expressed disapproval. She reminded her daughter that a young girl should be governed by definite rules:

When walking do not turn the head,
When speaking do not show the teeth,
When sitting keep the legs immobile,
When standing prevent all movement of the skirt.

Miss Chu determined to register anyhow. She had always stood well in her classes at Chou Nan School and was sure her mother would relent, provided she got good marks on the entrance examination. If her mother agreed, her father was certain not to object.

Miss Li had almost accepted her mother's adverse decision. She became timid when she heard that boys and girls would attend classes together and that there would be many unpleasant tasks in the wards, tasks that her mother had reminded her were for servants.

Nevertheless, these sheltered girls made good pupils. Before long, after they had practised bandaging on each other, they became really proficient. No intern in London or New York could have put on a better dressing or applied a Velpeau bandage more skillfully.

Little by little, parents who had been hesitant at first became delighted that their sons and daughters were doing experiments in chemistry and physics. In China they needed science more, not less. Centuries of unadulterated classics had made generations of Chinese scholars unaccustomed to work with their hands.

The governor at this time was a man I thoroughly distrusted. He had been a cruel and corrupt official ever since he had stormed his way in from the north. One day a hurry call came from his house. I went and was challenged at the gate by sentries who carried rifles and mounted bayonets. They looked suspiciously at my calling card and even at the official hospital card.

"Whom does he wish to see?" they asked my chair bearers.

"The foreign doctor has been summoned by the governor's wife. Please let him through quickly, for he has many medical calls to make today!"

"Which one sent for him?" they shouted back, testing the bearers. "Was it the thin lady or the fat lady?"

I happened to remember, for I had seen her previously. "The fat lady," I called through the front curtain of my sedan chair. They sent a messenger from the gatehouse to the inner apartments to check my claim. The answer came to usher me in.

THE "fat lady" was walking up and down the room distractedly, calling directions to her child's amah in a harsh, strident voice. "Cover him up more. Why did you open the window? Don't you know that will chill him? Pick him up and carry him in your arms. Put him in the cradle and rock it so long as he whimpers." Catching sight of me, she put on all her party manners, bade me be seated in the guest chair by the window, and called for tea.

"Don't trouble, Madame, to treat me with such 'guest manners,'" I ventured. "Please tell me how long the child has been ill."

"It began four days ago. The child complained of headache, deep behind the eyes. His fever rose rapidly. You can feel him and see how he is burning up. His face seemed to grow red, and this morning we saw those little pimples at the top of his forehead. Please tell me, foreign doctor, do you think he will get well? He must get well! He must!"

The poor little fellow lay there in a bright red satin jacket, with padded jackets beneath it. White would never do in a sickroom. High fever, sure enough. And the rash was plainly that of smallpox. I told the mother so, quietly and frankly.

"Let me urge you, Madame," I suggested, "to do two things at once. One is to let me vaccinate you and all the attendants immediately. I have the vaccine right here with me. The other is to let me send over one of our young women nurses. You will find how much more comfortable she will make your little son. She is an expert in taking care of sick children."

Both matters required some persuasion. The mother sent a message in to Governor Chang and he appeared at the sickroom within a few minutes. I told him of my proposals.

"Above all, sir," I urged, "you must be vaccinated yourself and have your whole staff protected, too. See that all the grownups and children in the apartments of both ladies are vaccinated immediately. It would be a stain on the governor's reputation if a smallpox epidemic should get started in Changsha because of lack of preventive care here."

"I'll see what I can do," he replied. "I can order the men of the staff and they have to obey me. But what can I do to get the two ladies and all their women servants to listen? You must help me, foreign doctor."

We didn't succeed in vaccinating the entire establishment that afternoon, but we isolated the patient and persuaded the governor to keep armed guards at the door of the room. And we installed as nurse in charge the same Miss Li who had stopped to read the poster on West Archway Street. She was one of the top-ranking graduates in her class, that first class which pioneered in the establishing of nursing as a profession in Hunan.

WITH the opening of the school of nursing and the increased work at the hospital we were growing so rapidly that there was urgent need of a new building.

On my first furlough in America I told my Yale classmate, Edward S. Harkness, about it.

"I realize," he said, "how much you need a new, adequate hospital out there in China. Have you made any estimate as to what it will cost?" I told him that we had consulted a local engineer from Hankow, had prepared approximate figures of cost, and had made some initial sketches. I had brought with me samples of all the building materials we might use: the various kinds of woods available in Hunan, bricks, stone, lime, sand, cement.

Harkness proposed not only to build the hospital but also to equip it. He said with great earnestness, "There are three conditions I should like to insist upon. The hospital is to be a center of medical education, for my primary concern is not for medical practice only. It is to be a center that the people of Changsha will regard as their own, to manage and support. It is to be a project for whose current upkeep I am not to be approached."

In the summer of 1913, the Yale University Mission in Changsha and the newly constituted Chinese Society for the Promotion of Medical Education set up a joint board with ten members from each group. We were wondering what name to give the new enterprise when one of our friends, Mr. Nieh, made a suggestion: "The literary name of our province, Hunan, is Hsiang. The first syllable of the name of the Yali Mission is Ya. Let us call our united body the Hsiangya Medical Educational Association. Everyone who hears that name will recognize that Hsiangya means Hunan-Yale."

We began to advertise for students in the local papers in Shanghai, Canton, Peking, and Hankow. Entrance examinations were held in those cities and in September, 1914, we started classes with twenty students. We began in a rented property on the Street of the Grass Tide.

Those first medical students overcame great difficulties in persuading their parents to let them undertake anatomical studies. Respect for the dead body was one of the mandates handed down to them by their ancestors.

These, however, were not the first anatomical studies in the hospital. Down in old West Archway Street, Goliath, the gateman, had understood the need of postmortem examinations. One day he came to me with a suggestion. "Doctor Hume, you have often said that we should do well to examine a body, to find what disease had caused death. If you will examine the body of my infant son, I shall be grateful. If we know more about his illness, perhaps we can save other children."

I was amazed at his courage and wondered how he could arrange it without causing a commotion. He took his wife to her mother's home for a visit, then returned to the hospital and carried the son's body out to a shed at the back.

Although we had not recognized the child's condition during his lifetime, we found that the liver had become seriously infested with parasites. Our knowledge of tropical disease was greatly enlarged that day.

NOT long after we moved to the Street of the Grass Tide we turned the first sod for the new hospital on our beautiful site outside the North Gate. A broad avenue, fully a hundred feet wide, had been laid out by the city, extending from the Hsiang River half a mile to the west, past our front entrance, to the east of the city.

Among the Chinese members of the Hsiangya board, none was more enthusiastic than Dr. Chu, versed in the medical lore of old China, and yet a seeker, from his earliest years, after new knowledge. The purchase of the whole medical property, on which hospital and medical school were to be erected, had been his chief concern.

On the afternoon of the day we broke ground Dr. Chu came to me on the sidelines and whispered, "Why didn't you have the boundary stones moved twenty or more feet farther back all around? I gave you weeks of interval after the payment was made, before it was necessary to take the deeds down to be stamped officially. You might easily have enlarged the property quite a bit. The measurements were purposely left a trifle indefinite and it would not have been an unusual procedure."

One day we heard the sounds of feasting over in the workmen's dormitory. No one would think of starting a new building in China without spreading a feast in honor of Lu Pan, the patron of carpenters. Paper money was burned outside the shed, incense and firecrackers lighted, just to make sure that Lu Pan was on the carpenters' side as they began work.

The site was quickly leveled off and the lines for the first foundation trenches were marked out. Tomorrow, the contractor promised, they would start digging the trenches. But tomorrow came and went, and the day after that as well. No workmen were to be seen on the site. We sent for the contractor.

"They refused to lift a single pickaxe until old Ma, the soothsayer, had consulted the oracles and fixed on an auspicious day," he told us. "They'll be starting in a day or two."

"But we thought you were a Christian."

"Well, you see, sir, although I am a church member, very few of the workmen are. They have never in their lives commenced any building operation without consulting the oracles. We must not use threats. Don't forget, sir, that many of these workmen have been a bit timid about working on a foreign building."

Two days later several hundred workmen were there, and the excavation went ahead. Western builders would have thought engines and bulldozers essential, but human labor was all-sufficient in China. Every workman had all he needed, a mattock and hoe and a pair of tiny baskets to carry off the excavated dirt.

One morning as we walked over to inspect the new construction we saw what looked like a grove of flowering young trees, springing up out of the walls that were now a foot above ground.

"We knew you wouldn't mind, sir," the contractor said. "It is an old custom in China. We have already disturbed the ground here by digging this enormous excavation, so the workmen have tied bunches of young pine branches to the tops of the scaffolding poles, hoping the aggrieved earth spirits will think they are looking down on a grove of trees and will pass by without doing us injury."

A few days later we found another pole standing out between two of the wells, a basketwork sieve tied to its top and a mirror hung in the middle. One of the workmen explained that good influences could pass through the sieve and help them. The mirror transformed every adverse influence into good fortune.

BY the fall of 1915 we were ready for the next ceremony. During the summer I had written and urged Professor William H. Welch of Johns Hopkins, my old teacher, to visit Changsha in October. I told him we should have a festive occasion if only he would come and lay the cornerstone. He wrote back: "Dear Hume, I have never laid a cornerstone in my life, but I am perfectly willing to try."

The party of visitors, Dr. Welch, Dr. Simon Flexner, and others spent a large portion of their time in our hospital on the Street of the Grass Tide, inspecting each ward, public and private, the operating rooms, the library. But for Dr. Welch the laboratory was the center of interest. We begged him to examine and describe for us a greatly enlarged spleen which one of our surgeons had just removed. No one who was with him that afternoon will ever forget the eagerness of the scientist as he studied the specimen. As he went out of the door, he said, "I shall think it over and tell you, before I leave Changsha, what my conclusions are."

We took the visitors across the river to climb Yolu Shan, our favorite mountain, known as the "Mountain of the Three Religions." We showed them the spreading Confucian temple at the base, designed to be visited by scholars who were seeking, in the old days, to pass the classical provincial examinations; the Buddhist monastery halfway up; and the Taoist temple at the top, with its glorious outlook. One could see up the river valley for nearly thirty miles.

As we entered the temple, the venerable chief priest came out and greeted Dr. Welch and his colleagues with profound bows.

"How old are you, revered sir?" he asked Dr. Welch.

Without a moment's hesitation the doctor, who was white-haired but not at all old-looking, flashed back, "I am a hundred and fifty-six years old."

The other American guests, happily, gave no sign of their surprise, but the Taoist priest, not accustomed to such visitors, bowed again and again and asked me to convey to Dr. Welch his profound gratitude that his temple had been thus honored.

"Revered sir," he said, "I should like to hang in the corridors of your house a lacquered tribute panel saying: 'Visitor from across the sea, I honor you as a medical forefather.' "

That afternoon, October 18, we celebrated the laying of the cornerstone. The splendid granite block hung suspended, ready for the trowel and mortar, with the name of the hospital and the date carved into the stone in Chinese and English characters. Before the stone was lowered, Dr. Welch made the chief address of the day. He referred to the fact that, in 1854, the first Chinese student to go abroad, Yung Wing, had received his bachelor's degree at Yale; that he, himself, had received his own degree there in 1870.

That night we took the visitors to the steamer for Hankow. While we were standing on the dock, waving to the guests on the deck, Dr. Welch leaned over the rail and called out, "Oh Hume, I have been thinking about that spleen. I am sure it was a case of chronic passive congestion!" Truly the farewell words of a pathologist!

The cornerstone of modern medical practice and education, the goal of my life in China, was now well and truly laid.

WITH the building of the new hospital, the time had come for us to leave the strange little house in which our family had lived for so many years. Now we were going to live "outside the North Gate."

There were no vacant spaces in the countryside there. Every foot of ground was either rice field or vegetable garden or a patch of graves. Right in the middle of the college campus the Ho family had its little family hill of gravemounds, each with an appropriate carved slab of granite. We talked about buying the plot, about a ceremony to move those ancient graves to another spot; but the family never quite agreed. Why should they disturb the spirits of their ancestors to accommodate a foreign school? However, that low hill of graves, reaching right up to the college chapel, never disturbed the students. They went on with their games unmindful of the presence of the spirits.

On the hospital grounds we had even more trouble. Several times court action was brought against us for having trespassed ever so little on the enclosure of the graves of this family or that. A good deal of money was spent by the hospital in reconciling ourselves with the living descendants of those whom we had unwittingly dishonored.

Yet out there in the country, there was a sense of something new, something coming into being. From our windows we could look out on the school athletic field, with boys pole-vaulting and jumping and running. Every week teams came to the grounds from other schools in the city and from schools in Hankow. Now and again the school team would play with a team from an American gunboat that had come up the river on its winter journey to Changsha. The antics of the cheer leaders would have startled the gentry of an older generation.

Girl students, too, a new generation of them, came running by with unbound feet. From one and another school near by they came over to our athletic field and took part in volleyball and other contests. They had close-cropped hair and wore athletic shorts. They were the girls who would usher in the new China.

But at one season every year, during the festival of the Chinese New Year, new China was forgotten. People went back to customs that were centuries old. Right up to noon on New Year's Day there were men going about with lighted lanterns. "All debts," the chair bearers told me, "must be collected *before* New Year's Day." So the pretence was made by these men, who appeared to be searching for something with their lanterns, that it was still the night before.

The national holidays of the Westerner, all taken together, do not begin to mean to us what the New Year's festival means to China. Feasting takes the place of thrift, even for the poorest. Families are reunited.

Every household at this season had a messenger who went to the spirit world to report. Tsao Wang, the kitchen god, was hearth god and celestial spy all in one. A niche behind the kitchen stove was his shrine. That tiny recess, black with smoke, held a gaudy picture of His Highness, and even the cockroaches assembled there were known as the "horses of Tsao Wang." At the appointed time his image was burned, releasing his spirit for the journey to the other world.

Just before the hour of the kitchen god's departure, offerings of sweet food were made, including a confection of sticky rice. With this smeared on his lips, the family might depend on him to report only flattering things about them; nothing about the carelessness that let Brother Number Two catch the dreadful cold that was nearly the end of him, or about the gossip and rattlebrained chatter that gave old grandmother a stroke in the tenth month. After Tsao Wang's noisy send-off with hundreds of tiny sputtering firecrackers, the tension in the kitchen was eased.

Once the cat's away,
The mice climb over the bamboo fence.

IN the old city and outside the walls, everywhere about us we were conscious of the world of spirits and of how intimately they dwelt with the living.

One evening it was nearly dark as we hurried back from a walk along the top of that straight stretch of the Changsha wall, north of *Ts'ao Ch'ao Mên,* Gate of the Grass Tide. They always closed the barriers at the side of the gate at sunset, and we were racing to get through. Suddenly we heard the sound of a woman's voice crying out, "Oh, my child, *Er Pao,* come back! Little one, return home!"

The woman's home was a mud plaster lean-to, standing in the alley just inside the city wall. As dusk fell she had come out into the tiny street and was pacing back and forth past the house, utterly unconscious of the people watching her.

"Come back, my child, come home! The house is swept, your clothes are ready, the bed is waiting." Over and over again she wailed aloud, begging the sick child's soul to come home.

She ran up a ladder to a little ledge beside the house and began to wave a bamboo pole, to one end of which a child's garment was fastened. Over and over she called, "*Er Pao,* come back home!" Then another member of the family appeared beating a gong loudly as if to get the attention of the missing soul.

When the sick baby had become unconscious, the mother had tried to coax it back to consciousness. Failing to revive it, she went outside the house and waved its garments in the air, hoping that the absent spirit would return from its journey, recognize its own clothes, and slip quietly into them.

ON my medical journeys in various provinces, often in sedan chairs, over difficult lonely country roads or in tiny boats that were rowed or poled when the wind failed, I learned much about the people.

Lu was the head of a guild of robbers. He had rescued an American doctor whom I knew years before when, during the Boxer years, his life was threatened. The county magistrate was a friend of the doctor's and gave him shelter for a few nights. Finally he told the doctor that he was going to ignore the edict of the Empress Dowager to put all Westerners to death in his area. He had devised a plan to send his friend away to safety under an escort. He sent for Lu, the robber chief, who came in trembling, expecting to hear that he was to be executed for a bandit raid of an earlier week.

Instead, the official told Lu to take the American doctor across the county boundary and over into the next province where things were quiet and he would be safe. Everybody knew Lu. The magistrate said he would hold the bandit responsible for the doctor's safety.

They passed through village after village where scowling peasants and farmers seemed ready to threaten the life of the guest. At each point, however, a word from the bandit chieftain scattered the crowd.

On one medical journey in the province of Kiangsi I stopped for a meal at a lonely inn. I was sure I recognized my neighbor. "Weren't you the man who helped the American doctor escape from Ch'aling when his life was threatened several years ago? And didn't you come to our hospital last year with Huang, the bandit who was shot in the leg?" I asked.

"You did well to recognize me, sir. I have withdrawn from the guild of robbers. Everyone knows me now as an honest citizen."

As we were alone in a corner of the inn, I asked him a few questions. "Does a robber," I inquired, "have a code of morals?"

"Oh, yes. Did you ever read about the robber's code in the story told by Chuangtzŭ, the ancient philosopher?"

In Chuangtzŭ's ancedote a robber chief pointed out how impossible it would be for a robber to achieve anything without morals. "By intuition he recognizes where something is hidden—that is his greatness; he must be the first to get it—that is his courage; he must be the last to get out—that is his sense of duty; he must know whether it can be managed or not—that is his wisdom; he must divide fairly—that is his kindness."

No one, my companion pointed out, who is lacking in one of these five virtues will ever become a great robber.

FOR three years after the death of the old Empress Dowager her confidant, Yüan Shih-k'ai, remained in seclusion. Whenever the Prince Regent sent for him, he made the excuse that his lame leg would prevent effective service at court. But, as soon as the revolution dethroned the Manchus, Yüan became the leader of the counter-revolutionary clique and forced his own election to the presidency. He determined to have each provincial governorship held by one of his own party, a man with a military background upon whom he could depend to be ruthless in carrying out his instructions.

One of the first political casualties of these restless years was our beloved governor T'an Yen-k'ai, a staunch foe of the reactionaries, who had been a friend even before we moved to the Street of the Grass Tide.

T'an was proud that the new hospital and medical school had been built during his two terms as governor. When he discovered that we could never do the kind of modern X-ray work required of our hospital, or much of the other scientific experimentation planned for our laboratories, unless we had an adequate supply of electricity, he pushed forward a plan for the new power plant outside the North Gate, which would provide illumination and power for the hospital and laboratories as well as for the faculty residences. One night in February of 1917, as we peered through the blackness, the whole hospital was suddenly lit up. It was like a symbol of the goal toward which we had been pressing for a dozen years.

In the hospital our work expanded in spite of the disorders, and although we tried to keep out of politics, it was sometimes almost impossible to avoid being involved; and it soon became evident that the magistrates and people of a couple of thousand counties in China could not be made aware of their health needs unless they were dealt with as a national issue. Fortunately, the offers of the health section of the League of Nations were welcomed in China. Acting on the advice of experts sent out by the League, a National Health Administration was established under the leadership of Dr. J. Heng Liu. Before long this led to a nation-wide program.

This national consciousness of the need of community health was not born overnight. It was remote from the days when we in Changsha lived in constant fear that the city might be destroyed by one or another of the war lords. During that time the loyalty of our Chinese friends was our strongest defense.

Once, long after midnight, we heard the voice of Goliath, the gateman, calling to us, "Please move your beds back from the windows. There is a lot of shooting going on here."

A few minutes later we heard him shouting in his resonant voice, "Listen, you soldiers up on the city wall. Point your rifles the other way. This is the foreign doctor's house. Don't fire this way. These are our friends."

During some of these chaotic years our medical enterprise went forward with scarcely an interruption. It was hard to convey to friends at a distance our sense of the continuity of our work. When news in the American press grew alarming, saying that Changsha was surrounded by fighting armies, we received cable inquiries.

"Yes," we replied promptly, "it is true that serious fighting is going on around us this week, but we go right on with our work." The hospital basement repeatedly became a refugee center as well as a place for outpatients.

When the northern armies were thrown out of Changsha and a southern force marched in, the city streets were hung with flags and scrolls proclaiming a welcome to the newcomers. It was easier to welcome them than to turn that walled city into a shambles with street fighting. One winter there were ten different commanding generals at the head of our province. One or two of them held office for but a few days.

ONE day the telephone rang in my house. "This is the governor speaking. Are you Doctor Hume? Please come to see me at once. A division of the Kwangsi Army broke through the Hunan defenses southwest of Hengshan three days ago and is marching on Changsha. We must use every means to prevent fighting near the capital or on the east side of the river. You can help turn the tide."

Half an hour later, Mr. Warren of the Methodist Mission and I received detailed instructions in the governor's private office.

"Today," the governor urged, "we count on you two esteemed foreign gentlemen, who have become citizens of Hunan like ourselves, to help in keeping these troublemakers away. Changsha must not become the scene of such bombardment as occurred during the bloody days of the revolution. I beg you to go to the front and plead with the Kwangsi commander to lead his troops across the river. If there is to be a battle, let it take place in the country, over there. You shall have all possible military protection."

We both spoke mandarin and were known by the citizens round Changsha, but the Kwangsi patrols would not recognize us. They were known to be antiforeign. We might be fired on. But we agreed to go.

It was a comical procession. My colleague, a massive Englishman, was mounted on a small, vicious, buff-colored Hunan pony. It was all the rider could do to control the restive creature. My pony was a drab dark-brown, his color matching his dull, listless nature. Behind us, in plain costume and with concealed pistols, hurried six of the governor's personal guard. Military uniforms might more easily draw the fire of the Kwangsi patrols. They carried white flags to use when they came in sight of the enemy troops.

Out we rode through the South Gate, on beyond the south suburb. There were very few people on the road, though ordinarily at this forenoon period the vegetable markets south of the city would have been jammed. Farther on, the highway was deserted, though it was broad daylight. It was as still as death.

Suddenly a shout, and we were surrounded, but not by Kwangsi soldiers. Two battalions of the governor's Hunan guard, who knew that we were out scouting, had been in ambush hoping to take the advance patrols of the Kwangsi force by surprise.

"We frightened the Kwangsi men away!" they called out to us. "We drove them down to the riverbank. They commandeered all the boats down at the landing and are now rowing hard to get across to the west bank."

We asked how barely two hundred men could turn back a couple of thousand of the enemy's crack troops.

An officer told us that his troops had instructed all the farmers going south to spread the report, when they met the Kwangsi advance guard, that the governor had suddenly received reinforcements; that five thousand fully armed troops were right behind them, and that these troops were being followed by artillery.

The farmers were frightened, but they put so much conviction into their story that many of the Kwangsi troops straggled away before they reached the ambush. Just as the rest reached the Hunan battalion, it fell on them, firing repeated volleys and shouting as if it numbered a thousand men instead of barely two hundred. The entire body of the two thousand Kwangsi men fled.

Our mission was over. We rode back into the city at the head of two battalions of Hunan soldiers. The governor presented us to a large group of citizens at a public reception, soon after, as the "saviors of the city"!

More and more military officers came to the hospital. Some of them were really ill; others wanted a place of refuge. I was making rounds one day and went in to examine the patient in our most expensive private room. I had looked at the chart and was in the midst of questioning him when the door flew open and two messengers came to the side of the bed, saluted, and handed a telegram to the patient.

He read it hurriedly, jumped out of bed where he had been lying under the covers in the uniform of a full general, put on his military raincoat, saluted me, and was gone. It was such a frequent occurrence during all those restless years that I had not even noticed, when I came into his room, that two sentries had been posted at the door day and night. The generals of the Hunan Army couldn't be too careful.

The friendship of these officials who were our patients was invaluable to us. Since we were, in reality, medical aides to the various generals, our senior medical staff was always informed as to the password, so that we could go in and out through the gates like protected beings. We always had to send a messenger to the governor to ask for the password. It would come to us sealed in a large official envelope.

WITHIN a stone's throw of our hospital stood the powder magazine, a sinister neighbor capable of destroying our entire community. The moat that circled it was the only external evidence that it might be a storehouse of tons of gunpowder.

There was likely to be a short interval between the withdrawal of the southern army and the occupation of the city by the oncoming northern victors. This offered us a chance.

With the help of our faithful gateman, Goliath, we determined to empty the powder magazine.

At dawn I telephoned my proposal to the chairman of our Hsiangya medical board, who was now acting mayor of the city.

He was delighted and said the city fathers would welcome our plan to get rid of that powder.

Promptly at eight o'clock I called up the American consul, gave him a hurried description of our imminent danger, and told him that the new hospital was sure to be terribly damaged if the magazine was blown up. I added that the city fathers had given us their approval.

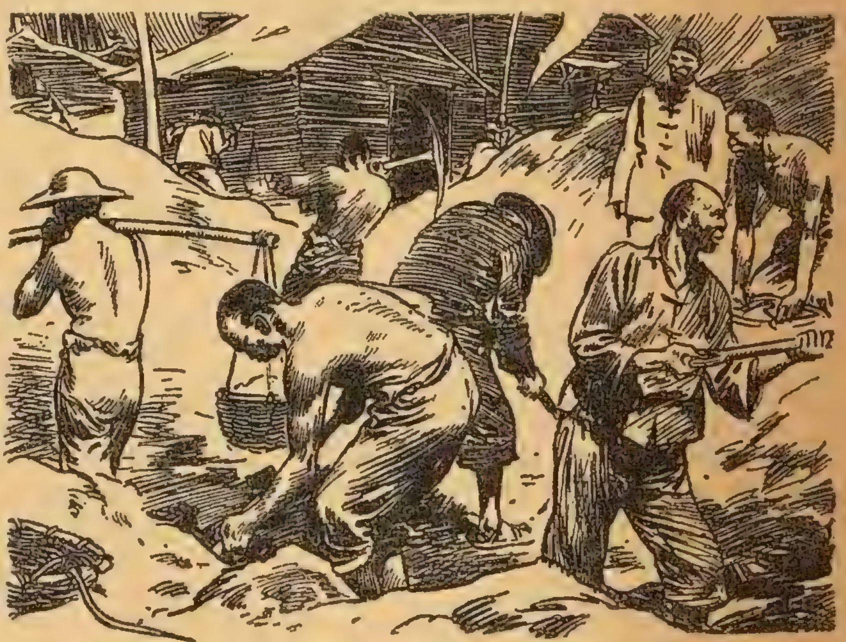
"Tell me, sir, may I go ahead, take some men with me, force an entrance into the powder magazine, and dump the contents into the moat?"

There was a moment's hesitation before he spoke.

"Yes, but . . ."

I hung up the receiver so as not to hear any instructions that would limit our progress.

I sent for the hospital engineer and told him to get his tools together; we might have to wreck the door of the powder magazine. "Get Goliath and two helpers," I told him, "and meet me over there by the moat sharp at noon."



He checked his watch with mine and went off, relieved. It was he who had so often told me how serious an explosion over there would be for all our buildings.

The magazine was wholly unguarded as we came up to the moat. We looked for the gateman whose hut was over among the trees. Presently a shrinking little figure came out to meet us.

"Let me have the key to the magazine," I ordered. He and I both knew that my authority was wholly fictitious.

"Oh, no, sir. The key is always kept in the office of the governor's bodyguard, down in the city." He cringed as he spoke.

"I shall give you just twenty minutes to run down there and bring that key to me from the guardhouse. You will have to run both ways. If the key isn't back in that time, our engineer will force the gate open. Hurry!"

"Yes, sir, I'll run." He turned to go, but the sudden motion of his body caused a tiny clink. I seized him and tore his coat open. There was the huge key, hanging by a heavy chain around his neck. The man saw he was helpless. He really seemed grateful when he discovered that his responsibility for the explosives was ended.

The key was a narrow iron bar, fully a foot long, bent over at the end, and with numerous notches in its edge. We fitted it into the ponderous lock, lifted it off, threw open the heavy barred door, and went inside. The walls were six feet thick, of solid brick and mortar. The air in the great chamber within was almost stifling for lack of ventilation. The floor was piled high with nearly three hundred tin containers that had once been used for retailing kerosene oil but were now packed solid with gunpowder. In the background were twenty rifles, each with a fixed bayonet, as well as a few cartridge belts.

We took the tins outside, pierced each several times with a bayonet, then dropped them into the moat. Before dark we had pitched fourteen tons of gunpowder. In the uncertain light of the rising moon we returned to the hospital, threading in single file between the rice fields. The pull of our muscles reminded us that each of the tins had weighed more than a hundred pounds.

I had hardly dropped off to sleep in the surgeon's dressing room of the hospital when Goliath brought in a messenger who had run twenty miles that day to warn the city that the approaching army belonged to Chang Ching-yao. I started up. This General Chang was known as the most cruel and ruthless war lord in China. I knew that I must keep him from filling the magazine with powder again. But how?

The messenger had scarcely disappeared when a hospital orderly rushed in and shouted, "Come quickly to the hospital roof."

We could see the sky to the north lit up with a red glow. It looked as if the general was setting fire to villages that resisted him. He would surely reach the city not later than the next forenoon.

A few minutes later stretcher bearers started to come in with wounded and burned villagers from as far as ten miles to the north. They told ghastly stories. Before long, the operating rooms were filled with gunshot cases that needed prompt treatment, and the corridors were lined with other groaning patients.

One of the junior surgeons took me aside and whispered, "There aren't beds enough in the hospital for the cases that have already come into the building. We must have more room and beds at once."

Suddenly the idea flashed into my mind that we might convert the powder magazine into a hospital annex. Although it was midnight, I sent for my sedan chair and rushed into the city to consult a few of the leading gentry. They were enthusiastic and so was the chairman of the hospital board.

We worked by the pale light of the setting moon, and when daylight came, we had set up forty beds in the powder magazine. A Red Cross flag fluttered over the entrance. The same little gateman was reinstated, wearing a white uniform.

That evening the Chinese secretary of the hospital wrote an official letter in my name, with all sorts of classical flourishes, to reach the new governor the following day. He would take office, we understood, at noon. The letter set the whole episode of the powder magazine before him as if we were military fellow strategists, and concluded:

"We suggest that your troops look to our hospital as the center where major injuries can be taken care of and your officers' ailments treated. As there will be need for a special ward for injured soldiers, we have moved beds and nurses to start such a ward in the old powder magazine. We need six hundred dollars at once to complete the equipment and know you will wish to provide the sum. As soon as we receive the subscription from you we shall put the ward fully in order and shall ask you to honor it by a visit later in the week."

The six hundred dollars arrived by special messenger the very next afternoon.

WITH the death of Dr. Sun Yat-sen in 1925, the ten desolate years of strife among the self-seeking war lords drew to an end. I was in Peking that spring during the three weeks after Dr. Sun's death and found the atmosphere already charged with a new impulse. The man who had dreamed and written about democracy, the man who had stirred the Chinese residents of America and Europe and the South Sea Islands to help introduce democratic government into their own homeland, the man cynics called an idealist, had suddenly become a legend. Now he was a source of strength for the whole nation.

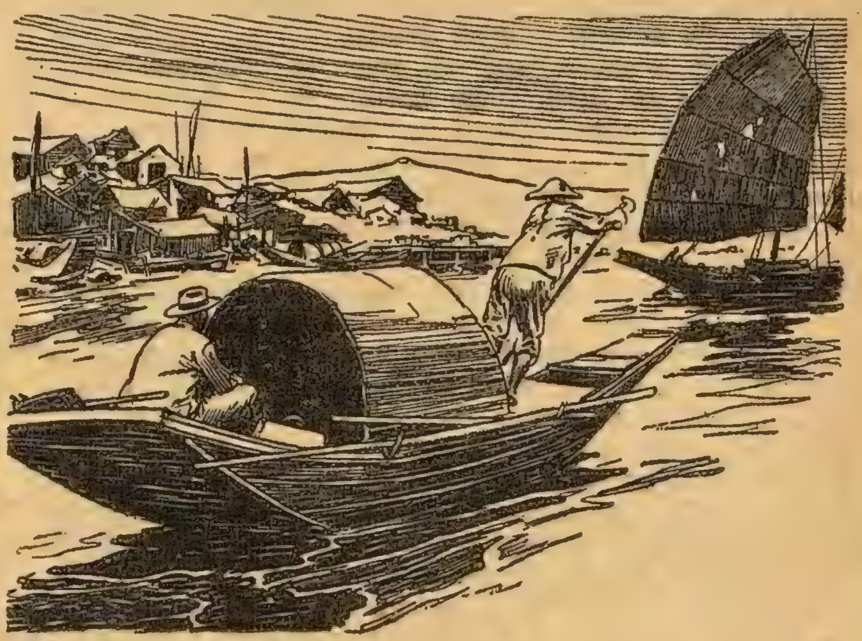
The Shanghai Incident in May of that year, when shots were fired by the municipal police that killed several Chinese students going to a mass meeting, set all China ablaze. In every school and university the student unions demanded that "the foreigner" and his "imperialism" be driven out. My first knowledge of the student reaction in Changsha was brought to me by one of our most prominent young seniors.

"May I have a private interview with you?" she asked. "It is very important."

She was a charming girl, one of the most gifted students on the campus. After doing college work in America she was now back in China for a year at Yali College. Her graduation was less than two weeks off.

In my office she poured out her story. "The entire student body of the academic college joined a city-wide student procession this morning, all except the medical college students who did not wish to be involved."

They had marched down to the big athletic field in front of the Hunan Educational Building, she told me, carrying banners with inscriptions denouncing all Westerners. Finally, it was moved, seconded, and carried by acclamation that all foreigners in Changsha should be brought to the execution ground and shot at dawn on the following day.



"You are Number One on the list," the girl concluded. This doubtful honor was probably accorded to me because since 1923 I had been president of both the colleges, academic as well as medical.

With a mixture of apprehension and amusement I asked, "Who is Number Two?"

"The academic dean, but, as you are president, they thought you should be shot first."

She assured me that of course neither she nor any of the other seniors, nor, for that matter, anyone in the entire institution, had any grudge against me personally or against any other of the faculty. She had felt it her duty to tell me about the vote of the city Student Union.

As soon as she left we had a brief faculty executive session. A plan of action was promptly laid out.

Back in my house, I took up the telephone and called the governor's number. Almost instantly a voice replied. "I am Governor Chao." It was unusual for a high official to answer an outside call.

In a few sentences I laid the situation before him.

"This is serious," he said slowly, weighing each word, "but it is not a cause of anxiety. I will send a company of armed troops out to you at once." He asked that the members of the faculty go on duty also, and suggested that they divide by twos and stay on guard from then on through the night. If there was no disturbance by morning, we could be assured that the student storm had blown over.

For ourselves, we followed the governor's instructions to the letter, and did not know until morning that the sight of the governor's soldiers at the gates had persuaded the students to lift our sentence of death.

All the next forenoon sedan chairs poured into the campus, each one bringing an irate father in a long silken gown. Frank words of paternal reprimand were heard all over our grounds.

We heard one father say, "I chose the most expensive school in Changsha for you, and hoped you would soon become a teacher of chemistry in the Governmental Normal School outside the South Gate. Now you have lost your chance for a modern education and, what is more, you have brought our whole family under suspicion. Do you think Governor Chao will give me the post that he had virtually promised?"

There were many downcast faces among the students all that day. But there was no rioting!

Nor was there any disturbance on graduation day a week later. As I handed out the college diplomas I caught the eye of the attractive young senior who had brought me the news of possible trouble. As she bowed and received her diploma, there was just the suggestion of a smile on her face.

During the following year no fighting armies clashed in Hunan, but there were roving bands of guerrillas making trouble along the northern boundaries of the province. Canton, in contrast, where the revolutionary spirit of China had been centered, was tense with political excitement and military preparation. General Chiang Kai-shek was building a new revolutionary army to replace the mercenary forces of the old war lords. In the summer of 1926, a year after the student riots, General Chiang led his army northward, entered Hunan province, and advanced toward Changsha. When his troops reached the city they rested while scouts went ahead to make sure the railway line was cleared of bandit ambuscades.

A few days later the hospital received a call to send a doctor to military headquarters at once. General Chiang Kai-shek was suffering from a toothache. The doctor responded at once.

There was the usual waiting in the reception room while word went to the chief. The doctor sipped tea and made conversation with a lieutenant. Presently a brisk youngish man, in shirt sleeves and with his collar unfastened, came up to the table. The doctor greeted him with the usual "What is your honorable name, sir?"

"Chiang," was the brusque reply. The bystanders were amused at the doctor's failure to recognize the general.

The offending tooth was quickly drawn, and the patient was grateful at once. The conversation turned to the progress of the medical college.

"We shall count on you, sir, to become a patron of our medical work," the doctor said to the general. "Wherever you set up your quarters after you leave Changsha, we hope you will let us serve you medically."

LATE in the summer of that year I resigned from my administrative posts in China. The announcement was noted in the Changsha papers with editorial approval:

"Educators in Changsha are grateful that Dr. Hume has based his resignation on the expectation that his tasks will be carried forward by Chinese administrators, who are now thoroughly trained and competent."

From the very beginning it had been my purpose to withdraw in this way. In fact, all the Americans on the staff conceived of their tasks as temporary. We planned to turn the leadership over to our Chinese colleagues as soon as they were ready.

At our departure the procession that escorted us to the railway station at Changsha North wound through the dried fields like a giant dragon, preceded by two men carrying long bamboo poles wound with double strings of firecrackers, ten thousand tiny crackers to a string, interspaced with giant crackers.

The governor's deputy at the station brought word that the governor had ordered a private compartment reserved for us; but when the train drew in, all available space was taken by troops hurrying north to fight the roving bands of guerrillas. There was nothing to do except travel in the baggage car. We scrambled in, but there wasn't an inch of room there. At the mail clerk's suggestion, we spread out our bedding on the mail sacks.

The last person to bid us goodbye as we climbed in at the Changsha station had been our friendly old ricksha man who had been with us ever since we established the old hospital on West Archway Street. It was he who, when a boy of fifteen up from the country, had wandered into the hospital out of curiosity. He had passed Chou, the gateman, and had hidden behind the front door, hugging his little bundle. I was the first foreigner he had ever seen, and for years afterward he remembered how afraid he was of me. "Then I heard you say, 'T'ou Sz-fu, go down the corridor and catch that thief. I saw him hiding behind the door. He has a bundle under his arm.' I was frightened nearly to death."

But when T'ou Sz-fu, the orderly, looked behind the door, he found only a trembling boy from his own home village. From that day the boy belonged to the hospital. Finally he had become the senior hospital ricksha man. For thirty years he had shared our discouragements and our triumphs.

AFTER a few years I was asked to return to China to work toward getting other American-founded institutions to co-ordinate their work with the health plans of local Chinese leaders and the larger projects of the National Health Administration.

At Changsha East Station, standing by a modern motorcar, was our old ricksha man, dressed in a trim, new, hospital uniform.

"What has become of the city walls?" I asked, looking for the familiar landmarks. They were gone. Where they had been was now a broad boulevard for the new motorcars.

Presently we reached the familiar buildings, but now there were so many more of them. Opposite the hospital stood the new provincial health center, with a roof of blue glazed tiles, as trim and as gracious in its lines as any classical Chinese temple of the old days.

One afternoon the ricksha man took me in town for dinner with Governor Ho. On the way I stopped off to visit the school of nursing. When the dean opened the door of the assembly hall a hundred students, *all girls*, rose and bowed. I remembered how timid the first girl students had been about registering.

On the way back, later that evening, the ricksha man stopped for a moment at the south gate of the hospital compound. With a sweep of the hand he pointed up through the darkness to where a hundred lights gleamed from windows in the hospital and medical college, in the nursing school and the laboratories. "Look!" he said. "From such small seeds, planted only a little time ago, how great a harvest has grown!"

To my delight, the director of the National Health Administration invited me to inspect areas where newly established provincial and county health units were beginning to function. In one village I found a schoolboy of about twelve on a ladder before a slab of slate embedded in the wall of a house. In neat letters he was writing at the top of the upright columns, "VILLAGE NEWS, COUNTY NEWS, HEALTH NEWS." This was the village newspaper. I saw school children playing at recess, wearing arm bands marked, "FIRE SQUAD," "HEALTH SQUAD," and other such names. Everywhere China was becoming health conscious.

WHEN war came to China, the Hsiangya faculty and student body of two hundred and sixteen, eighty-eight of them girls, started westward as the enemy approached Changsha. They crossed rivers in boats when bridges had been burned or washed away. When streams were too shallow for boats, they waded, carrying packs of such books and equipment as they had been able to salvage. Now and then, when they stopped to rest, one of the faculty gave a lecture. Finally they reached Kweiyang and settled in old temples or in crude mud huts whose thatched roofs they themselves helped to put on.

Dr. Chang, principal of the medical college, led that gallant trek and, six years later, took the group on to Chungking. The students walked the entire distance, six hundred miles. Dr. Hsiao stuck to his post as superintendent of the Hsiangya Hospital in the face of the Japanese attack, and opened three branch hospitals.

Now that victory has come to China, her doctors are already renewing the quest for added knowledge, eagerly forging links of the spirit between East and West.

Only those can enter effectively into her life who approach China's citadel by the way of friendship.

THE END

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# BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

A GREAT many of the Freudian symbols are open to ridicule—a school of psychiatrists see sex symbolism in basketball, and **Dr. Abraham P. Sperling** who wrote **Psychology for the Millions,** pooh-poohs the idea, and probably with justification. However, in so doing, he has cast a doubt in the minds of all the people who might be helped by psychiatric treatment.

Books like this can have very little value. With eminent experts in the field still defining terms and arguing basic principles, the layman doesn't stand much chance of being edified by a 377-page popular summary. However, Dr. Sperling has tried hard to be simple about a complicated subject and some of the information and advice he offers will do the millions no harm if they haven't already received it from their family doctor.

*Dr. Abraham P. Sperling*

This, like other works of its class, with their fallaciously common-sense approach to as delicate an instrument as the human mind, has potential danger. The completely unauthoritative theories of Arnold Bennett's How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day and Dorothea Brande's Wake Up and Live are probably more helpful to the average man.

Frederick Fell, Inc., New York. Price $3.

A NYONE who has ever lived in Boston or its environs will be entertained by **Helen Howe's** bitter novel, **We Happy Few.** Viciously satirical, she lacerates the ivory-towered with telling wit and penetration.

There is no group so wickedly insidious as the intellectual snobs—possibly because they do have something to be snobbish about. The "Harvard types" of Miss Howe's book are almost completely true—I say almost, because there is no kindliness in her picture of them. Puffer, the "precious" professor, is a well-known type—but, in the last analysis, people aren't types; they are individuals, and really great novelists know that.

*Helen Howe*

Dorothea, the heroine, is a beautiful, selfish woman who is married to an awfully nice man. It is characteristic of Miss Howe that John Calcott, "of the Boston Calcotts," is so nice as to be unreal and tenuous. Dorothea's lover is also unconvincing because one cannot imagine anyone as snobbish as Dorothea tolerating him. All in all, We Happy Few is a brilliant but unconvincing book and reading it is like being furtively catty about someone.

Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York. Price $2.75.

A NN **BRIDGE'S** readers will be disappointed in her latest book, **Singing Waters,** for from the author of Illyrian Spring and Peking Picnic they will expect high entertainment as well as skillful writing and penetrating insight. Actually, Singing Waters would have been far more effective had it been simply a travel book about Albania. Gloire, her heroine, and Nils, her foil, are just rather unreal people who get in the way of what might have been a fascinating and highly informative picture of a little-known country.

Miss Bridge's characters seem to be inserted merely to voice her logical and persuasive, but familiar, theories of the evils of a mechanized civilization.

The Macmillan Company, New York. Price $2.75.

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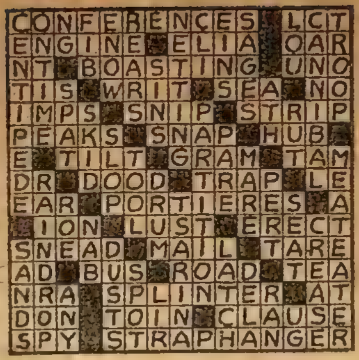
# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

## By Ted Shane

9/28/46



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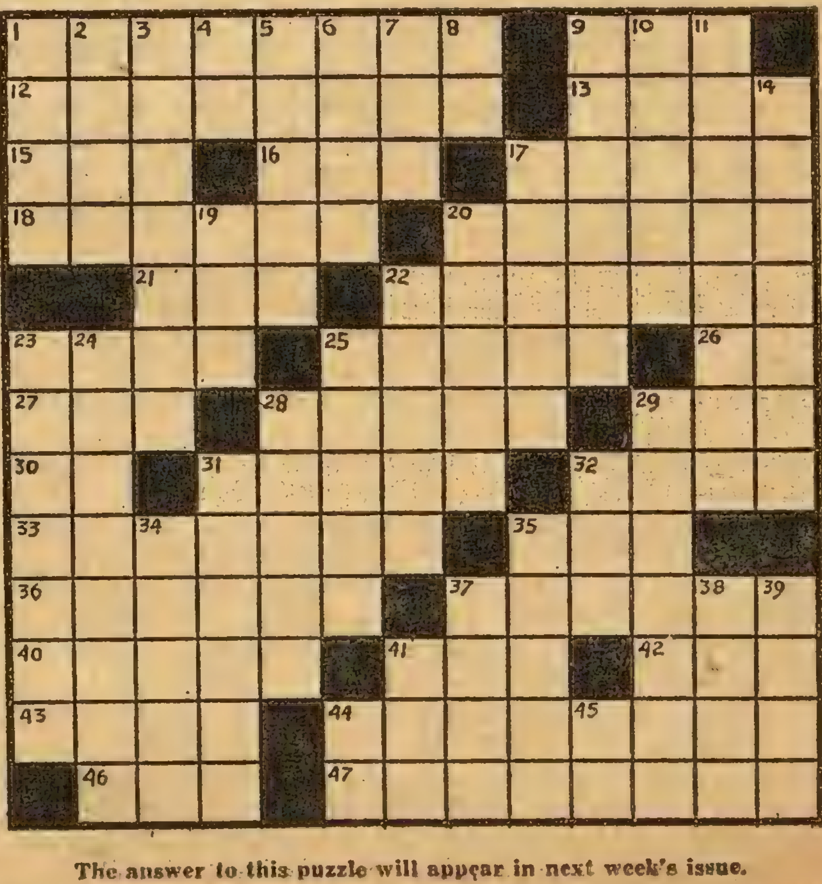
Last week's answer

### HORIZONTAL

1 A-bomb 5 did for what gallant lady at Bikini?
9 Seasickness is sometimes called *mal de* what?
12 What philosopher was the leading Neo-Platonist?
13 The what line stretched from Frankfurt to Stettin?
15 Who modernized Japan?
16 Put nothing in this and you'll have plenty
17 What you pay for what you get
18 What glossy fleshy fruit of a solanaceous plant is a disrespectful term for a female?
20 What lake's called the St. Moritz of America?
21 Orfs
22 *Albert's* a dynamiter (anag.)
23 It is now considered safe to leave food in opened whats?
25 Races, in which there are many entries, are run in whats?
26 What day was May 8, 1945?
27 The old horse and buggy was called a what?
28 Who was Rosalind's companion in As You Like It?
29 *Ja, si,* and *oui* mean what?
30 Disjunctive
31 His rod turned into a serpent, then blossomed. Name him
32 The heels of today were the—— of yesterday
33 What bird, introduced here from England, is considered a pest?
35 Who is the world's most quarrelsome person?
36 *Roused* and got pickled (anag.)
37 A circus ballyhooer is called a what?
40 What drug's used to induce labor?
41 *Sap* in step in reverse
42 'Fore
43 Brunswick, Irish, and oyster are varieties of a what?
44 What violinist first wrote the theory of atomic energy?
46 Blind sirs
47 Legally no longer with us

### VERTICAL

1 What do waiters do anagramatically on small *tips*?
2 The viola's also called the what?
3 Kind of house
4 Preposition
5 Knights' field day events were called whats?
6 Two prepositions in one
7 What famous Edwards recently died?
8 An early Roman weight
9 Bog
10 One French king issued a what proclaiming his crown from God alone?
11 What word is commonly mispelled by stenographers in this way?
14 What's a singular synonym for damages?
17 Name one of the South American rivers
19 Beautiful highway signery is caused by whats?
20 Complete: Ah, did you once see Shelley——?
22 *Elbow* is under (anag.)
23 Complete: In Flanders Field the poppies blow, between the—— row on row
24 Fred Allen says the trip by car from the air terminals to the whats scares him more than the plane ride because of traffic?
25 Who tried to kill the infant Jesus?
28 Punctuation sign, written over or under a line
29 Bill Dickey manages what big league ballclub?
31 Hamlet soliloquizes about the slings and whats of outrageous fortune?
32 The funicular is a form of what hard to get form of transportation?
34 Name one of the most boring instruments
35 A perpendicularly-cued billiard stroke that causes the ball to return
37 What kind of *nuit* do French movie goers enjoy?
38 Canal, city, lake, or Indian
39 What is it violent mourners do to their outer vestments?
41 Complete: Shoo Fly ——and Apple Pan Dowdy
44 This is the end of Alfred
45 Chem. smbl.



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Calvert
RESERVE
Clear Heads Choose Calvert
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Blended Whiskey

# "Something tells me they won't go far from shore"

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Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits..."Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

## PLEASE BE CAREFUL, SON

Continued from Page 31

had been rather touchy about firearms since that day back on the prairie when Bud had borrowed Jake Byers' Sharps rifle to go buffalo hunting. The only buffalo he had sighted had been almost two miles away, and traveling. Bud had put a double load of powder in the .50-caliber Sharps to make up for distance. His quarry vanished before he got a chance to try the shot.

Bud forgot about that double load in the gun. A day or so later Jake Byers tried a shot at a buffalo, and the gun kicked him backwards into a patch of prickly pear.

"I — I — well, I figgered I could smooth down the action a little by filing down the dog," Bud explained. "I did some work on it last night, but there's a little steel spring missing. She don't work so good now."

MATT ORMSBY said helplessly, "Why do you always have to be takin' things apart, son? Why can't you learn to leave well enough alone? Why in tarnation—"

"The gun can be fixed," Bud's mother said soothingly. "Don't get worked up, Matthew. Anyway, how can a boy learn anything unless he experiments?"

"I reckon you better help with the cow column today, son," his father finally said. "And leave that blasted bull whip in the wagon. For hokey's sake don't think up any more g'fangled things like puttin' sails on bull wagons, or tryin' to make a gun shoot two miles."

Bud's heart sank, but he said, "Yes, sir."

Assignment to the cow column was a chore usually reserved for women and kids. The cow column was made up of such loose livestock as were not in harness. At the moment it consisted of half a dozen footsore oxen, two milk cows, a swaybacked mare in foal, and three wall-eyed burros. All that these slow-footed beasts needed was continual prodding to keep them awake.

There was a blue lump in Bud's throat as he helped finish breaking camp. He had one piece of luck. In the sandy soil he happened to spot the little steel spring that he had mislaid when he was working on the navy pistol. He put the spring in his pocket. When his father wasn't looking, he got the gun out of the wagon box and hid it inside his shirt. Later on, he aimed to put the gun into working order again.

It was time to report to the cow column. He cringed when he saw what he was facing. It was Nettie Stoddard's turn to travel with the loose stock. With her were Alfred Rasmussen and little Queenie Byers.

Alfred was twelve, with buckteeth and a shrill voice. He was an expert at shooting buckshot from a tiny peashooter that he kept concealed on his person. Whenever you turned your back on Alfred that buckshot stung like fury. Queenie was ten and was always getting thorns in her bare feet.

Nettie was having her troubles with these two as they rounded up the stock. She was flushed and a trifle temperish. She wore a sunbonnet and a calico dress, and the tip of her nose was sunburned. Nevertheless it was a very nice nose.

"I'll take charge, Nettie," Bud said briskly.

"Take charge of what?" she demanded.

"They want a man with the loose stock today," Bud said in an offhand manner. "They're afeared of Indians."

"My land," she sniffed. "Do I have to keep an eye on you as well as on Alfred and Queenie and a herd of stumble-footed cattle?"

Bud didn't blame her for not taking him seriously. How could she have any respect for a fellow only fit for traveling with kids and milk cows?

He got the stock together. He wished he was dead.

Bull whips popped and the wagons stretched out. The retreat had begun. Bud was blue, lonely. It just didn't seem right to have to turn back after they had come so far. And it was partly his fault.

A pellet of shot stung the back of his neck.

Nettie exploded. "Alfred, you little imp, if you do that again, I'll tan you good and plenty!"

Dust swirled. The plains wind began to blow dry and hot, and the morning sun was getting down to business. After two hours they made a brief stop for breakfast.

Presently Nettie said hesitantly. "I didn't mean what I said about having to keep an eye on you, Bud. I'm glad you're with the cow column. I feel safer."

She wasn't looking directly at him. All he saw was her cheek. A slim cheek, smooth, like silk. Her voice was soft—and very friendly.

"Shucks," Bud finally croaked, "there's no Injuns. Nary a sign of one."

"I saw something this morning that gave me a scare for a minute," she said, lowering her voice. "But it wasn't an Indian. Do you know what I think it was? I've got an idea it was Mr. Hoskins' Morgan saddler. The one that spooked away two days ago."

Bud was galvanized. "Where? When?"

"It was when we stopped for breakfast. I happened to glance off to the north and saw something cross a swell. It was a long ways off, and was gone before I could think. But it was a sorrel horse. I'm positive of that."

"Oh, lordy," Bud breathed. "If I could only get that Morgan back!" Then pessimism returned. "It was only a wild mustang, most likely."

"Anyway, I'm going to keep watching," she said.

But watched too, with intensity.

THEN, just before noon, Nettie gave a gasp, pointing. Bud had sighted it too. A horse, a mere speck at that distance, had appeared briefly two or three miles away.

Bud was aquiver. "It's a sorrel all right," he breathed. "An' it might be that Morgan. If he's hangin' around, followin' the wagons, it means he won't be hard to ketch."

"If that's really Mr. Hoskins' horse, then he's found water," Bud breathed. "If he hadn't he'd have come in to the wagons. A tame horse will always come in when he gets thirsty enough or hungry enough."

(*Continued on page 54*)

original cartoon returned to Keller 11/20/46

HARDTACK

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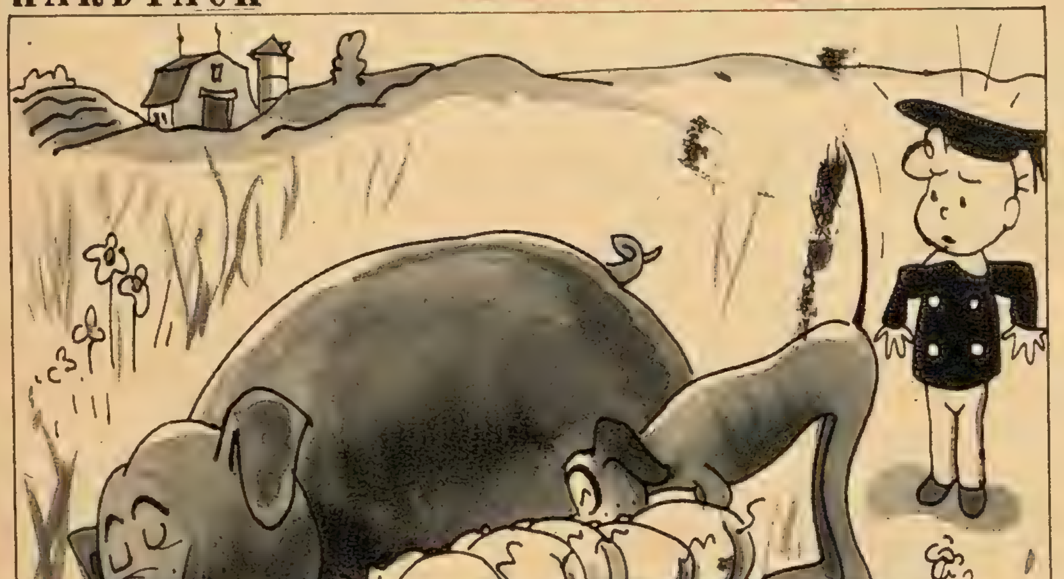

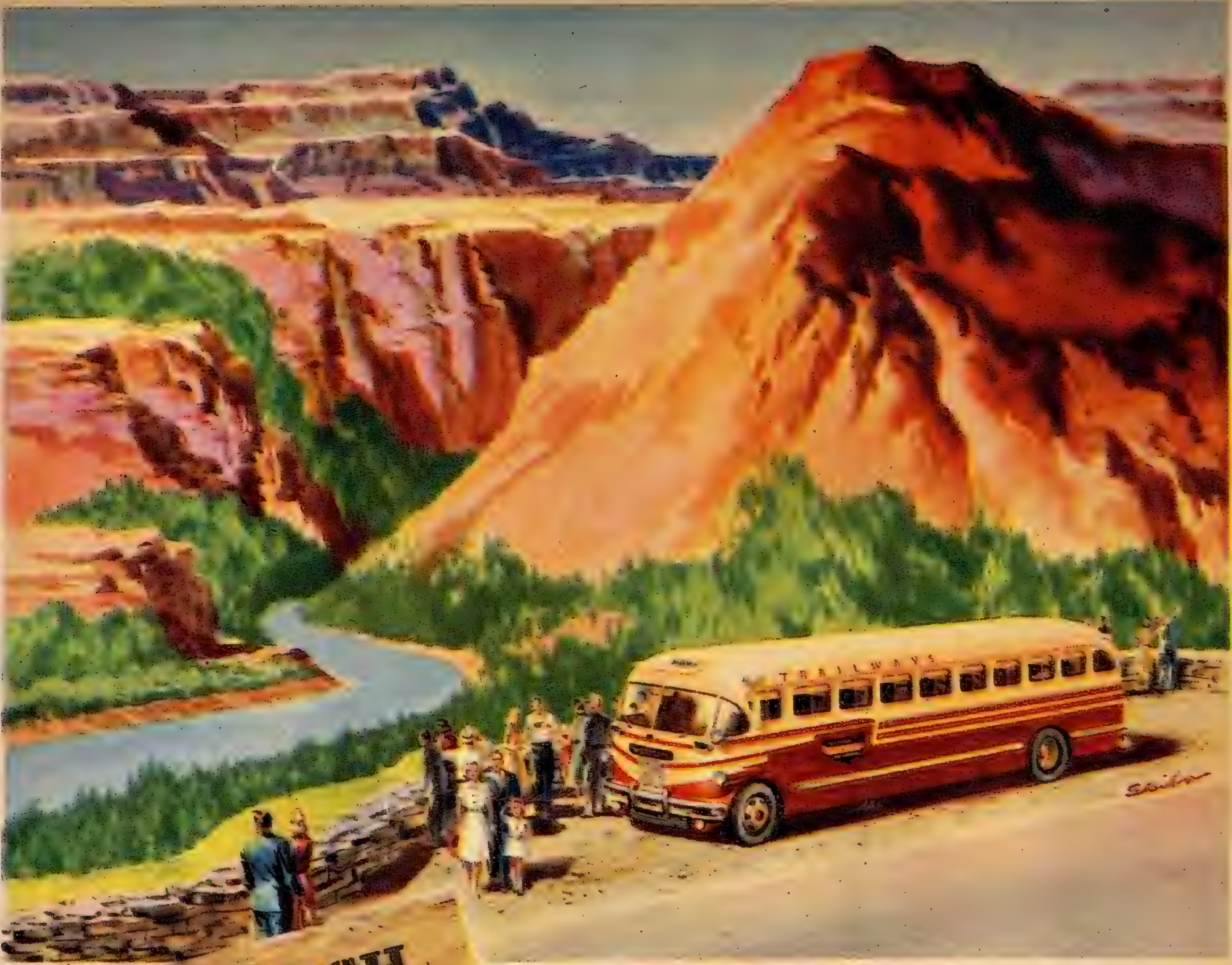

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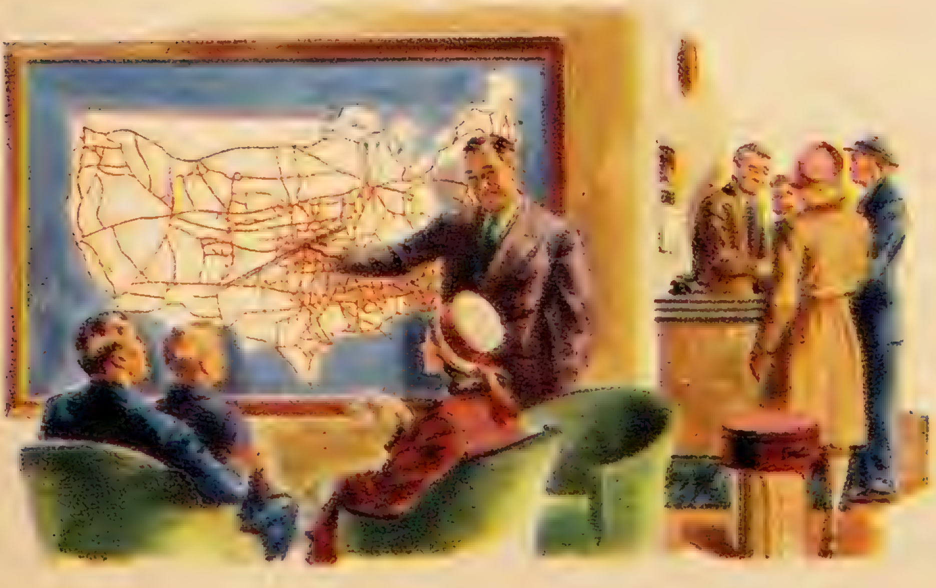

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L5888-50

"I haven't missed a day here for twelve years—except Sundays."

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 52*)

Nettie's brown eyes were round with excitement. Suddenly Bud left her. He overtook the wagons and appropriated a forty-foot catch rope from his father's vehicle. He returned to the cow column.

"I'm goin'," Bud whispered to Nettie. "I bet I can round him up, if that's the Morgan. He's likely ready to come in anyway."

"Maybe it'd be better to let your father and Mr. Hoskins—" she began. Then she saw the look in his eyes and she understood that Bud wanted no help from his elders in this matter.

"Be careful," she said shakily.

Watching his chance, Bud dropped out of sight in a dry wash. He followed the wash away from the wagons. He hadn't traveled a mile before he heard hurrying footsteps. Nettie came into sight up the gully.

"Two of us can round him up faster," she explained breathlessly. "I was only to herd the stock until noon. Mrs. Byers relieved me. She thinks I went up to the wagons, but I slipped away into the gully."

SHE refused to go back and Bud finally had to give in. They hurried ahead. The wagons were out of sight now, and they cut across the open plains. Presently they spotted the horse again, half a mile away.

It was the Morgan all right. The broken country was in their favor and they worked to within a few hundred yards before the sorrel sighted them.

It snorted, whirled, and raced away. But after half a mile it halted again. It kept repeating that performance, retreating northward ahead of them.

But each time its retreat became shorter. The horse, used to human dominance, was plainly ready to give in, but had to put on a show.

"His legs are caked with mud," Bud said excitedly. "And his belly's full. He's found water all right, just like I said. Fresh water. I betcha the Arikaree isn't very far away after all. Maybe it was north of us all the time, instead of south or west, as everybody thought."

Absorbed in the chase, they forgot time and distance. The sorrel finally took a deep coulee with forty-foot cutbanks which was cut into the face of a plateau. They followed this for a mile or so.

Abruptly the coulee broke through the rim of the plateau and they had a wide view of the country northward. The plain benched downward ahead of them, and not more than two miles away was a line of stunted willows that marked a water course. They could see the glint of water.

"The Arikaree, as sure as sour apples!" Bud yelled. "Now we can turn around and make it to Denver City."

Hoping for a better view from the plateau above, they started climbing out of the coulee. The only ascent was by way of a steep clay bank that was a talus deposit, fanning out from a rain gully that formed a narrow notch in the rim of the cutbank above.

Nettie raced ahead up the slope, scrambled through the gully, and climbed out on the flat plain above. She stood up, peering around. Then she turned and suddenly came piling back into the gully almost on top of Bud. The collision came within an ace of knocking him down the clay bank, but he grabbed her and regained his balance.

He could feel her body trembling. "Indians!" she breathed faintly.

They just stood there, clinging to each other, freezing inwardly.

"There's two of them," Nettie choked. "On horses. They saw me. They're coming—fast!"

This fear that was upon them was a terrible, helpless thing. Bud thought of trying to hide. But there was no hiding place in this barren treeless place. He had left the useless navy pistol at the wagon, for there had been no point in carrying that weight.

He pushed past Nettie and chanced a glance over the rim. The country was flat and open for half a mile northward, clumped with scattered bunch grass and sage. Coming at a gallop toward the coulee were two riders. They were still an eighth of a mile away.

They didn't look the way Bud had fancied Indians ought to look. One wore an old cavalry hat. The other had a buckskin band around his mane of coarse black hair.

They had rifles. Bud knew it was no use trying to run. They'd seen Nettie and knew she was a woman. The calico was enough for that.

He still had the catch rope in his hand. As he moved he almost fell. The rope had snagged on a dead snag of juniper tree that jutted from the weathered clay bank.

This rope was his only weapon. "Run, Nettie," he croaked. "Get down in the coulee and run. I'll try to pile 'em up by tripping their ponies. If they see you down there running they'll go after you. This is the only way they can get to the bottom. I don't think they know there's two of us here. I'll stay here with the rope."

SHE gave him one wild look, then scrambled down the slope. She began running when she reached the bottom.

Bud only just had time to make sure his rope was looped fast to that juniper stump, and to lay it on the ground across the mouth of the gully. Playing out the rope, he retreated beyond the opposite side of the gully. Digging in his heels for a foothold, he flattened against the bank.

The pound of unshod hooves echoed just above him. He heard one of the Cheyennes make a sound as he sighted the girl below.

Then came grunting of the ponies as they jolted into the gully. The first rider appeared. He had a bow and a sling of arrows over his shoulder. Bud leaned on the rope, jerking it taut and knee-high. The pony, lean and ribby, hit the rope with its forelegs, and both the Cheyenne and animal went end over end down the clay bank.

The shock nearly dislodged Bud, but he recovered, and gained a new purchase on the rope in time to trip the second pony before its rider could check its momentum.

This Indian leaped clear as his mount rolled down the clay bank, but he went tumbling after it. His rifle had dropped from his hands.

Bud overtook the rifle with a desperate dive. He tobogganed the rest of the way to the bottom on the

(*Continued on page 57*)

The ENIAC can calculate the exact position and speed of a projectile each 1/10 of a second throughout its flight, and do it *faster* than the projectile reaches its target.

# How high is up?

When Uncle Sam's Ground Forces soldiers display their marksmanship, there's more to their accuracy than meets the eye. Back of them is the world's greatest aggregation of scientific research.

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ENIAC is an almost unbelievable complexity of electrical circuits operating 18,000 electronic tubes. It adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides and computes square roots of astronomical figures . . . makes split-second calculations which would require thousands of man-hours by ordinary methods.

How does this benefit the soldier in the field? As one of many ways, by computing in advance the true course of any kind of projectile under every known condition, involving weather, temperature, wind velocity and many other factors. It can predict, for example, to within a few feet exactly where a rocket, fired 120 miles up into the stratosphere, will land.

ENIAC, "Walkie-Talkie," "night sight" viewers, recoilless rifles, radar, television and countless other scientific aids make the American Ground Forces soldier superior to any other soldier in the world. And to understand and know how to use these complicated devices, the soldier himself must be—and *is*—a superior type.

Today hundreds of thousands of alert young men are taking advantage of the training and experience offered by the Regular Army. They are attending schools, specializing in more than 200 skills and trades, traveling abroad, preparing themselves for interesting, well-paid careers in the Army and civilian life.

Any physically fit young man from 18 to 34 inclusive (17 with parents' consent) may enlist in the new peacetime Regular Army. New higher pay, good food and quarters, education and the opportunity for advancement make this one of the most attractive careers open today. Get full details at your nearest Army Recruiting Station.

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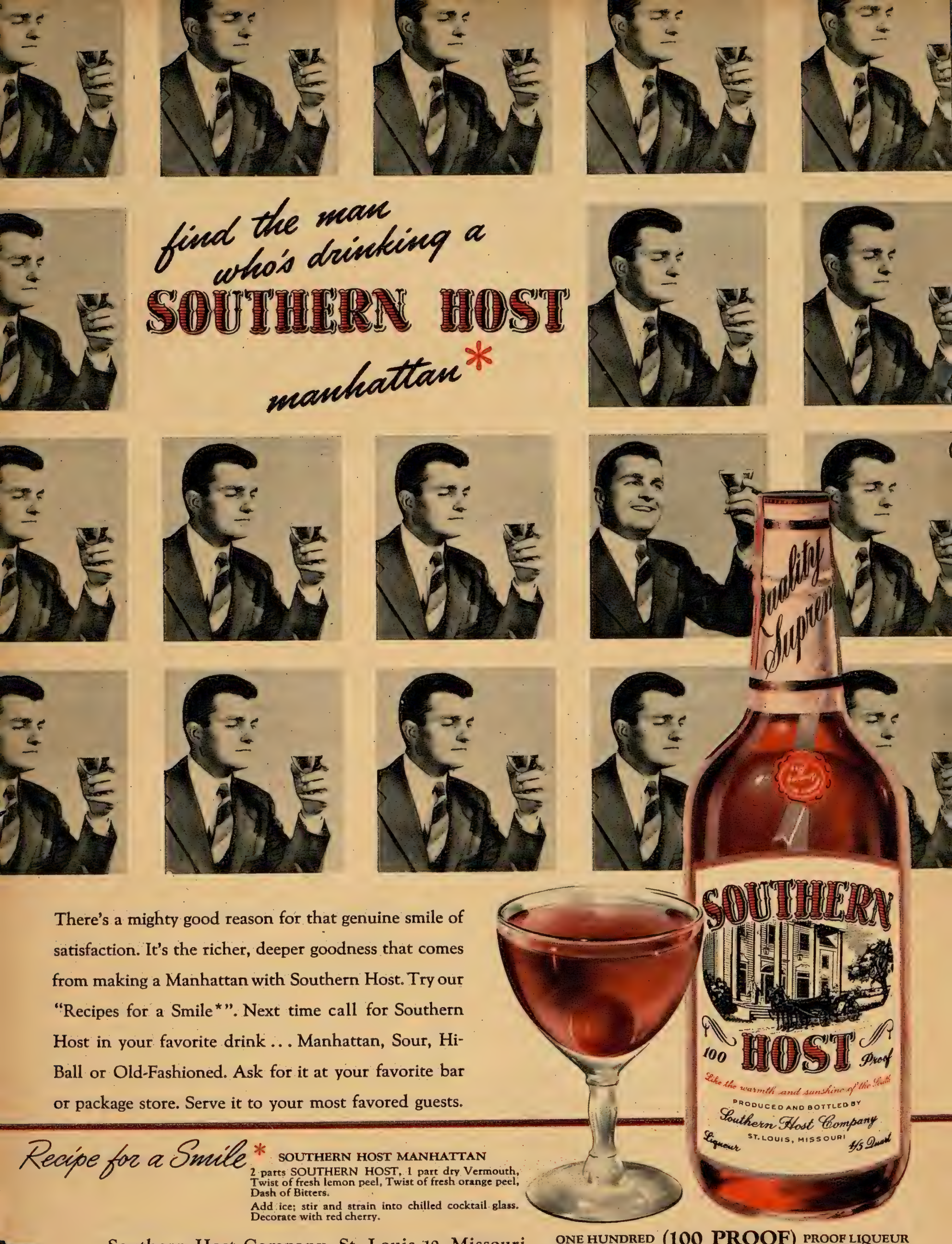

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2 parts SOUTHERN HOST, 1 part dry Vermouth, Twist of fresh lemon peel, Twist of fresh orange peel, Dash of Bitters.

Add ice; stir and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Decorate with red cherry.

Southern Host Company, St. Louis 10, Missouri

ONE HUNDRED (100 PROOF) PROOF LIQUEUR

L5720-40

(*Continued from page 54*)

seat of his pants, but he had the rifle cocked and pointed when he hit bottom. The Indian was ten feet away, just getting to his feet.

The Cheyenne paused. The rifle was a Henry and it was loaded.

Bud held his fire. He just sat there, trying to get back his wind, keeping the rifle pointed. One of the ponies struggled to its feet, limping a little. The other animal lay motionless with a broken neck, its weight partly pinning down the other Cheyenne.

Nettie came racing back. "Get that other rifle," Bud croaked, pointing to a gun near the dead horse.

The sitting Cheyenne began to talk. He was young and ugly. He knew a little English. He disclaimed all intention of harming anybody. He was a very good Cheyenne, he said. He was everybody's friend.

Nettie got the catch rope. Between them they bound the Cheyenne's arms, so that all he could do was wriggle a finger. The other Cheyenne wasn't dead. Using the rifle barrels, they managed to lever the weight of the dead pony enough to free him. He presently sat up. Bud tied his hands at his back with buckskin thongs from a pad saddle.

Then Bud kissed Nettie right square on the mouth. She had been pretty pallid up to that moment. But she pinked up some. So Bud kissed her again. Then he lifted her on the back of the Indian pony which hadn't been damaged much by its fall. Now that she was mounted she had no trouble rounding up the Morgan sorrel, which had been grazing a quarter of a mile north.

IT was midafternoon when they rode in sight of the wagons, prodding their prisoners along ahead of them on foot. They were met by a lot of worried people.

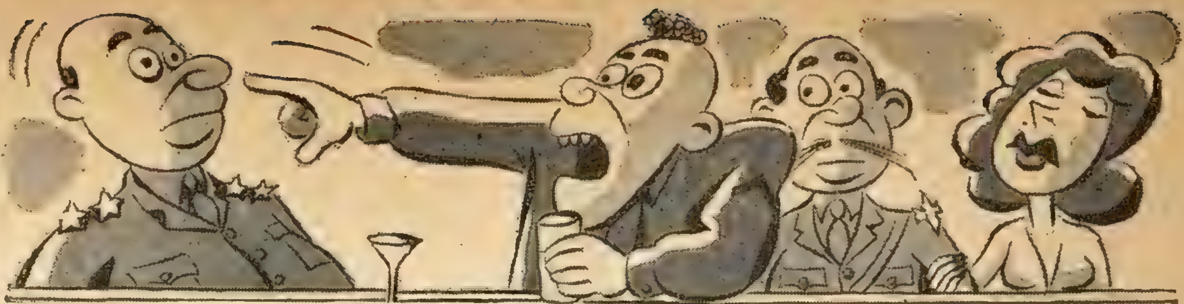
Bud singled out Jasper Hoskins. "Here's your horse, Mr. Hoskins," he said as he slid to the ground. "And here's a spare rifle for you, dad. I got one for me too, and a couple of scalpin' knives an' bows and arrows and such. Oh, yes, I found that spring I lost from the navy pistol. I'll fix the gun first chance I get."

He added casually. "Nettie an' me found the Arikaree. It's seven-eight miles north. We didn't go clear to the river, but it isn't gyp water this time. I'm sure of that. We can reach it not long after dark if we start right away. I'll show you the way. I figure we better keep these Cheyennes with us for a few days. If we turned 'em loose they'd likely bring a swarm of warriors down on us."

Matt Ormsby looked around at the other men. He gave Jasper Hoskins a superior glance. "You've done right well, Bud," he said.

He was a mighty proud man. That made Bud feel real good. And the pride and the shyness in Nettie's eyes made him feel even better.

THE END



# YOU CAN'T PASS THE BUCK

A Ballad of Military Democracy (Ltd.)

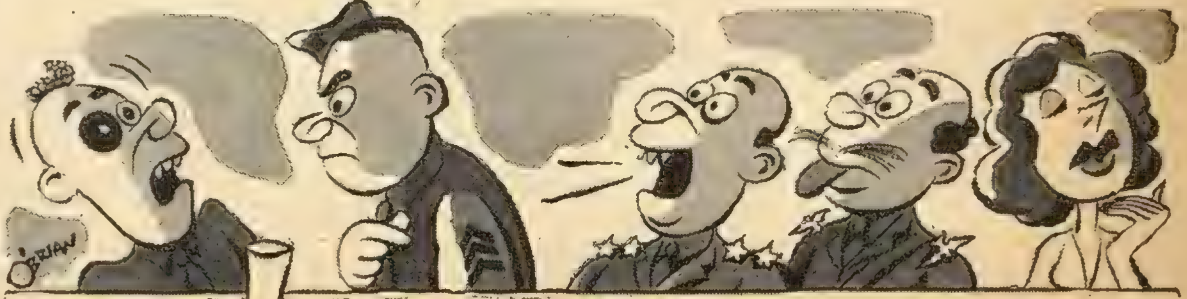
By Berton Braley

SAID the Private to the General,
"It's after working hours,
And the officers and men are all
Of equal rank and powers.
So, I'm gonna tell you, buddy,
That your tactics make no sense.
You're a poor old fuddy-duddy
Who's strategically dense.
Things would go a whole lot better if you did as I advise
And left military science to intelligent G.I.s.
You can fume and rage and redden,
But your anger can't alarm me,
On account of caste is dead in
This here Democratic Army!"

SAID the Private to the Colonel,
"Don't go trying to be swank.
Out of working hours you'll learn all
Soldiers rate the same in rank.
And it doesn't matter whether
You've an eagle or a star;
We are little pals together
On the street or at the bar.
I am just as good as you are and I've got as much to spend.
How's about a little party? Has your girl friend got a friend?
If I want to steal your cutie,
Regulations will not bar me.
Be a chum, chum, don't be snooty,
It's a Democratic Army!"

SAID the Private to the Sergeant,
"Stripes, off duty, do not rate!
But the Sergeant was a star gent
When it came to socking straight—
So his act was automatic
And his muscle came in play
In the ancient, autocratic
Noncommissioned sort of way.

SAID the Sergeant, "When off duty, it's a fact you'll learn is true,
That a Sergeant with a wallop rates a trifle more than you.
And in case you ever nourish
Any hunch that you can jar me,
You will find, while sergeants flourish,
'Tain't no Democratic Army."



L5887-50

SEND
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VOTE FOR
YODELIN'
YATES
THE POOR
MAN'S FRIEND

"If he isn't elected he's at least good for six weeks in vaudeville."

LIBERTY

## SCHOOL FOR TALENT

### Continued from Page 26

M. & A. does have a higher operating cost than other schools, but in education, as elsewhere, you can't get something better for nothing. Students at Music and Art take nearly half again as many courses as those in other schools of the city, and the cost to taxpayers is in proportion.

How do these young artists and musicians fare in standard school subjects? Music and Art has the lowest percentage of failure of any day high school in New York City. Since above-average intelligence is known to go along with special talents, undoubtedly these children would do good work in any school. But Dr. Steigman is inclined to give some of the credit to the fact that his pupils are spending a lot of their time doing the things they really want to do. This interest seems to carry over into other classes.

IT also carries over into behavior problems. Some of the students entering M. & A. have had disciplinary records in the lower grades.

"But we have no discipline problem," says Dr. Steigman. "There is no boredom to create trouble. Music and Art offer outlets for the excess energy that so often is at the root of school problems."

Dr. Steigman believes that music and art should be major subjects for all children, yet his music students have time only for the usual one brief course in something called art appreciation.

"We can't help that," the principal says. "College entrance requirements are what hamper us. We must give algebra, Latin, Spanish and all other standard subjects, since colleges do not accept, as substitutes for these, art and music for credit toward admission.

"Mathematics and foreign languages should be elective subjects for those who are able to benefit by them. Music and art should be required; these are the things everyone wants and uses afterward. How many people ever make use of geometry or high school French? Yet almost everyone listens to radio music, goes to concerts, plans or furnishes a home. They could do these things better and with more enjoyment if they had studied art and music."

Perhaps only one high school in a hundred should concentrate on music or on art, and certainly only a few could do the work at the level at which these children work in the New York school. But every child has talents and interests that schools could bring out if they were organized to do so. How this is true in fields far from art and music is shown by another school, Arsenal Tech, in Indianapolis.

At Arsenal Technical High School, an institution the size of a large university, there are courses in practically everything. Aircraft engineering, dressmaking, cooking (boys as well as girls), gardening, radio broadcasting, sculpture, plumbing—such things as these are taught alongside Latin and algebra and the classics.

Along with its untraditional courses, Arsenal uses uncommon methods. Students of the building trades draw plans, make blueprints, and then build a house. Many difficult subjects are taught by use of sound films and film strips.

Boys and girls graduating from Arsenal are well on the way to having marketable skills. However, Arsenal isn't just another vocational school. More of its graduates go on to college than from the average high school with its restricted traditional sit-at-your-desk courses.

What Arsenal Tech is doing for a broad range of interests, the High School of Music and Art is able to do even more thoroughly for its specialties. But they both point to the same thing: high school students can learn more things and learn them better if they are permitted to work at what they enjoy.

Although much of the education given at the High School of Music and Art is at a nearly professional level, it is not intended to be vocational. Most of the graduates go on to higher schools. And only about 15 per cent expect to become professional musicians or artists. What they have gained by graduation time is avocational training of a high order and sufficient background to decide intelligently whether to make art or music a career.

Dr. Steigman keeps in close touch with his 1,800 students by inviting fifteen or twenty of them to his office for ice cream and cake each Wednesday afternoon. In this informal atmosphere youngsters become talkative and say what they think. Dr. Steigman says, "Many of the most important changes we've made in the school have come from casual remarks at my little parties."

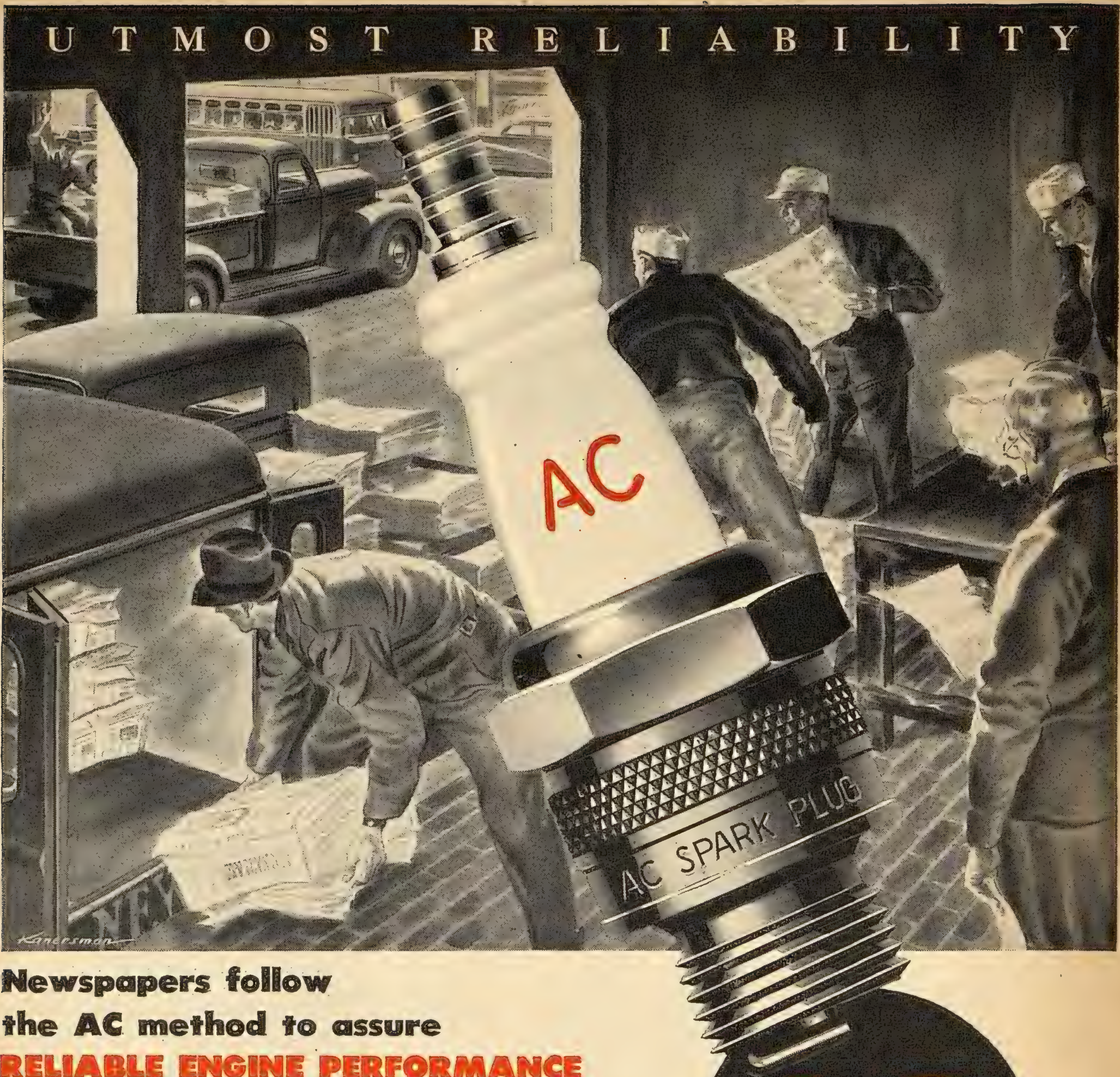
THE children at M. & A. seem healthier and happier than many of their contemporaries. And aside from their special skills, they seem to pride themselves most on their democracy, in a school in which races and nationalities are various.

Some of this impressive air of self-respect probably comes from the fact that important things are always happening at this high school. A couple of years ago, one of its students, Dulce Collada, designed a pin for the 7th Reconnaissance Squadron at Fort Bragg. Joseph Weitz, sixteen, is the designer of the official seal of the Department of Markets of New York City. Dorothy Terrace, a Brooklyn girl of fifteen, won over students in 1,079 high schools in an essay contest sponsored by the League of Nations Association; her prize was a trip to Latin America.

Something of the level at which high school students can work if given the chance is demonstrated by the story of Rosemary Lamkey. One of her eleventh grade assignments at M. & A. was to illustrate a story. This fifteen-year-old chose to write her own story that she called The Lonely Dwarf. She wrote and illustrated it so capably that it was published as a book by Henry Holt and Company. It sold 3,000 copies the first week.

Actually, it is impossible to say much about the success of M. & A. alumni. Since the school is only ten years old, most graduates have been in college or with the armed forces since finishing. Eighty per cent of the graduates go on to college or

(Continued on page 60)



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# AC SPARK PLUGS

L5850-40 L5940-60

(*Continued from page 58*)

other institutions. Dorothy Terrace, who won the national essay contest, is an honor graduate of Barnard now and a first-year medical student. Another is the author and illustrator of several books including a current one, Making the Movies. Others have given recitals at Town Hall, been soloists with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra or St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. One graduate is assistant director of the City Center Opera Company in New York. Another has given recitals in Rome, Naples and Salerno.

THIS list of honors could go on indefinitely, but Dr. Steigman's secret pride is Miss Bess Myerson, 1941 graduate. Not because Miss Myerson won the 1945 Miss America contest, but because she turned down Hollywood offers and went on with her training in music.

Dr. Steigman is quite satisfied so long as his school can go on turning out graduates like these and the hundreds of others who already promise substantial achievement. He would like, however, to see college requirements liberalized so that his art students could find time for more music; and he deplores the necessity of graduating music students who know so little about art.

He also has something of the crusader in him. He'd like to see such opportunities as M. & A. provides extended to youngsters in other places. To that end he never tires of telling the story of his school to the many visitors who come from all over the United States and such distant points as Paraguay, Palestine and the East Indies. Many go away with a determination to found similar schools.

Perhaps in the ten-year-old High School of Music and Art we have a preview of the school of tomorrow. It can be that—if enough parents demand similar opportunities in all communities for all children.

THE END

## CALL TO THE COLORS

Housewives of the world, unite!
A bigger cut each Saturday night!
From Walla Walla to Ashtabula
We'll hullabaloola for more moola.

Why must we slave away? From hunger?
And nobody's getting any younger!
Everyone else is screaming for raises,
All but The Woman—who pays and payses.

Pick up a mop and get in the fight;
Picket the joint till we get what's right!
Peacefully bash him over the ear—
The Boss must be shown who's boss round here!

—*Ethel Jacobson.*

# Woman-Talk

### BY MARGARET FISHBACK

FAIRY GODMOTHERS: Two hundred and one hungry French children were "adopted" recently when that many boxes of food were loaded on the Indo-Chinois at the French Line pier for distribution in France. Sent by the Hudnut Sales Company in the names of 201 women's page editors, the packages carried out the idea of Ann Delafield, director of the DuBarry Success School, to replace the annual luncheon party for women's page editors with a generous succession of nourishing meals for small victims of war.

It seemed splendidly appropriate that Miss Delafield, who has made a career of taking surplus fat off hundreds of overstuffed women, should skip the luncheon and send those fine fattening calories overseas instead. Each food package contained three pounds of powdered eggs (the equivalent of nine dozen), chocolate, macaroni, Quaker oats, sardines, powdered milk, powdered soup, and soap, items chosen not only to get the greatest food value into the smallest space, but also to give some joy to children, most of whom are without one parent, or both, as a result of the war. My four-year-old son was invited to the "send-off" party at the pier and greedily inspected the ship from stem to stern. Photographed with Captain Porthuis, who managed to hold the youngster aloft in his arms, Tony watched the wooden crates containing the 201 cartons being raised, then lowered into the ship's hold. To make the whole undertaking pleasantly personal, each editor was given the name of the child to whom her food package went. My "godchild" is twelve-year-old Denise Soubrier of St. Ouen, and Tony has already started a Christmas box for her with a cake of chocolate, a batch of jujubes, and his pet songbook.

BIG SPENDERS: The Department of Commerce in Washington has estimated that vacation spending in America this year is likely to exceed ten billion dollars. After brooding over many vacation statistics, the department has concluded that schoolteachers are the "world's best travelers," and that "a good many men like to go off by themselves, but women prefer to go where there are plenty of men." I could have told the boys *that*, without recourse to statistics. Other conclusions were: Swimming is the most popular vacation sport; most vacationists do not travel more than 500 miles from home; most pick a spot near water.

### SEPTEMBER, I LOVE YOU

**At last our "holiday" is over**
**And we will now reside in clover,**
**Remote from rural ants and mice**
**And shortages of milk and ice.**
***You* take the butterflies and bees.**
**I'll settle now for urban ease,**
**With water, hot and cold, galore,**
**And mail delivered at my door.**
**For though the countryside is pretty,**
**It's not as restful as the city.**

BEWARE OF "STINKY": A serious situation involving the misuse and counterfeiting of well-known trade names of perfumes, cosmetics, and other toilet preparations appears to be growing worse. In order to cash in on the good will created for high-grade distinctive perfumes, the perfume racketeer brings out a line of cheap perfumes which are introduced as copies or reproductions, but not marked as such. Many such racketeers have already collided with the law and are careful not to label their products "copies" or "reproductions," but manage to induce unscrupulous retailers to sell them as originals or reproductions. Recently in New York, Robert E. Goldman of Beachmont, Massachusetts, where police know him as "Stinky," and Theodore Marks of Brooklyn, both alleged peddlers of bogus perfumes bearing famous trade names, were held in $5,000 bail each in Felony Court. In the criminal line-up at Police Headquarters, Goldman told Acting Captain Raymond McGuire that every word in the complaint was true and that he had been selling "the stuff" for six years and had made a "bundle of money."

## ON THE BEAM

Continued from Page 11

Co. of San Francisco that Patterson first came in contact with aviation, and before long he was assistant to the president of Boeing Airplane Co., and Boeing Air Transport Co., with headquarters in Seattle. This was in 1929. Two years later he was president of three associated air lines: Boeing Air Transport, Pacific Air Transport, and Varney Air Lines. He remained in this post until the organization of United Air Lines in 1932, when he became vice-president of the new company. In 1934 he became its president.

He has consistently held to a policy of keeping United out of foreign operations, although the company owns and operates the LAMSA air line in Mexico. Some day United may expand westward from Honolulu, but no application for this route has been made.

Within Patterson's organization are many able executives, such as Harold Crary, v.p.-traffic; Jack Herlihy, v.p.-operations; Ray Ireland, exec. v.p., who did an oustanding job with the Air Transport Command in the war; and Russ Cunningham, one of the nation's top experts in communications. Altogether, United is one of the best showcases in U. S. aviation.

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## CRAZY LIKE A FOX

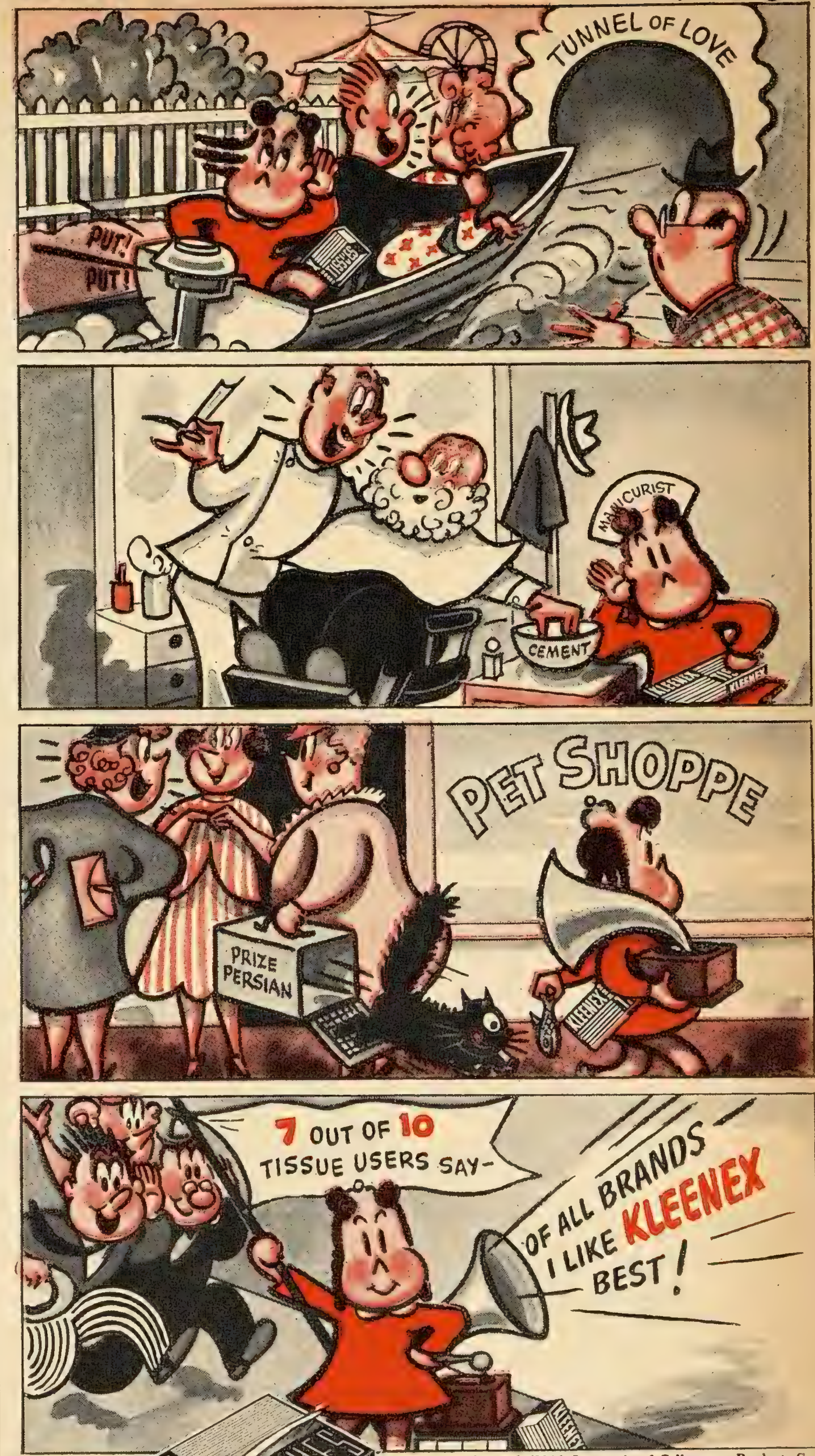
Continued from Page 25

voice, even at 3 A.M., criticizing their delivery or making suggestions on how best to emphasize his wares.

Third generation of a family of furriers, Irving Joseph Fox was born in London in December, 1888. He casually boasts that he always dreamed of becoming the largest fur merchant in the world, that in his teens he doodled on tablecloths, "I. J. Fox, New York, London, and Paris." With or without these dreams, he was nineteen when he left home against the wishes of his father and sailed, steerage, for America. He landed in Manhattan in the midst of the 1907 depression with exactly three fifty. For no recallable reason he headed for Philadelphia, where his first job was washing dishes in a local commissary. After that he became a trolley-car conductor; but inability to make accurate change quickly enough got him fired.

Back in New York, broke, and with no acquaintances, he worked at various odd jobs until 1915, when he became a fur examiner for the National Cloak and Suit Company. The outfit was one of the larger mail-order houses of its day, and Fox soon acquired a taste for and some knowledge of volume enterprise. He was making fifteen dollars a week, a fair salary in those times but hardly conducive to doodling.

LITTLE LULU Gets An Earful by Marge



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Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in Technicolor at your favorite theatre.

He took to apartment-house peddling after working hours, selling everything from men's ties to diaper pins.

In 1917 he met and fell in love with Rosalie Lilienthal, an attractive redhead and a woman with energy and ambition to match his own. They were married shortly before Fox received his "greetings" to the first World War. He served with the Seventy-seventh Division, fought through that famous unit's campaigns in the Argonne, and made an extra penny on the side as company tailor.

Fox returned after the armistice in much the same boat that thousands of G.I.s find themselves today. Burdened with the responsibilities of marriage, determined to get ahead, he asked his old employers for a three-dollar raise and was refused. That night in their four-room Bronx apartment wherein also lived her mother, brother, and sister, Mrs. Fox recalls there was a long council on a course of action. She continued at her secretarial job while I. J. took time to find his groove.

The fork in the road came at the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and what is now New York's Avenue of the Americas. Luxurious cloth coats trimmed with attractive nutria collars and cuffs were the fashion of the period. Fox, while strolling in the streets and peering into ground-floor fur shops, noted that left-over scraps of the nutria were being stitched into what are called "plates" (oblong pieces). A crusader's gleam in his eye, he says, "There was my chance. I'd always felt a cheaper coat could look like a lot for the money. Why shouldn't a hard-working girl have the chance to look like Mrs. Vanderbilt?" He bought six "plates," with his gold watch and chain as collateral, and had a collar-and-cuff set made. Reinforced with the argument that from a few feet away you couldn't tell the difference between stitched "plate" nutria and the original, he called on the coat manufacturers. In a week he had orders for more than he could supply, and that season he cleared an $1,800 profit.

The nutria fad faded the next year, and anyway, Fox says, he had other ideas. He began selling fur coats in his apartment, Mrs. Fox helping in the sales as well as stitching on the I. J. Fox label. It was hard going. He had no credit in the industry and could purchase only two coats at a time. When he sold them he picked up two more. At this point he was bitten by the promotion bug, the virus limited only by his finances. He placed two- and three-line ads in classified sections of the newspapers. A few months later he had a chain of housewives in New York and New Jersey apartments selling his coats for the usual commission.

His credit rose, and in 1921 he was ready to enter manufacturing and retailing on a larger scale. He suggested a partnership to Max Weisman, a manufacturer he had befriended. They invested $2,500 apiece and rented a loft at 16 West Thirty-sixth Street for $150 a month. Three years later, Fox & Weisman, Inc., moved next door at an annual rental of $7,500. Weisman still makes the place his headquarters. He says, "That Fox. He always wanted to be on Fifth Avenue."

Fox's chance to invade Fifth Avenue came in 1930 when the nine-floor building at 393 became vacant. The stock market had crashed, the dark clouds of the depression were gathering. Against the advice of other manufacturers, retailers, and friends, including Weisman, who confesses he thought his partner was crazy and refused to join him, I. J. announced he would take over the building and make it the largest store in America devoted exclusively to selling furs. He ordered plate-glass windows fifteen feet high—the tallest store display windows on the avenue at the time—had the entire store front set in imported blue-pearl granite, the interior finished in walnut, zebra, and redwood. Committed to a $350,000 undertaking, he sailed for Paris, where, among other items, he sent out 7,500 personally signed cards informing his customers that he would be back with the latest in Paris fashions.

FOX returned to find that his bank had decided against a loan, the manufacturers had shut off his credit, and everywhere people were calling his venture "Fox's Folly." They said he wouldn't last six months on Fifth Avenue. With help of intimates, including Weisman, Fox succeeded in reopening his credit to a limited extent and went ahead. Inviting the public by radio and press to a giant sale, he opened the store on August 1 with all the trappings of a De Mille production right down to the crowds. He had life-size paintings by James Montgomery Flagg, Neysa McMein, and Nell Brinkley in the windows, show-folk luminaries and music inside; and outside, thousands of fur-fancying females, kept under control only by a special detachment of police. He topped off the blistering hot August day persuading the late Alfred E. Smith to pose for the newspaper photographs attired in a raccoon coat and a straw hat.

Ask Fox how he dared undertake a venture in a luxury field notoriously susceptible to the economic graph, and he says definitely, "It was the best time of all. Prices were low, values were off. Besides, I wasn't selling the unemployed."

Today Fox lives in a plush Park Avenue apartment, owns a 100-acre estate in the suburbs, and is proud that his is the only Fifth Avenue business of similar stature still in the hands of its original owner. He puts in a turbulent eight to ten hours daily directing his stores, still examines every coat that comes into

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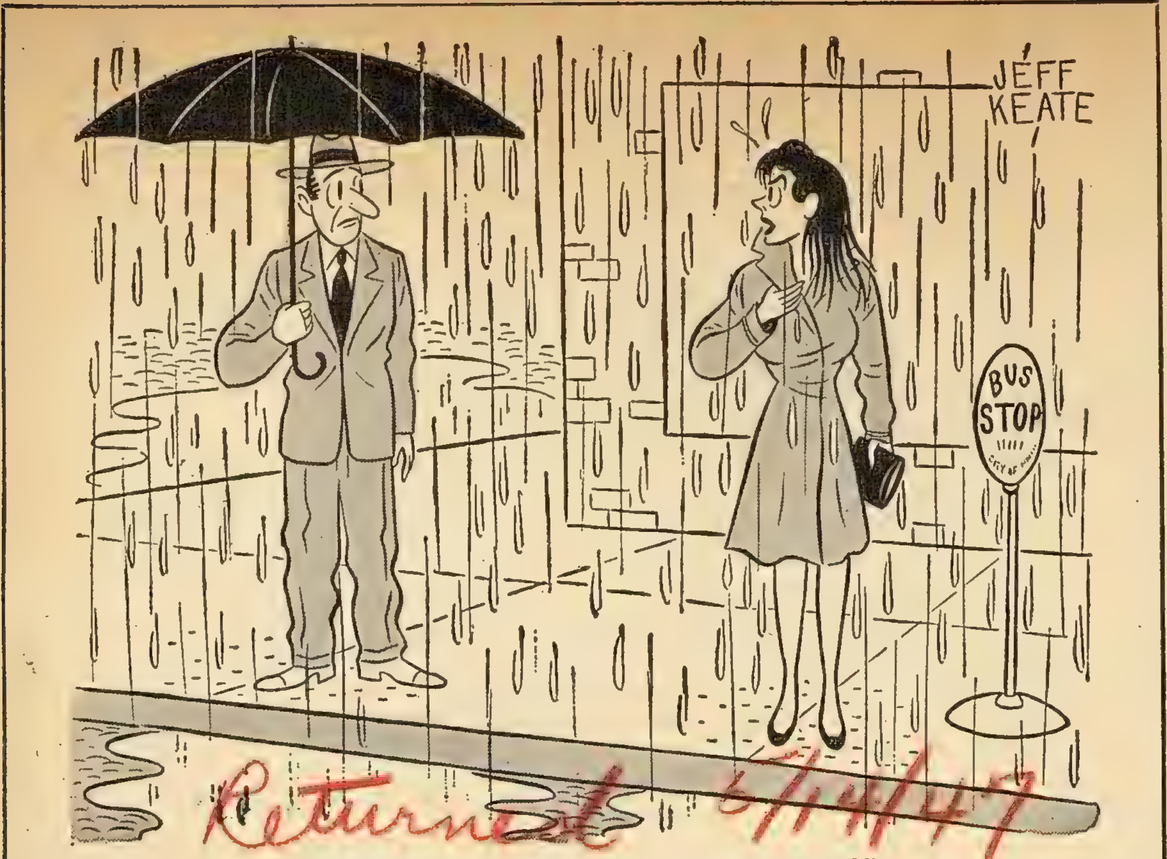

Returned 5/14/47

"Pardon me—would you like to get fresh?"

LIBERTY

the Fifth Avenue house, and on Saturdays, during sales, appears on the floor talking to customers. He says, "You can't run a business from the golf course. I'm the star of my business and I don't want to be a tycoon."

His insistence on being headman, coupled with his boundless energy, frequently drives subordinates wacky. He rattles off orders with the speed of a top sergeant fingering a two-day pass. Generally speaking, however, his employees admire him. Several years ago they presented him with a plaque as a memento of their esteem. They call him "the Old Man," "I. J.," and "the Skipper," the latter jocosely derived from his bromidic lectures on how "the store is a ship and when the sea is rough I am there to guide it."

Fox likes to think that his appraisal of the public taste has been an important factor in his success. Friends report that he rarely gets into a taxi without asking whether or not the driver has a wife and, if so, whether or not she has a fur coat and what kind she prefers. To get in touch with the masses he takes rides on the subway twice a month, goes to Coney Island during the summer, and on Easter Sundays, when Gothamites parade their finery, tours the city from Chinatown to the Bronx, making notes. He says, "You have to know what the public is thinking and what it wants. When I design fur coats I design them for the whole family. When a woman buys a fur coat you must make sure her relatives and friends like it. It's good for business."

Unlike most extroverts, the thought of public speechmaking scares Fox. At the annual Fox employees' dinner he stutters and stumbles like a schoolboy. Invariably Mrs. Fox arises to explain that "the Skipper" is overwhelmed with emotion. Devoted to his wife, and three children, Howard, Bob, and Juliet, he mostly goes home to dinner like a normal spouse. In restaurants and cafés he tips to the point where headwaiters and hat-check girls bow and scrape at his approach. He's a sucker for sob sisters, but panhandlers wind up with five-dollar bills only after first submitting to long lectures on the virtues of thrift and hard work.

For his work in behalf of ex-servicemen, he is one of a handful to whom the United States Flag Association has presented its Order of the Flag.

HIS main hobby is his estate, called Foxhead Farm. On the "farm" Fox plays as hard as he works. He tears around in a jeep, tries to find ways to improve the landscape; moves trees, boulders, even hills, to satisfy his "artistic nature." He has a moth's fascination for lights and almost one quarter of the estate is brightened nightly by gigantic arcs. His flower beds are illuminated by vari-colored bulbs, and trees all over the place are fitted with telephones and loud-speakers, the latter for guests to have music wherever they are by way of main-house hook-up. Among his special improvements he rates the Fox-designed walking paths — one for rugged youth, another for the middle-aged, and a third for the not so firm.

Let someone remark that a certain object obstructs the view and, be it a building or tree, the next day Fox is likely to be consulting bulldozer engineers on the chances for remedying the situation. How much he has spent indulging his "artistic nature" only he knows. As Mrs. Fox says, "Heaven help us the day someone mentions the virtues of a golf course."

THE END

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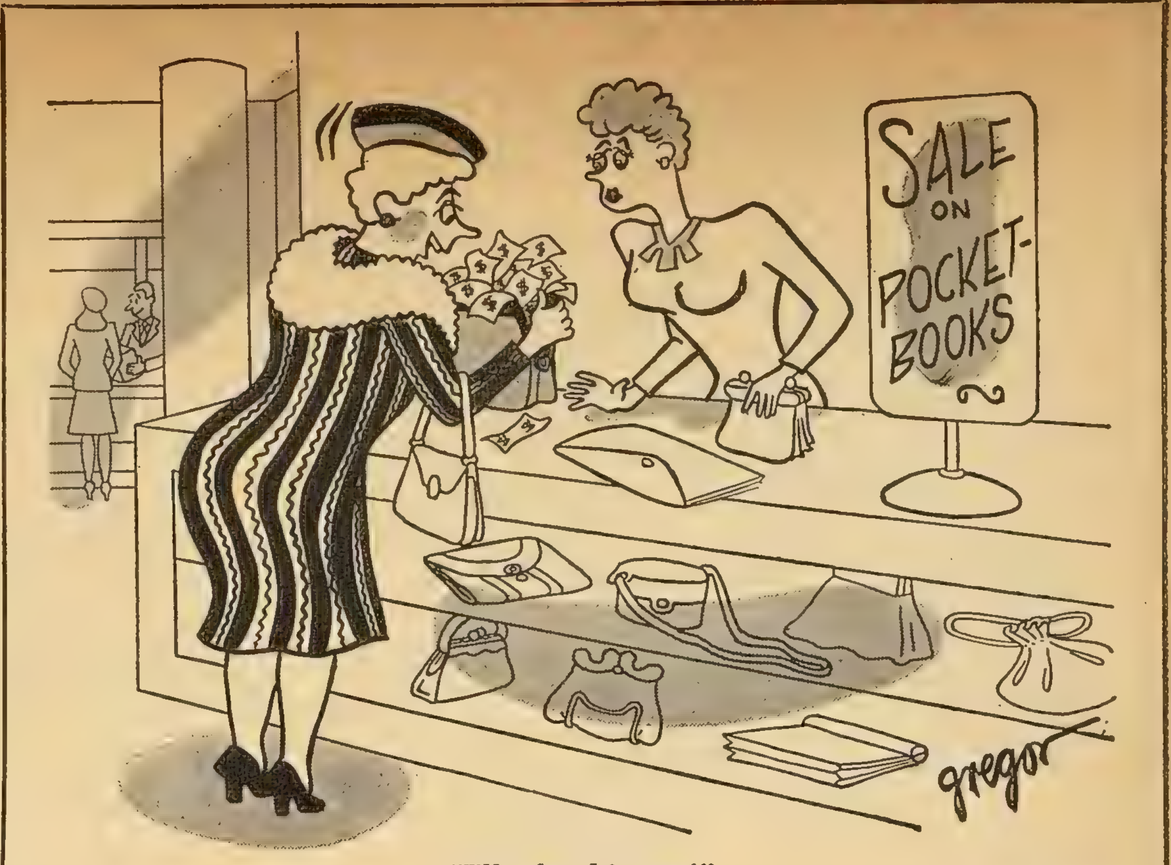


"I'll take this one!"

## A MATTER OF TECHNIQUE

Continued from Page 33

Mr. James Pearsall. He didn't say a word as I came up.

"The sign in the vestibule," I said, "practically rails against canvassers, peddlers, and loafers in general."

Jim looked from under his hat. "Save the smart stuff. You might need it." I realized he was seething.

"How did you get in?"

"By ringing someone else's bell and waiting patiently for the click," he snapped. "I'm clever like that."

"Oh!" I said. "What's the trouble, Jim?"

He followed me into the apartment. "Listen," he said abruptly. "This is rotten technique. But I'm a direct guy. So what was the idea?"

I looked at him, stocky, broad-shouldered, and sort of embattled.

"Well," I spread my hands, "I don't know how you know. You must have spies everywhere."

"Thanks!" He jerked off his raffish hat. "It wasn't a case of spying exactly. I simply took it into my head—after you said you were working late—to go down to your building and hang around outside. Thought we'd have a drink and then I'd take you home. Well, you came out eventually. So absorbed in some bird that you didn't even see me."

"Go on," I said grimly.

"*You* went on," Jim said. "Into a honkytonk with a canopy. Well," he shrugged, "I told you my technique was lousy."

"Darling," I said, "I suppose it's no use telling you about a plain happenstance?"

He stared at me hard. "Why not, if true?"

"Well," I said defensively, "it is true."

"O.K." Jim paced my rug. "See here, Liz! You think I'd give a damn if I wasn't—wasn't—"

"Noo-oo," I said carefully. I knew perfectly well what Jim had in mind. But my own mind—that had yet to be heard from. "Here's what happened, Jim," I added. Forthwith I told all.

He whistled. "John deGroot Van Vechten! Well, if you're playing in that league—"

"Don't be stupid," I said, exasperated. "I've just explained that he merely took pity on a woiking goil."

"Yeah." Jim sat down. "That's me. Stupid. Only more so than usual tonight maybe. Because— Oh, here!"

HIS hand made a sudden movement. The thing hit me amidships, dropped to the floor. A little red-velvet box. I picked it up and opened it.

And promptly made the world's least original remark. "Oh, Jim," I said dazedly, "it—it's beautiful!"

"Skip that!" He spoke quietly. "You going to wear it?"

Oh, gee whiz! I honestly didn't know.

"Jim!" I expect I barked it. "You—you've got to give me time."

"Look, Liz!" Jim's voice was strained. "I intended giving you that tonight, not throwing it at you. That's done, though. But if you don't know how I feel"—he drew a breath—"you're dopey."

Whereupon his technique was not so dusty, after all. He slammed on the hat and left me, nursing a ring worth the Lord knows what.

Well, I took a look in the mirror to see what I had to attract this attractive guy. It didn't seem much. The aquamarine eyes are fair; the ash-and-honey hair isn't too bad; the figure, while not such as to make Betty Grable take in washing, gets by. But there's an awful lot of mouth for a very little nose, and that snubbed. Altogether, nothing for the wild bells to ring out about.

Oliver, I murmured, could be you're a lucky girl.

SEVERAL days passed before I saw Johnny Van Vechten. But one morning he anchored alongside my desk to suggest that Chez Madeleine be revisited. I thought of Jim, and refused.

"Sorry, Johnny," I said. "Dated all week."

He grinned. "I'm not surprised."

"Why, thanks," I said. "You say the nicest things, Mr. Double V."

"You're not hard to be nice to, Liz. Some other time, eh?"

"Sure," I said. "Rain check, please, Johnny?"

But, honestly, I hoped he'd forget. Who was I to be traipsing about the metropolis with a deGroot Van Vechten? I liked Johnny a lot. But he had his world and I had mine. No sense mixing the two.

That night I did dine with Jim Pearsall. And Jim made a discovery—the *ragout à la maison* at Chez Madeleine.

"How about the joint your fancy friend takes you to?" he asked.

"Took's the word," I said. "But O.K."

So we pushed past Michael, the gent at the door, and Jim tangled with the stew of the house. And straightway went ragout-happy. From thenceforward we were habitués of the place.

Then Johnny Van Vechten pinned me down. He wanted to drive up the Hudson and see an old aunt. Time: a week from Saturday. Would I go along?

"Please, Liz," he said earnestly. "I've borrowed a jaloppy."

The Oliver ears pricked up. A deGroot Van Vechten borrowing jaloppies! Tantamount to Rockefeller cadging a sandwich. But, leaving that, what was I to say? A girl can't be dated always.

Oh, well, what I did say was "yes"—hoping Jim Pearsall wouldn't toss wrenches that particular Saturday.

And one can hope, of course. But Mr. P. let the wrench fly on the juxtaposing Friday. "There's a show I want to see," he announced. "Any reason why the matinee tomorrow wouldn't be good?"

"Oh, Jim," I blurted, "there—there is. Please try and understand!"

His dark eyes snapped. "Try and understand! That's the old malarky you women hand out. What is it? Another date?"

"Sort of," I looked away involuntarily.

He shrugged. "O.K. I won't ask who with because I don't have to."

"Jim," I said, "this man from the office has me in a spot. I can't go on forever—" I stopped.

"Continue," said Jim, like a black-browed Sphinx.

I continued. "He's taking me to see some ancient aunt of his."

Jim laughed. "That's a new one. No paintings, no etchings, just an ancient aunt. Your guy's original—or naïve."

"Both, maybe." I was getting mad.

He sensed that, I guess. He said, "Well, keep your hair-do on! I don't care. Run along and give my regards to the Tappan Zee."

"No message for Washington Irving?" I said waspishly.

"Why not? Just tell him I love you, Liz."

For once I had no comeback. Jim wasn't kidding. He isn't the kidding type. He'd gone places—he was going further—and he wanted somebody to go there with him. I felt like a person who's been clowning on the steps of a cathedral.

"You really don't mind?" I said.

He looked me over again. "Listen! You're in a huddle with yourself about our—a certain matter. Till you come out, you call your own shots. See?"

SO Johnny Van Vechten and I fared forth in the borrowed jaloppy, and it must have been borrowed from Noah.

"She's got a swell motor, though," Johnny informed me on the Parkway.

"Hidden charms, no doubt," I said. "What's your aunt's name, Johnny?"

"Wilhelmina Van Vechten, believe it or not." He grinned. "After the queen."

Well, fitting enough. The Van Vechtens were practically royalty. With that thought Miss Cinderella Oliver sat back to enjoy the scenery on the way to the palace. And having enjoyed Dobbs Ferry, Ardsley, Irvington, et cetera, we turned into a driveway north of Tarrytown and were suddenly out of this world.

A great gray stone wall, iron gates, porter's lodge, parkland, what not. And, up the long driveway, a house to make Windsor Castle look like a portable garage.

"Just the frowsy little dump that we call home, eh?" I gasped. "What happened to the moat and the portcullis?"

There was something funny about Johnny's grin. "Lay off, Liz!" he said, and, to my surprise, followed the drive around the mansion. "We're not going to this house at all," he added.

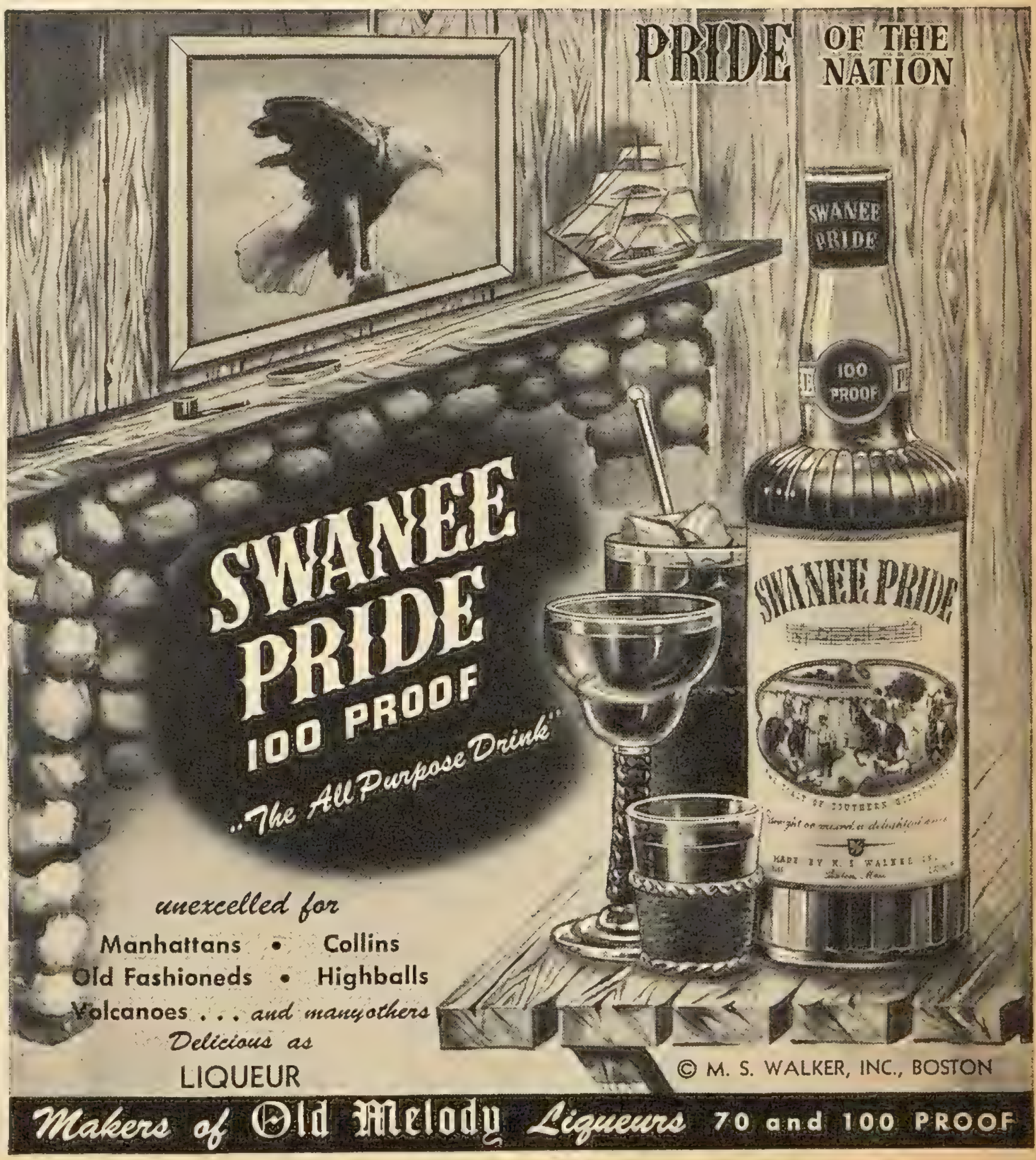
We stopped before an ivy-covered cottage some distance from the big place. "My aunt lives here," Johnny said.

I flatter myself that my heart is not easily captured. But the lady who answered the door won it in the first minute of play.

She was tiny and red-cheeked, with fluffy gray curls. Sort of like Kipling's "doll in a teacup." But her eyes were shrewd and merry.

"I'm going to like you, my dear," Aunt Wilhelmina said. "You've got a sweet face."

Johnny winked. "She tells that to all the girls, Liz."



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"Liz?" Aunt Wilhelmina considered. "Yes, that's good too. Sounds—well, comfortable."

I murmured, "Thank you, Miss Van Vechten."

"Aunt Willy to you, I think," said Aunt Willy modernistically. She swung on Johnny. "Well, bring her in! Don't stand gaping!"

If I sounded comfortable, Aunt Willy lived that way. She was all ringed round with Sheraton and Chippendale, pewter and old china. A chintzy living room packed with furniture, and copper gadgets about the fireplace. We had tea, with Johnny waiting on Aunt Willy as though she were made out of her own old china. But she soon put the bee on that.

"Boy," she said, "stop jumping up and down like a performing monkey. Take this child out and show her the path above the river."

She said "above" because it wasn't precisely "on." Between the Hudson and the western border of the Van Vechten preserves riots the New York Central Railroad. Johnny let a freight go by below. Then he proposed, very simply.

"Liz," he said hesitantly, "I—I want to ask you something. I—oh, the devil! It's just that I love you. And I want to marry you."

Well, gee! That was a quickie. But Oliver kept her head.

I was flattered. What girl wouldn't be? And the guy was sweet. Right there, too, I made a discovery. Without realizing it, I'd grown terribly fond of Johnny. But—I shook my head surreptitiously. Elizabeth, I thought, now is the time to take a stance.

"Johnny," I said, "that's about the nicest thing ever happened to me. But—well, can you take it?"

My eyes must have telegraphed the bad news, because his went rueful. "I see," he said. "Somebody else?"

I looked down, feeling very choky. "Afraid so, Johnny."

His face twisted. But presently the grin came back. "Lucky guy! Forget I spoke, Liz. We can be friends, though, I suppose?"

"If we aren't," I squeezed his hand, "I'm going to feel darn rotten."

THE next time I saw Johnny I reeled slightly. The scion of the Van Vechtens sported a black eye.

"What did you do?" I gasped. "Run into a door?"

"Uh-huh." He laughed. "Swinging door."

That was all he said. Which brought up the fact that the clan Van Vechten seemed curiously close-mouthed. Johnny—Aunt Willy, too—had volunteered literally nothing about the family. Nor did they invite questioning. So I referred no more to Johnny's shiner.

Three evenings later as I approached my domicile a man materialized from the shadows. He lifted his hat.

Ha, I thought! A wolf, practically on the celebrated doorstep. I prepared to freeze. Then, to my amazement, I recognized Michael, guardian of Chez Madeleine.

"Could I speak with you, ma'am?" he asked deferentially.

"Why—er—sure," I said.

He drew a breath and let me have it, staccato. "Look, Miss Oliver! I'm Mike O'Rourke—you know, from the restaurant. And, honest, he hadn't oughta fight Joe Naylor. He'll get his brain scrambled."

This scrambled your correspondent's brain, plenty. "What?" I heard myself saying. "Who's fighting who? I don't know Joe Naylor."

Mr. O'Rourke stared at me. "But didn't that fella tell you? They're throwin' young Johnny in with Naylor Sat'day night. And it'll be murder. But"—he waved a distraught hand—"Johnny won't lissen to me."

By now Oliver was slaphappy. But curious too.

"You'd better come up, Mr. O'Rourke," I said suddenly.

In my apartment I saw that Michael was grizzled and elderly. Likewise bullet-headed, slab-jawed, with one ear cauliflowered. But his steely eyes were clear and honest.

"Now," I said, "you're telling me that Johnny Van Vechten's fighting somebody?"

He looked puzzled. "Why, yes, ma'am. Didn't you know he's fightin'? In the prelims, up at the Garden. Course he don't use his right name. But, hell, he's on'y had four professional bouts."

WELL, one of us was nuts. But on Michael's side stood that glorious shiner. "Michael," I said, "Why on earth is Johnny doing that?"

"He needs the dough," Michael stated simply.

"But," I began, "the deGroot Van Vechtens—"

He interrupted. "That's what everybody thinks, ma'am. Few know that Johnny an' Miss Willy ain't got a dime. 'Cept the bit he makes in his law office. But I'd oughta know. I was chauffeur for Johnny's dad for years, after I quit the ring."

"You were a fighter?" I asked, while my head cleared.

"I was that." His chest expanded slightly. "An' I learn young Johnny to box when he's a kid. Enough so's he wins the intercollegiate lightweight title up in Harvard. But he don't belong in the same ring with Naylor. So I'm askin' you, miss, to try an' talk him out of it."

"But," I was still woozy, "what happened to the—to his family?"

"Plenty," Michael said. "But one side of the fam'ly's still rich. It ain't Johnny's side, though. An' the two of 'em ain't speakin' for thirty years. Some old scrap they have. Well, Johnny's dad gets hit back in twenty-nine. Bad. He hangs on a while. But when he an' the missus die just before the war, there ain't hardly nothin' left. An' what the

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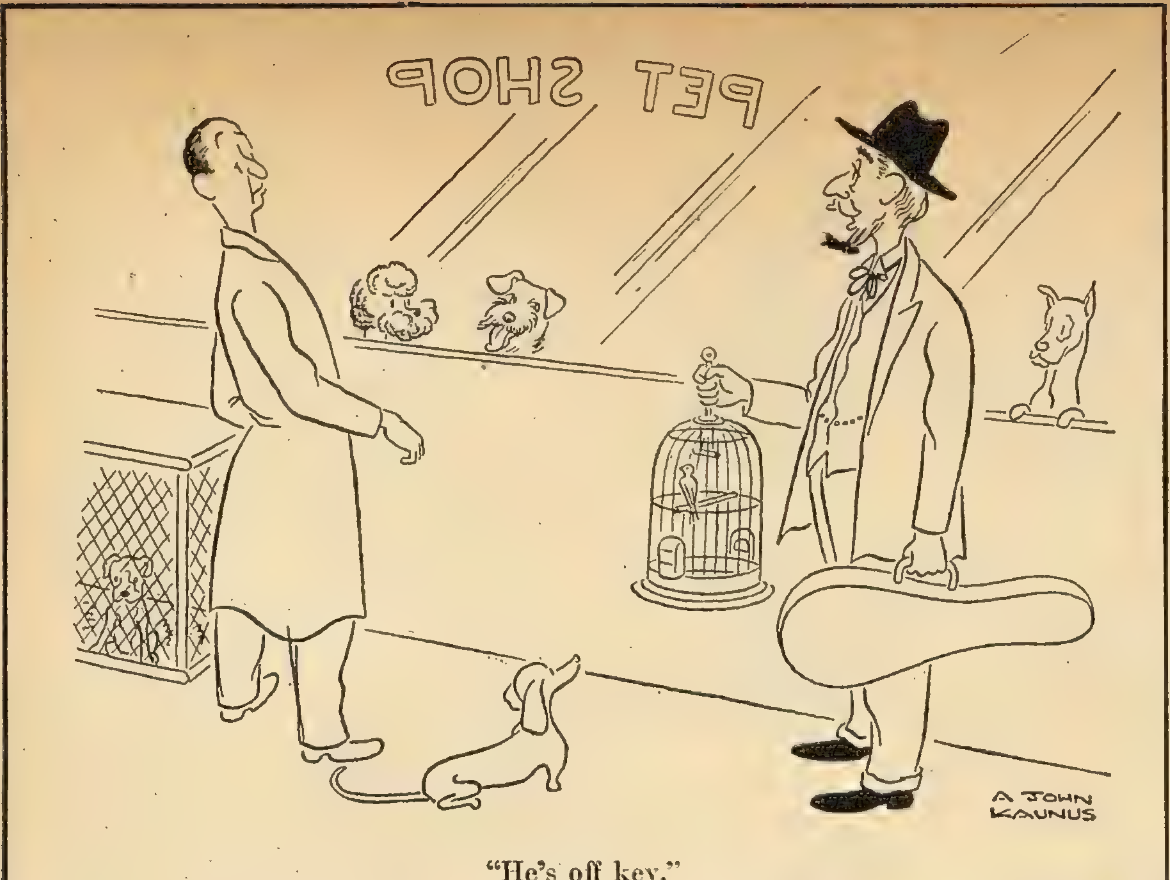

"He's off key."

LIBERTY

estate brings goes for debts an' taxes." He shook his grizzled head. "It's a crime."

I gasped, speechless.

"The folks buyin' the big place," continued Michael, "leave Miss Willy go on livin' in the cottage. But there ain't no money an' Johnny wants she should live decent. An', just comin' out of the Navy, he can't make much now. So—I'm agin it, see? But he likes boxin' an' he thinks he'll pick up a little extry that way to help Miss Willy. Then, lately—" He stopped, too abruptly.

Now why, just there, should my heart have skipped a beat? So that I said, but faintly, "Ye-e-ss?"

Mr. O'Rourke looked a trifle sheepish. "Well, ma'am, young Johnny tells me stuff. I'm kinda like a father to that kid. An' I hang around the gyms some. I know what I'm talkin' about. If you—uh, like Johnny, Miss Oliver, don't leave him fight Naylor."

Suddenly something he'd said at the start, which had passed almost unnoticed, rang a bell—hard.

"Michael," I said slowly, "what was that about a fellow telling me something? Wh-what fellow?"

Mr. O'Rourke was not subtle. "Why, this guy you been comin' in with. He has lunch alone the other day an' I catch him outside an' tell him about it. I ask him will he send you down to talk with me, on account I don't want Johnny seein' me around that law office or he'll tumble? But I know you're a friend of Johnny's an' maybe, I think, he'll lissen to you. That's three days ago, though, an' you don't show up. So I figure this guy forgets. That's why I look you up in the phone book an' come here tonight. I'm gettin' worried, see? But I hope I didn't do nothin' wrong."

Something in the semi-ossified Oliver head went click! Wrong? Mike O'Rourke, ex-pug, will never know how close he came to getting kissed all over his ugly-beautiful face.

"Mike," I practically shouted, "you go back to doorman-ing. I'll handle this. I'll— Oh, by the way, where does Johnny live?"

I didn't even know that about this impecunious Van Vechten. But Mike came through nobly.

AFTER he left I took out Jim Pearsall's ring. It glittered up out of white satin. But not for long. Because America's Number One Jumper at Conclusions snapped the box shut.

So Jim needed me? So badly that he'd just naturally forget to inform me that a—a friend of mine was about to get himself slaughtered? Well maybe that was how you learned to operate when you came up the hard way. Play all the angles—put others in a bad light—never give anyone else a break! O.K.! It was one method of looking out for Self, upper-case S.

But Johnny Van Vechten had come down, the hard way. Coming down, I guess, you don't learn a thing. Except to be sort of swell and try and make breaks for someone relatively unimportant, like that little old— Oliver, I thought, if you don't know who needs who by now, you never will. Get going, gal!

JOHNNY had a one-room flat on a first floor in the East Nineties. He answered the door himself, decorously dressing-gowned.

"Liz!"

"Mr. Van Vechten," I said, in the privacy of his lair, "sit down and listen! I hear you know all about preliminaries. But now this knowledge does you no good. There will not be preliminaries. I simply state, categorically, that I refuse to marry

**Are you setting your child a poor example?**

**STUBBORNNESS** is a trait you'd try to correct in a child. Yet, *you* may be guilty of this very fault by stubbornly clinging to outmoded ideas, such as "a medicine can't be any good unless it's powerful and bad-tasting". If you persist in giving your youngster some unpleasant laxative that weakens and upsets him, it's time you realized that

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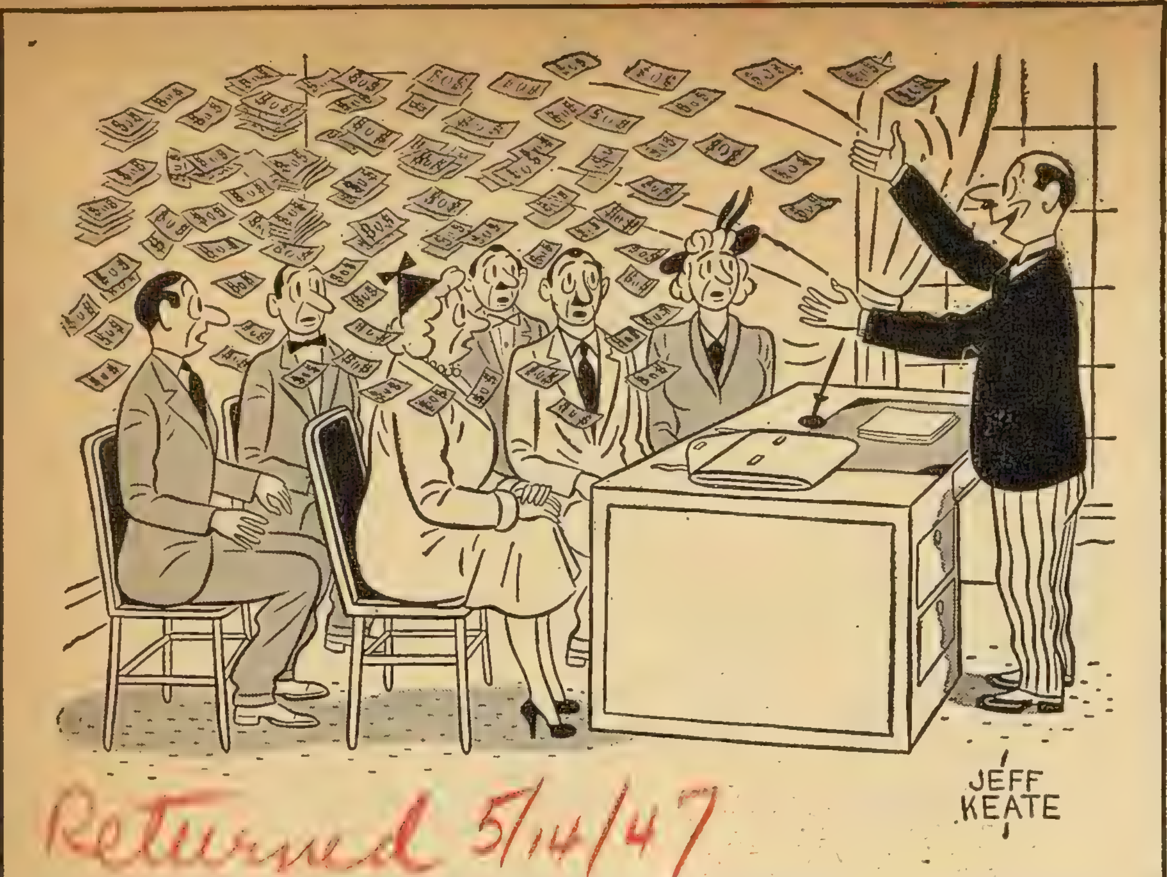

Returned 5/14/47

"The terms of your uncle's will are, as he was in life, rather odd . . . scramble for it!"
LIBERTY

a man whose brain is scrambled."

"Marry?" He came out of his chair. "Y-you—you mean—I—that is—"

"Precisely." I cut through this gibberish. "Provided you know one right answer. Which is it, Johnny—Naylor or me?"

He got it then. "Good night! This is wonderful! But wait'll I get hold of Mike O'Rourke. I'll—"

"Suggest he be our best man," I suggested. "Put some clothes on, Johnny. I fain would walk by the East River."

He did eventually. But first he put his arm around this crusading stenographer. "You mean the Blue Danube, don't you, Liz?" he said gently.

A LONG time later the world's grandest guy began fussing. "They'll think I'm yellow over at the Garden," he fussed.

"Leave," I said, invoking Duffy's Archie, "them think you lapis lazuli for all I care, darling. But—well, you could get a lovely early-fall cold, couldn't you?"

He could, too. In brief, he did. Walking along the Blue Danube, *né* the East River, without a hat.

THE END

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# UNHAPPY CHANDLER

## Continued from Page 19

Happy made himself look silly by announcing a few days later that the incident was closed since "nothing was said about the Borowy case being detrimental to baseball."

The owners were not alone in their dim view of the commissioner after the Ernie Stewart episode. In the course of spreading sweetness and light, Happy launched into a discussion of salaries with Stewart, a new umpire on the American League staff. Stewart complained that the job did not pay enough, and Happy, making one of these vague political gestures nobody is supposed to take seriously, told him to poll the other umpires for their opinions on the subject. Will Harridge, American League president, promptly fired Stewart for "disloyalty and spreading dissension." When Stewart appealed to Happy, the commissioner blandly kissed off the incident with the observation that the case was purely a league matter over which he had no jurisdiction.

Happy was getting such a bad press throughout the country that a party was thrown to enable him to turn on his celebrated charm for the edification of the New York baseball writers. Again an ordinary public relations stunt boomeranged badly. Happy's unfamiliarity with elemental baseball law was painful. He was vague and jittery, and the most charitable comment after the corn had been shucked was: "He's no Landis."

The owners have no one to blame but themselves—with a special assist by Larry MacPhail—for the precipitous decline in the prestige and efficiency of the commissioner's office since Chandler was elected.

After the death of Judge Landis on November 25, 1944, a four-man committee was appointed to scout the field for an acceptable candidate to administer the game. But when the sixteen owners met in Cleveland five months later they were more confused than ever.

Finally the field was narrowed down to six candidates. In the order of support believed to be behind them, they were: 1, Ford Frick, President of the National League; 2, Jim Farley; 3, Fred Vinson, at that time War Mobilizer; 4, Robert Patterson, then Undersecretary of War; 5, Bob Hannegan, chairman of the National Democratic Committee; 6, Frank Lausche, governor of Ohio. MacPhail, who had gone on record with a strong boost for Frick, casually suggested that Chandler's name be added to the list. It was the first time Chandler ever was mentioned as a candidate.

The owners then wrote their first three choices on slips of paper and put them in a hat. Imagine the surprise of one and all when Chandler, the added starter, was 1-2-3 on all sixteen ballots and 1-2 on thirteen. He had eleven Number 1 votes and Hannegan five. Quick as a flash, MacPhail suggested that the meeting decide immediately between Chandler and Hannegan. On the second poll Chandler picked up another vote, getting twelve in all, sufficient for election. Don Barnes and Sam Breadon of the St. Louis Browns, who had to support Hannegan, a local boy, for political reasons, agreed to make the nomination unanimous. The meeting started at 2.10 P.M. and at 4.45 Chandler was confirmed as baseball's second High Commissioner.

WHEN the owners picked themselves up off the floor where they had been deposited by the MacPhail steam roller, they tried to convince one another that Chandler was made to order for the job. Although the end of the European war was in sight, government restrictions, such as O.D.T. and the draft, continued to hobble baseball. Chandler was just the man to present the case for baseball, the owners solemnly agreed. He was a senator, he had friends in high places, and he knew how to throw his weight around. He'd make the authorities give the game a break.

It was a snare and a delusion. Two years of bitter opposition to President Roosevelt's military policies had put Senator Chandler in disfavor with the Administration. He was under fire in his own party as one of the Southern Democrats who had joined forces with reactionary Republicans to impede Roosevelt's social and economic reform.

The genesis of Chandler's abrupt and otherwise unaccountable break with Roosevelt is to be found in the motivating drive that has dominated his personality and career—his overwhelming ambition. In 1937 Chandler, then governor of Kentucky, said: "There will be a new President in this country some day and I have as good a chance as anybody." Under Kentucky law, a governor is not eligible to succeed himself, and Chandler, whose term was to expire in 1939, began to cast around for another foothold on the political ladder. The Senate was the next logical rung and there was an election coming up in 1938, but an imposing obstacle barred his climb. Alben Barkley, Roosevelt's whip in the Senate, was running for re-

(*Continued on page 70*)

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(*Continued from page 68*)

election and Chandler realized he would be stepping out of his class in trying to unseat "Dear Alben."

An ingenious way out of the blind alley occurred to him. He suggested that Roosevelt appoint Marvel M. Logan, the junior Senator from Kentucky, to a vacancy in the Federal Court so that he could appoint himself to Logan's seat. Roosevelt had other plans for the federal bench and gave Chandler a brush-off. Confronted with the bleak prospect of passing out of public office, Chandler had no alternative but to enter the Democratic primaries against Barkley. He never had the ghost of a chance and was licked by 50,000 votes.

But a few weeks before his term as governor was to expire in December, 1939, Logan died. Chandler immediately appointed himself to the seat and the following year won a special election to fill the remainder of the term. He went down the line with the Administration and in 1942, with Roosevelt's support, was elected to the Senate for the full six-year term. Once he was safely installed, he bolted the traces. Within the month he was one of sixteen Democrats from non-poll-tax states who voted with the solid South to block action on the anti-poll-tax bill the President advocated. He never had forgotten or forgiven Roosevelt's rebuff in 1938.

CHANDLER deserves a good deal of credit for overcoming handicaps that might have discouraged a lesser individual. He was born in Corydon, Kentucky, on July 14, 1898, the night the Spanish fleet was sunk at Santiago. His parents separated after four years of marriage and Joe Chandler, the town handyman, assumed the responsibility of raising two small sons. (Albert's brother. a year younger, was killed in a fall from a tree when he was thirteen.)

Albert worked before and after school. He entered Transylvania College at Lexington in 1917 with "a red sweater, five dollars and a smile," as he told Kentucky voters 816 times, by actual count, when he was running for governor in 1935.

He threw off most of the sport sparks the little college generated. One year he had a .467 batting average and pitched the team to a 10-4 victory over Tennessee. The Centre football team murdered Transylvania in 1920, 55-0, but Quarterback Chandler played the entire game with such zeal that the Centre gladiators gave him the affectionate nickname of "Hammerhead."

In 1921 he entered Harvard Law School and figured in a story that still gives football fans large goose bumps of ecstasy. That was the year little Centre came rolling down the Kentucky mountains and knocked the patrician ears off Harvard, 6-0. Chandler's scouting of Harvard contributed so much to the upset that Charley Moran, the Centre coach, offered to hold a job open for him. The promise came in handy the following year when lack of money forced Chandler to drop out of Harvard and finish his law course at the University of Kentucky.

For the next five years Chandler divided his time between the law and sports. He continued to coach football at Centre after he hung out his shingle at Versailles, coached two undefeated basketball teams at the local high school, and played professional baseball in the deepest bush during the summer.

Elected lieutenant-governor of Kentucky in 1931, he applied the appointive power of Governor Ruby Laffoon every time Laffoon crossed the state line. On one such occasion, in February, 1935, Chandler called a special session of the Legislature to jam through a popular primary law in Kentucky elections. Laffoon returned too late to block the law, but he did succeed in tacking on an amendment requiring a run-off in primary election in the event that no candidate polled a majority of the votes. Again luck was the clean-up hitter in Chandler's betting order. In the Democratic primary for governor in 1935, Thomas R. Shea, Laffoon's man, got more votes than Chandler and two other candidates, but lacked a majority. In the run-off held in accordance with Laffoon's amendment, Chandler defeated Shea by 25,000 votes and went on to lick the Republican candidate by a record majority.

Until Roosevelt rejected his proposition for the Senate seat in 1938, Chandler hewed to the New Deal party line. It is significant, however, that he made an abrupt about-face after the Roosevelt rebuff. The prize package baseball thought it had plucked from the hallowed halls of Congress was practically a dead duck politically after Roosevelt attacked him twice in two strong campaign speeches in 1944.

A FEW months after his election to the commissioner's office, it was an open secret in the trade that there was strong sentiment among the owners to make a settlement on his seven-year contract and buy him off. The long delay between his selection and assumption of office was the tip-off. He did not resign from the Senate until October 29, 1945, six months after the Cleveland meeting. Apologists for baseball hastened to explain that Senator Chandler felt it his duty to discharge his obligations to the country until the end of the war.

Chandler likes to think of himself as Mr. Baseball, but regardless of the nickname in which he revels, baseball definitely is not happy. The owners look upon him merely as a figurehead to be by-passed in matters pertaining to high policy, and they have imposed checks upon his power which Landis never tolerated. Open opposition has been piped down to maintain solidarity and all that sort of tosh, but strong undercurrents of dissatisfaction continue to swirl about his unsteady feet. Most of the owners make no bones about the fact that they are hoping to sweat out his blunders until the end of his term in 1952, but they recall his first statement with a violent shudder of apprehension.

"This is the job I've always wanted," Chandler burbled when he was informed of his appointment. "I hope to keep it the rest of my life."

The situation could be much worse, though. At the Democratic convention in 1944, he was mentioned in a moment of whimsy as a possible Vice-Presidential candidate. That's how his baseball boom was launched.

THE END

L5912-50

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LIBERTY

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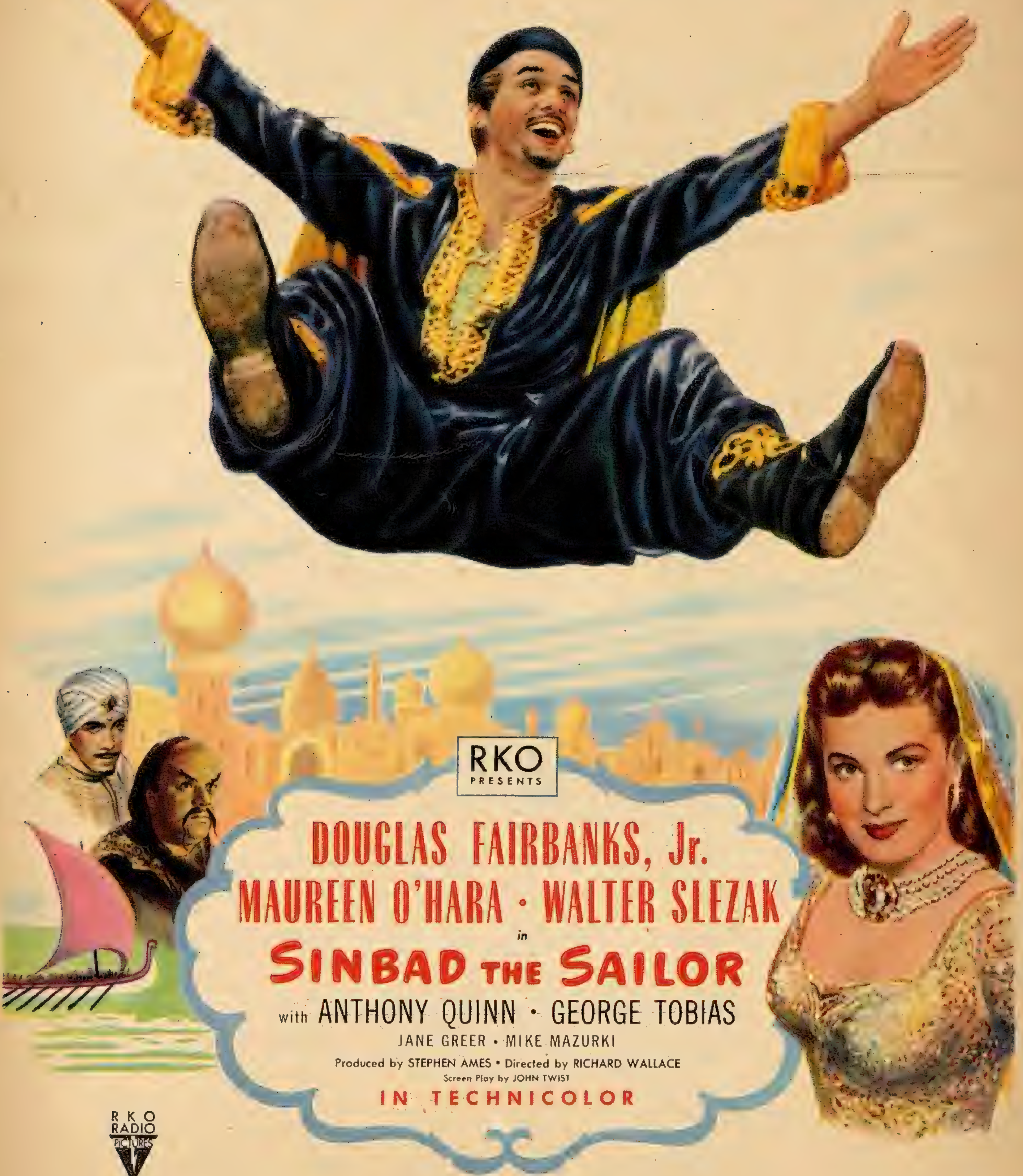

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# Pick of THE PICTURES

**BY VIRGINIA SPIES**

Most of the humor is handled by Billy DeWolfe—a clever impersonator — and pert Olga San Juan.

PLEASE
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This combination can hardly miss—Bing, Fred Astaire (in his final movie), and 28 Berlin tunes.

# BLUE SKIES

THIS is Fred Astaire's movie swan song-and-dance, and Paramount has given him a $3,000,000 Technicolored farewell party adorned with Bing Crosby and a cavalcade of twenty-eight Irving Berlin tunes—old and new. It's sure-fire entertainment.

For Astaire, who at the age of five began his debonair hoofing in Omaha parish halls with sister Adele, and now, at forty-six is retiring to take life easy, Blue Skies is a merry wind-up. He clowns with Crosby, moons over Joan Caulfield, and steps out with a set of original dances climaxed by his top-hat-and-cane routine—the Astaire trade-mark.

The story, which Berlin dreamed up one day while his piano was being tuned, is a triangle involving Astaire and Caulfield, two kids in show business, and Crosby, who'd like to be in no business. Though Fred wants to dance cheek to cheek, Joan marries Bing, a night-club owner. As the Groaner floats around the country buying and selling a flock of fly-by-night cafés while his bride begs him to settle down, there's a little domestic pathos and a lot of good music.

Blue Skies is actually a glorified Berlin album, featuring such old-timers as the title song, Say It Isn't So, Remember, All Alone, White Christmas, Puttin' on the Ritz, Heat Wave, and A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody. Choicest of the veteran composer's four new numbers is A Couple of Song and Dance Men—a gagged-up novelty piece which finds Astaire and Crosby at their casual best.

Backing up the headliners are Billy DeWolfe and Olga San Juan, a pair of scene-stealing comedians. DeWolfe plays Bing's handy man and gets into the act with the type of impersonations which made him a top performer in New York night spots. Olga, a Flatbush Latin, is Astaire's peppery dancing partner —the last fill-in for Ginger Rogers, Fred's first and most popular movie teammate.

It's too bad this had to be Astaire's final dance, but Blue Skies gives him a rousing send-off.

Singing lullabies to a daughter—even in the movies—is quite an innovation for Bing.

Fast-rising young star Joan Caulfield can't complain about the company that she keeps.

## OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS (Paramount). Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin, Lizabeth Scott, and Kirk Douglas make this an absorbing melodrama.

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO (M-G-M). A lavish, Technicolored songfest starring Walter Pidgeon, José Iturbi, plus teen-agers Jane Powell and Roddy McDowall.

RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE (Republic). This is a pleasant little comedy with Eddie Albert as a veteran who has more than his share of postwar problems.

THE BIG SLEEP (Warner Brothers). Raymond Chandler's hard-boiled whodunit is a perfect backdrop for the talents of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

NOTORIOUS (RKO). Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant spy and sigh their way through Alfred Hitchcock's engrossing south-of-the-border thriller.

MR. ACE (United Artists). An amusing poke at ladies in politics, with Sylvia Sidney and George Raft capably holding down leading parts.

CLAUDIA AND DAVID (20th Century-Fox). A sequel to Claudia, this movie gives Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young a new batch of crises and chuckles.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE (Paramount). A laugh-a-minute version of the Tarkington romance with Bob Hope in the role made famous by Rudolph Valentino.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA (G.C.F., released through United Artists). Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains have the leads in this handsome spectacle.

## ARE THE VETERANS CHISELING?

Continued from Page 15

ordinarily would cash in on their crops once or twice a year now draw $100 a month during the months they are plowing, sowing, and cultivating their crops. This in addition to the substantial credit privilege which veteran farmers enjoy for the purchase of farm equipment and other necessities. No other farmer can expect cash income except when he harvests. This $100 a month is found money.

Here's another example: In California a vet opened a filling station. At the end of the first month he had a profit of seventy-five dollars. He promptly employed his wife at seventy-five dollars on his books, thereby showing he had only broken even. So he filed with the Compensation Board for his $100 profit guaranty. The second month, his private books indicated a profit of $125. He raised his wife's pay to that amount, on the books, and collected another $100. He continued to "pay" his wife his entire real profit until he'd drawn all the compensation the law allowed—$1,080.

YOU can multiply that instance by 1,000 for an estimate of the number of vets who are today operating the no-profit racket in *filling stations alone.* One hundred thousand a month is not peanuts. The classic story is of a vet in a Midwest town who rented a tumbledown shack for a dollar a month, chalked the word "Garage" over the door, and drew down $1,000 without so much as a single automobile coming into his driveway. In fact, there was no driveway.

The apparent ineptitude of veterans in making a small profit in business is startling. In one recent month records show that 250,000 self-employed veterans throughout the country failed to earn a single red cent! Odd, in a period when business is better than at almost any other time in history.

Then there are the vets who have confessed to the Compensation Board that they want to write a book. As self-employed writers, they immediately become eligible for $100 a month without the slightest risk of its being cut off until the gravy boat is empty at the end of nearly a year. Like farming, writing is supposed to pay off after the work is done.

The most widespread racketeering by vets is in the nation-wide 52/20 club, a designation used for all vets who would rather draw unemployment compensation of twenty dollars a week for up to a year than work. Nobody can say how big the club is. Government reports are very inadequate and methods of checking on vets are generally pretty slipshod. But a spot check indicates that as many as 400,000 have been idle sixteen weeks or more.

I looked into it further. With the co-operation of authorities, an investigator posed at my request as a job counselor and interviewed vets at Unemployment Service offices. Their frankness was amazing. They admitted freely that they didn't want work, wouldn't take it if offered, and intended to draw the dole as long as it was handed out.

Said one vet, "Sure, there're plenty of jobs, but I don't want to be tied down." Said another, "If the government wanted us to get a job, they wouldn't pay us twenty dollars a week for not working."

If the vet refuses a "suitable" job, the board can crack down and cut off his twenty dollars. But they don't crack down. In most instances counselors who interview vets must be veterans themselves, "to provide sympathetic understanding of vet problems." Few are as tough as Washington, D. C., where the average vet takes a job or gets off the gravy train in four weeks.

THE key word is "suitable." It means a job that pays wages like those the vet was accustomed to receiving, for a type of work that he is fitted to do, on a convenient shift and located reasonably near home.

In other words, it's an ideal job and nice work if you can get it. But in August, when there were jobs in all trades going begging for takers, 1,800,000 vets claimed they couldn't find the job of their choice or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

In a New York bar a vet boasted that his twenty dollars a week, added to the forty-five dollars his wife earned, made them pretty comfortable. In Baltimore, vets pointed out that their twenty-dollars-a-week compensation was 100-per-cent take-home pay, while taxes, carfare, work clothes, lunch money, and other incidentals sliced about eight dollars off a thirty-dollars-a-week job. "We can't afford to work on that basis," they said.

And all over the country chiseling vets were knocking down ten, fifteen, and twenty dollars a week, in addition to their compensation, doing by-the-hour and by-the-day odd jobs which were not reported to the Employment Service.

In requesting that legal loopholes be plugged, General Bradley admitted vets were guilty, too, in on-the-job training rackets. But he emphasized the culpability of employers. It is difficult to know which thought of it first. Larcenies in on-the-job training involve the ninety dollars a month (with dependent; otherwise sixty-five dollars) which vets are allowed for subsistence while they learn a trade. In theory this is excellent. Anyone in business presumably can organize training classes and employ vets as apprentices.

The vet draws his subsistence, earns beginner's pay, learns a trade, and everybody is content and happy.

But in a large Western department store the advertising and sales managers, both vets, applied for job training and ninety dollars monthly subsistence. One was found to be drawing a salary of $400 a month and training, he said, to be vice-president. The other, son of the store president, was paid $700 a month. His training goal: president. Doubtless he would have made it.

A SEATTLE vet who was acting as cashier in his uncle's restaurant—it took him two days to learn to make change—found he could draw ninety dollars extra a month by applying for on-the-job training in restaurant management. His co-operative uncle applied for certification and for eight months the vet has drawn his check.

This co-operative spirit between owner and employee, which siphons hundreds of thousands of dollars a month from the Treasury, has been applied to vets' apprentice managership-training in such complicated industries as hot-dog stands, shoe-shine establishments, and bowling alleys. One Virginia hamburger joint applied for a four-year training agreement in management, and the first two trainees were vet brothers of the owner.

Garage mechanics "training" to become foremen are drawing subsistence checks monthly, though they are not learning or attempting to

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"I'm sorry to bother you, John, but Junior wants you to hear him say his prayers!"
LIBERTY

learn anything they wouldn't have anyhow. Vets who were raised on farms suddenly are "learning" to be farmers; they pick up an extra sixty-five or ninety dollars a month as trainees. Recently, the law was changed to limit the on-the-job payments to $200 monthly overall for married vets and $175 for single. This will help some.

No one can accurately estimate the annual cost to the public of these larcenies. Estimates by those who should know place the total in the hundreds of millions. They all admit, though, that the take in these compensation rackets is peanuts compared with the grand larceny of illicit buying and resale by vets of surplus war goods.

ANY veteran can get local certification to buy up to $25,000 worth of scarce equipment without investigation of his claim to need surplus stocks for personal or business use. If he sells it within twenty-four hours at 50 per cent to 100 per cent profit, who will uncover his fraud? The opportunity to make up to $20,000 in a few hours has proved a glistening temptation.

It works like this: In upstate New York a vet discovered a serious shortage of heavy construction equipment. He located what we'll call the Busy Bee Construction Company, which was most anxious to buy a long list of specific items. The vet got the list. Then he "organized" his own construction company, going as far as to print a convincing letterhead. On this he typed the Busy Bee's list—now *his* list—took it to the certifying board, told his story of starting a new business, and got authority to buy.

With his high vet's priority, he got the pick of equipment for sale—only government agencies have prior choice. But the moment he owned the equipment, he developed a sudden allergy to entering the construction business. Indeed, he decided to sell out to the Busy Bee Company. Oddly enough, they needed what he had; and he made a handsome profit of around $10,000.

Who can prove his collusion with the Busy Bee? Who can prove he didn't intend to go into business for himself? The answer is nobody wants to prove anything against him because he is a vet. The U. S. District Attorney felt the same way about five vets who were caught red-handed using their priorities to buy scarce trucks for a dealer in San Bruno, California. Despite the fact that thirty trucks valued at $6,000 each were purchased in this conspiracy, no indictment was returned.

Not all chiseling vets are playing for blue chips. Some of them commit the fraud of buying automotive equipment for dealers in return for no more than first chance to buy a 1946 automobile. In one case three veterans bought trucks for their town constable, using his money, and getting nothing for it but good will.

However, where a vet acts as a front for someone else, there is usually a fixed commission which is fairly standard at 20 per cent. It is common at sales for vets to be accompanied by an "uncle" or a "brother" or an "expert who is to advise me," who picks out the precise equipment the vet wants. The effrontery of these chiselers is so great that they openly pass money at the sale, the real buyer—"my uncle"—supplying the cash to complete the purchase.

The most outrageous examples of open violation thus far are the vets who answer the newspaper advertisements of speculators. In a thinly veiled ad to "surplus sellers" one such speculator expressed a desire to purchase 1,000 trucks. Veterans flocked to him.

Asked if they think what they're doing is right, vets just laugh. "Why, hell," one of them said to me. "Don't you know this is a kind of bonus? Congress won't pass a real one, so they let us make some dough this way."

The War Assets Administration is hopeful that a crack-down will come soon. They're gathering evidence of the growing flagrancy of such violations, such as the forty vets in Texas who openly solicited orders in advance of a sale, agreeing to purchase anything desired on a commission. Or the instance in the East where, at a sale of scarce textiles offered only to certain types of manufacturers, 80 per cent of the vets placing orders were found to have misrepresented their business.

Operations covering several states and involving numerous vets are a commonplace. One such deal involved a syndicate of more than forty vets who tried to buy up all the sheet aluminum in Kansas, Missouri, and Texas, thereby securing a virtual corner on the market. Hundreds of thousands of square feet of the aluminum, surplus stocks from the great aircraft factories near Dallas and Wichita, were bought up by members of the syndicate, who turned their purchases over to another member for resale. Everything was going according to plan until he tried to unload on one Midwest plant whose officials, rocked by the size of the transaction, notified the government.

UNTIL someone in Washington has guts enough to crack down, many vets will continue to take what they see and demand what they don't.

But no vet can claim that he is justified in such a course. The U. S. veteran is the most cared-for man in the world. He has opportunities to go to school, to learn a new job, to start a business, and to get preferences in what little housing there is. He gets severance pay plus terminal-leave pay. He has employment preferences in Civil Service and commercial positions. He has extensive borrowing privileges for home or business. He is second only to the government itself in getting the pick of hard-to-get equipment. And for most of what he needs he comes before the government.

The benefits he can claim legally —and honestly—are so varied that most vets can't keep track of them. Few realize, for example, that every vet can claim a $150 burial allowance. Nevertheless, this minor, neglected item will eventually cost taxpayers the staggering sum of $3,250,000,000.

A white cascade of some 3,000 new bills, aiming to define or enlarge benefits for veterans, was introduced into the last Congress. Pensions were upped 20 per cent, insurance provisions were liberalized, a new and broader disability rating schedule was approved, and subsistence allowances increased. *In not a single instance was a previously granted benefit repealed.*

Some of the bills were obvious Treasury raids. Others were based on sob appeal, like the bill, passed over General Bradley's protest, to provide specially equipped automobiles for 16,000 amputee vets. This $30,000,000 bill was high-pressured through Congress in a fashion which may be a prelude to what is to come. Armless and legless vets were corralled at Walter Reed Hospital and taken to the Capitol for a demonstration staged by the bill's sponsor, Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rodgers. There they waylaid congressmen in corridors and brandished their stumps and crutches in as undignified a whine for alms as the Capitol has witnessed.

These vets don't need automobiles. If they did, they could buy them. They already have received special pensions, providing for extra equipment, which run to $300 a month instead of the usual grant of $115 monthly allowed for total disability. But they got the automobiles. I talked with amputees. Could they use an automobile profitably? The replies: Well, maybe so, maybe no. But anyhow a car was good for quick cash, and did I know anybody who couldn't use $1,500?

Today veterans stand indicted of stealing millions from public funds, for which they have neither moral nor legal justification.

This is happening at a time when anyone who wants to work can do so; when chances to get ahead, even without assistance, are perhaps the best in our history. What will happen when we go into a depression? What will happen when vets are grabbing because they're hungry and not just greedy?

There are today more than 17,000,000 U. S. veterans of all wars. The last Congress appropriated $12,000,000,000 for their benefit. As every man and woman who serves in the armed forces before Congress has declared the war ended will legally become a veteran, there may be eventually 25,000,000—a vastly powerful political force for good or evil.

Already we hear the rumblings of its power. It is no longer a secret that one of the most potent veterans' organizations is readying a campaign to present to the next Congress a demand for a $43,000,000,000 veterans' bonus.

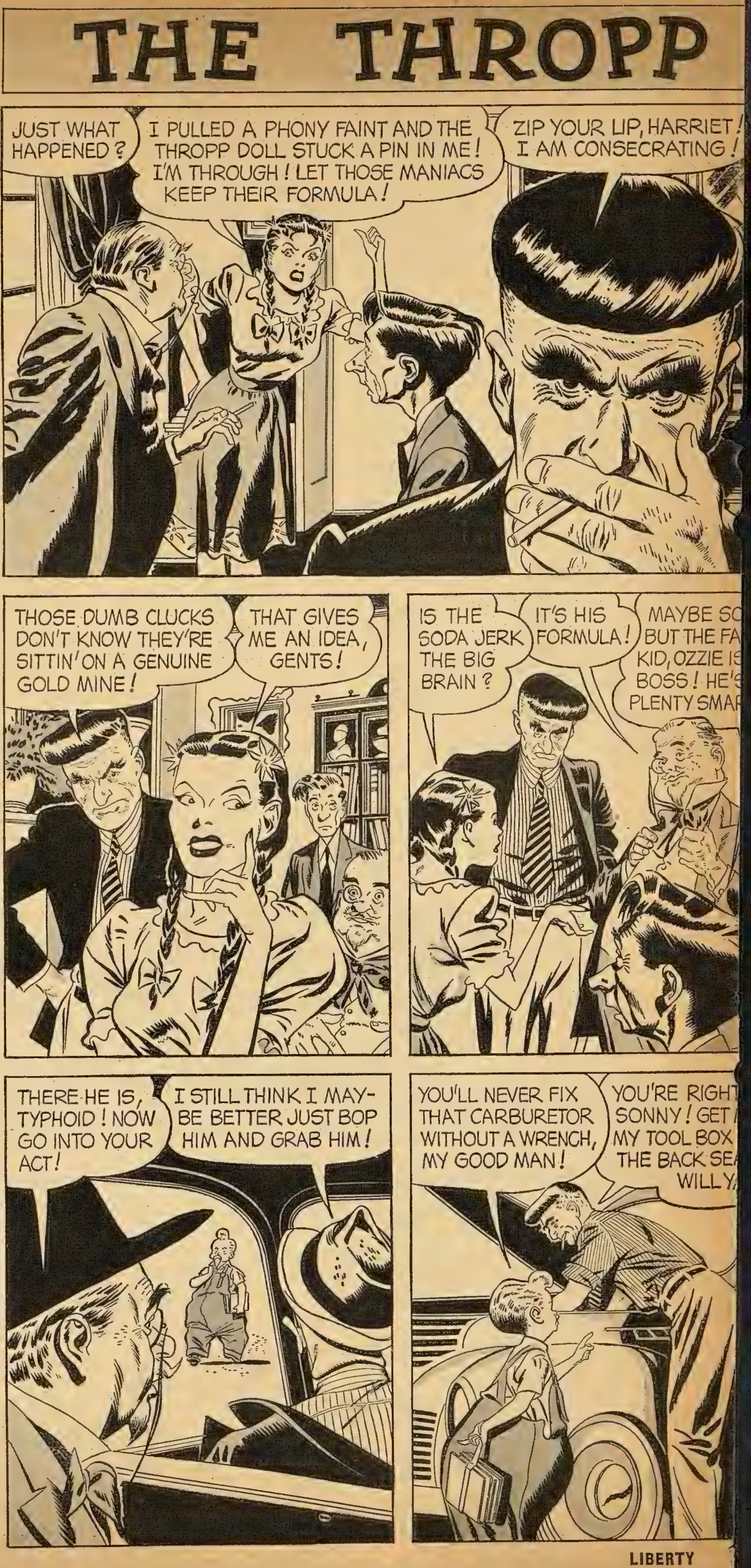
This is only the beginning. And if something isn't done to stop it now, then God help this country.

THE END

* * *

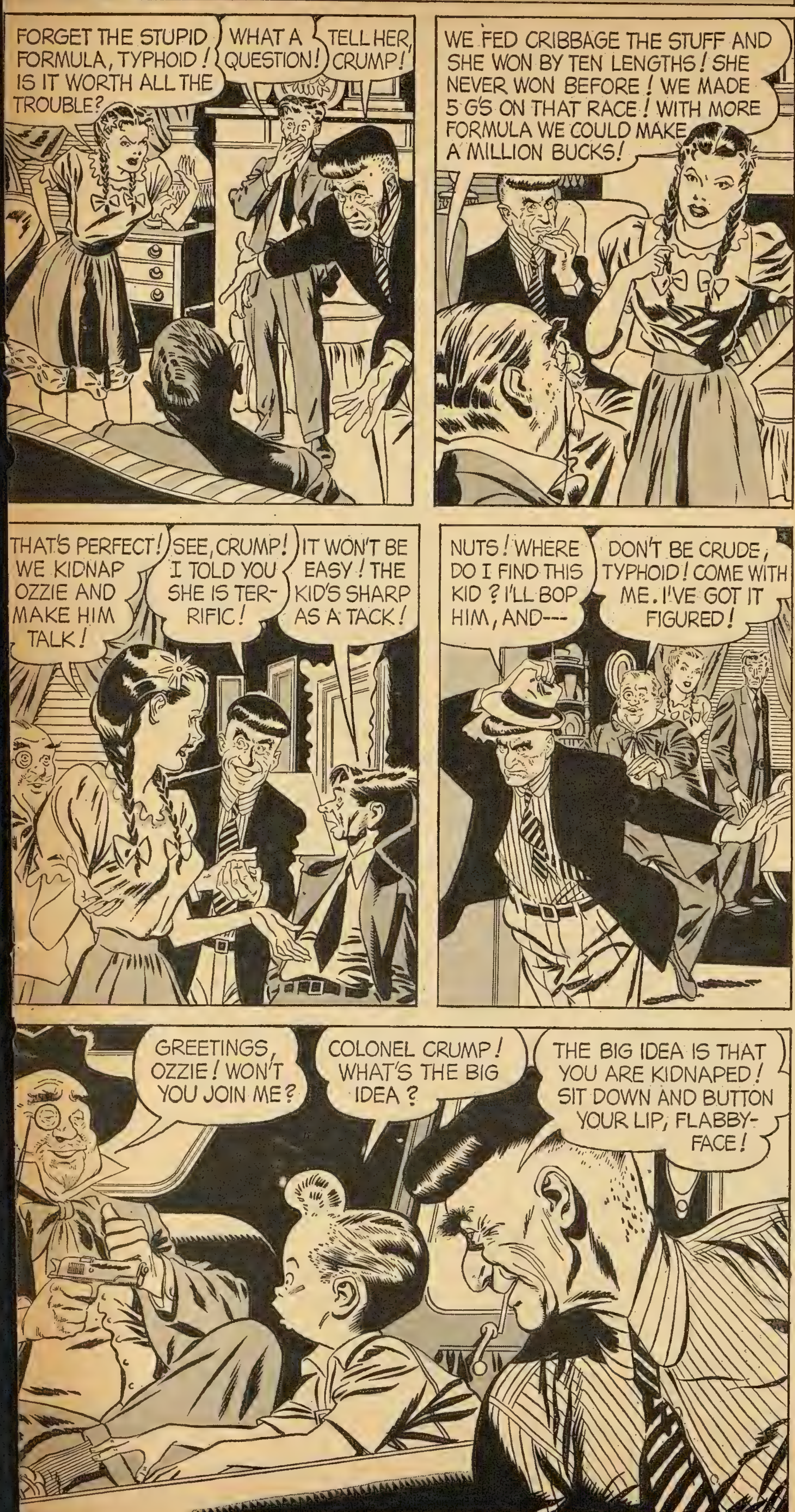
**Most advice is free, and that's more than most of it is worth!**
**—*Margaret L. Lippincott.***

* * *

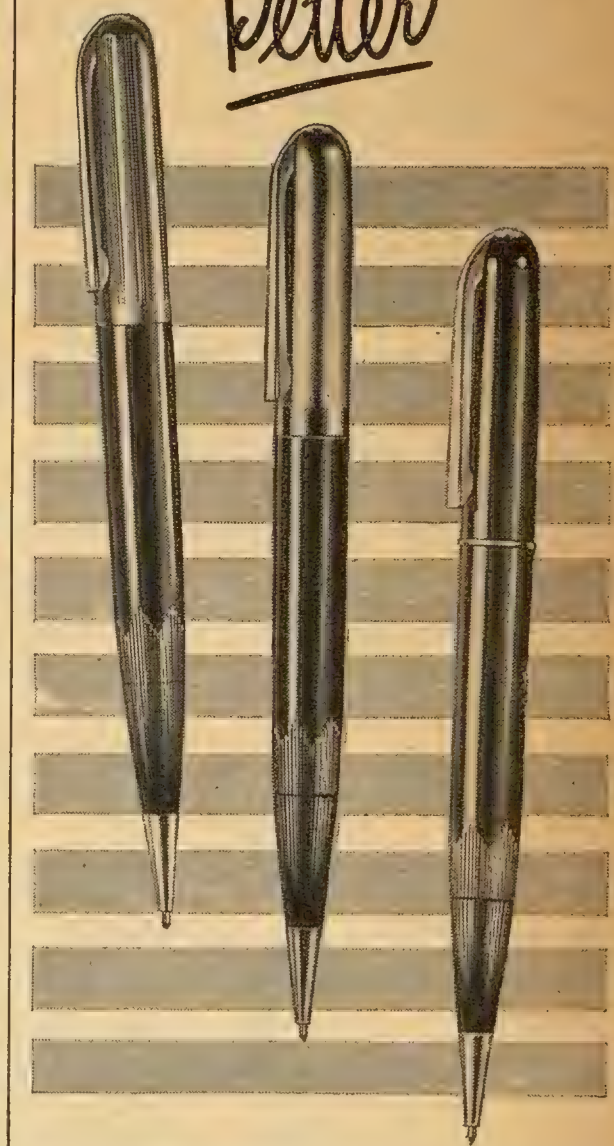

THE THROPP
JUST WHAT HAPPENED?
I PULLED A PHONY FAINT AND THE THROPP DOLL STUCK A PIN IN ME! I'M THROUGH! LET THOSE MANIACS KEEP THEIR FORMULA!
ZIP YOUR LIP, HARRIET! I AM CONSECRATING!
THOSE DUMB CLUCKS DON'T KNOW THEY'RE SITTIN' ON A GENUINE GOLD MINE!
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, GENTS!
IS THE SODA JERK THE BIG BRAIN?
IT'S HIS FORMULA!
MAYBE SO BUT THE FA KID, OZZIE IS BOSS! HE'S PLENTY SMAR
THERE HE IS, TYPHOID! NOW GO INTO YOUR ACT!
I STILL THINK I MAYBE BETTER JUST BOP HIM AND GRAB HIM!
YOU'LL NEVER FIX THAT CARBURETOR WITHOUT A WRENCH, MY GOOD MAN!
YOU'RE RIGHT SONNY! GET MY TOOL BOX THE BACK SEA WILLY

# FAMILY

*Written by* **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
*Illustrated by* **DONLOU**


FORGET THE STUPID FORMULA, TYPHOID! IS IT WORTH ALL THE TROUBLE?
WHAT A QUESTION!
TELL HER, CRUMP!
WE FED CRIBBAGE THE STUFF AND SHE WON BY TEN LENGTHS! SHE NEVER WON BEFORE! WE MADE 5 G'S ON THAT RACE! WITH MORE FORMULA WE COULD MAKE A MILLION BUCKS!
THAT'S PERFECT! WE KIDNAP OZZIE AND MAKE HIM TALK!
SEE, CRUMP! I TOLD YOU SHE IS TERRIFIC!
IT WON'T BE EASY! THE KID'S SHARP AS A TACK!
NUTS! WHERE DO I FIND THIS KID? I'LL BOP HIM, AND---
DON'T BE CRUDE, TYPHOID! COME WITH ME. I'VE GOT IT FIGURED!
GREETINGS, OZZIE! WON'T YOU JOIN ME?
COLONEL CRUMP! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
THE BIG IDEA IS THAT YOU ARE KIDNAPED! SIT DOWN AND BUTTON YOUR LIP, FLABBY-FACE!

*Continued next week*



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## PROVINCETOWN BUS

Continued from Page 17

She had college in mind—he'd been headed for college before the war—and she had no sympathy with his conviction that he was too old. She didn't seem to understand that in four years higher education had passed by a generation of youth which had laid normal life aside at the beginning of training for death. Sara didn't agree he was too old. He could find something "more worth while," as she put it, than driving a bus.

It had started like most quarrels: a few half-joking remarks, a few bitter gibes, a few things said. Then, suddenly, it was over, dreaming ended, bubble burst.

IN the mirror Mack saw Father O'Laughlin move from beside the woman to the seat behind her. She rocked the baby to a soundless lullaby. Tim was snoring. Calhoun and the big mustached stranger nodded. Miss Benton sat stiffly upright, staring at nothing at all. The gaunt man had his face pressed to the windows.

Mack tried to remember whether Sara had worn a raincoat on the up trip that morning. He couldn't remember much of anything about her now, except her eyes and her hair and her new smug stubbornness. *I suppose I'd be all right if I was piloting an air transport, baby.* That's different, Mack; there's romance and responsibility in that. *There's responsibility in this job, baby, and romance, as far as you're concerned; and besides, I wasn't a glamor-boy pilot in the war. I drove a truck.*

Outside Goodspeed's in Dennis a passenger waited, a blown streaming silhouette that the lights drew into three-dimensional shape at fifty feet. It proved to be a sandy-haired kid, hatless. Water streamed from the muss of his hair down hard sharp features onto a raincoat soaking brown. He squashed down in the empty seat behind Mack, and Mack thought, Hey, don't sit there! That's where Sara sits. Then he knew she wouldn't be sitting there any more and he said:

"Night's kinda tough."

"What isn't?"

"Going through to P-town?"

"Yuh." The terse answer held a brittle quality, oppressive.

Three seats back, the gaunt man called, "This isn't North Truro, is it?"

"Long way to go yet," Mack called.

"There's a path there across the dunes."

Mack was forty minutes late at the East Dennis post office and Sara stepped quickly around from the building's side. He had the door open when she reached it. She brought with her a faint fragrance and the mustiness of the bus became an apple orchard in May. She brought also a small "Good evening," in a voice of no inflection. *Hi, Mack darling! What a night!* Not any more. *Hello, baby. Thought you'd get a lift down.* Not any more. *Oh, Mack, I had a dozen offers; I waited for you.* Not any more; not ever.

"Evening," he said in a voice that matched hers.

"Good evening, Father O'Laughlin. What are you doing out on a night like this?" There in her voice was the warmth and life he remembered.

"I've been to Boston, Sara. It's refreshing to see you. Sit in here with me."

The old priest rose and made way for her by the window. Mack heard her laughter. She and Father O'Laughlin were old friends. Perhaps if he told Father O'Laughlin . . .

"Brewster next?" asked the hard voice behind him.

"Yuh. We stop at Crocker's there. Any place special?"

"What's that, about five miles?"

"Little less," he said.

Just then Mack was aware of a metallic slide and click—a sound dimly remembered, vaguely disturbing—and the voice said softly in his ear, "That's a gun in your back." Then the sound fell into the right place: it was the little noise that the fine machining of a Luger pistol makes when it is drawn to seat the first cartridge.

Mack kept his eyes on the road. His hands tightened on the wheel, fighting the push of storm. He said over his shoulder, "Don't disturb the others. What's the story?"

"I want what you got inside your coat pocket—the payroll dough for the fish freezer. Keep rolling and I'll reach for it." The voice had a slight tremble; Mack hoped the kid's hand didn't.

"You're a day early," he said. "It's Friday's I bring it down."

"You're a damn liar," said the voice in his ear. He felt the hand slide over his shoulder down to his empty inside pocket.

"You got it somewhere. Give—or I'll let you have it."

Mack said, "You picked the wrong day, bud. Tough."

HE heard Sara's laugh, running silver, and Father O'Laughlin's voice. Mack said, "Luger, isn't it?"

"So what?"

"The older ones jam. I brought one back, too. They jam after you throw the first shell up." Most of the boys had brought back older ones.

"So you're a wise guy, then. This one don't jam. Tell me where the payroll dough is or I'll turn the ignition and plug you."

Mack could sense indecision and angry frustration in the voice. He saw Crocker's loom ahead; he fed the motor a little more gas. A power of wind and rain shook the bus. Then he heard Sara's voice lifted in excitement and then Father O'Laughlin's. "Hold on, Cardigan," called the priest. "You're missing the Brewster stop."

Mack called, "Not stopping tonight, father."

"Are we near North Truro?" asked the gaunt man.

"No," said Mack.

The kid rose and stepped across into the door platform and held the black pistol pointed back into the bus, swinging. Mack gave him a quick glance and saw, to his amazement, that the kid was trying not to cry, nose and mouth twitching, lower lip trembling.

The kid shouted, "O.K., everybody! I want what dough you got, and fast." He added from the side of his mouth, "Keep it rolling, Wise Guy."

"My goodness, son!" It was the priest's voice. "Be careful of that gun!"

PORTRAIT

L6084-10.20

## Thanks for the Memory

1925

RUDOLPH VALENTINO (1895-1926) was the biggest star that ever hit the screen. His fan mail arrived in freight cars and lines formed fifteen hours before performances of his pictures.

Penniless when he arrived in the United States from Italy in 1913, he had one asset—he could dance. Starting as a five-dollar-a-day extra, his meteoric career actually began when he was cast as Julio in The Four Horsemen and ended with his death, August 23, 1926.

A spectacle of emotional hysteria swept the land at his death. A few women committed suicide and thousands viewed his body as it lay in state in New York City.

The latest quotation on the autograph market? One Valentino will get you twenty Van Johnsons.—*Allan Witwer.*

Mack called, "Father, tell him what day I carry the freezer payroll."

"Why, tomorrow—Friday," the priest said.

Black anger darkened the kid's face. "You'd lie as quick as Wise Guy," he said. "Anyway, it don't make no difference about the payroll now. Dish out what you've got, all of you. You, chaplain, take up the collection."

The priest said, "There are better ways than this, son, if you need money—if you're in trouble."

"Shove the sermon," snarled the kid. "We don't speak the same language." He made a jerking motion with the pistol. "Get busy, pop."

FATHER O'LAUGHLIN walked forward.

"Cardigan," he called.

"Yes, father."

"Don't do what you're thinking. Understand?"

"O.K., father," Mack said. He wondered how the priest had known he was thinking he might reach out fast with his right hand and grab the gun without losing control of the bus.

"Wise Guy won't do anything. Will you, Wise Guy?" the kid asked.

"No," said Mack.

"Take up the collection, chaplain. Money, watches, rings."

"Why, I couldn't do that!" protested the priest. "Son, if you're in trouble and need money, we'll raise some for you. But not at gun point. Put the gun in your pocket."

When the kid tried to laugh, Father O'Laughlin said, "I mean it. Put away the gun and we'll raise some money."

"Sure. And Wise Guy here will reach over and slug me."

"No one will touch you," said the priest. "You understand, Cardigan?"

"O.K., father," Mack said. In the mirror he sought Sara's face and unexpectedly met her eyes.

"Put the gun away," coaxed the priest, "and there'll be no robbery, no law broken."

"No go," said the kid, not certain.

"On my word as a priest," said Father O'Laughlin.

He saw from the corner of his eye the struggle going on within the kid. Then the kid thrust the gun in his raincoat pocket, keeping his grip on it.

Father O'Laughlin smiled. "All right, son, that will serve the purpose. Just so long as it's never said Father O'Laughlin solicited funds at gun point." His deep laugh was not forced and the man with the mustache laughed too. The priest rose in the aisle and removed his black hat, exposing a rosy bald spot fringed with unruly soft tufts like bursting milkweed. He said, "It has been a long time since I passed the hat."

Mack eased the gas to give Father O'Laughlin better footing up the aisle, and the kid snarled, "Keep it rolling."

Opposite Tim, who still snored, the priest stood in seeming indecision.

"One of our congregation has dozed off," he said. "I hate to arouse him, but he'd not forgive me if we overlooked him. Tim!" he called. He leaned to the small gray man and shook him. "The collection," said the priest. "Easy, Tim, you're still on the bus. But we've a young man with us who's badly in need of money. I'm taking up a collection for him."

"Right, father," muttered Tim. He fumbled uncertainly in one pocket, then in another, without result.

"Fish the stew!" cried the kid with the gun; he felt the anger of impatience and a fear of something he did not understand.

Tim located a handful of change and dropped it into the priest's hat. "Sorry I am it's not more, father. I drank it up, as I guess you'll be knowing. Still, when we get home, I'll raise some for the fund—I want to, father."

"God bless you, Tim," said Father O'Laughlin. He turned back toward the door with his pleasant smile. "You hear, son? Tim will get more in Provincetown and he'll be glad to help."

"To hell with him," the kid bit off.

"Not through God's mercy," said the priest. "Not ever, drunk or sober."

He picked Tim's small change from the hat and held it out to the kid, who reached with his left hand to accept it. He gave it a quick glance and hurled it to the bus floor, and the small coins made a running tinkle and lay still.

Father O'Laughlin's smile froze.

"Now," he said, "I'll tell you something you should know. A gift from those in sorrow is truly blessed." He lowered his voice and only the kid and Mack could hear. "Six or seven years ago, on a night when Tim was fishing at sea, he lost his wife and mother and two small sons in a fire that destroyed their home. God rest their souls."

The kid said nothing.

"I just wanted you to know how blessed was that gift."

"He's drunk," the kid challenged.

"Drunk or sober," said the priest, "he retains the dignity of man you have somehow lost. This man has never offended his fellow men. On those occasions when he may offend himself he never loses the dignity attained through God."

TORREY CALHOUN, awake at last, said, "Good for you, father. I've no special troubles but I've some money when you get to me."

The kid said bitterly, "Stow the sermon, chaplain." But Father O'Laughlin had paused beside the big man with the black mustache. This man emptied a handful of bills from his wallet into the priest's hat.

"God bless you," said the priest.

"Thank you and God if He does."

"Are you from Provincetown?"

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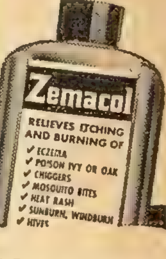

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"Let's see now . . . one ship, one snake. That'll be . . ."

LIBERTY

asked Father O'Laughlin. "You're not of my parish."

"Nor of your church, father, but what does it matter? We all have troubles and mine are small."

Father O'Laughlin made a clucking sound, and Mack glimpsed the quick spasm of fear and anger which swept the hard face beside him. He saw the sudden movement of the hand and tightened control of the bus as the Luger discharged through the kid's raincoat. Splinters leaped from the bus floor.

The kid, mouth twisted, cried, "Damn all of you and your donations and your stinking troubles! This is a stick-up. You see?"

Father O'Laughlin sat heavily. "No, son, I don't see. It's a collection, not a hold-up, and you'll get more without the gun."

"More?" cried the kid. "Too much! What I want is the dough without the sermon."

MACK felt the bus shudder in a new strength of wind blasting unchecked across a sweep of marsh. They were approaching Orleans. He fought the wheel against the new push, passed over the bridge. In the mirror he caught Sara's eye again. He winked; he thought she winked back. He hoped.

"Now," said Father O'Laughlin, "we're doing all right. Take your hand off the gun and I'll get on with the collection."

Father O'Laughlin rose to approach the gaunt man who stared through the window. Miss Benton and Torrey Calhoun waited his coming with bills in their hands, but the priest ignored them to accost the one who had seemed oblivous to all that went on. The gaunt man did not turn till Father O'Laughlin touched his shoulder. Then he said, sharply, "I'm not inclined to give anything."

"Well, now," said the priest, "I had hoped we all would help a fellow man in trouble."

"Trouble?" asked the other. "What does he know of trouble?"

"That he has not said," said the priest, "nor do we ask. We know only it is a trouble great enough to have compelled him to violence."

"In his own words," said the gaunt man, "to hell with him."

"Not through the grace of God," said the priest.

"The grace of God is no concern of mine, sir. I question your theology, and whatever the fancied troubles of the young man, they fail to interest me."

"We all lighten our own burdens by helping shoulder the burdens of others," the priest said, "or by asking others to share our own."

The Luger slammed again into the bus floor. "Never mind his troubles or mine either!" shouted the kid.

"Our young bandit voices my sentiments," said the gaunt man.

The kid stepped out of the door well and moved up the aisle, gun now waving again. Mack thought, I could take him quick, no trouble. He remembered Father O'Laughlin's pledge and promise. The priest, thrust aside, saw the pistol pushed in the gaunt man's face. "O.K.," said the kid. "Fork out! I—I'll shoot if you don't."

The gaunt man said, "Good. Shoot!" Mack heard the words against a monotone he identified as Father O'Laughlin's voice reciting a prayer in Latin. Then he heard the priest's voice questioning:

"Rather than cross the Truro dunes to the sea?"

"Even though once I wanted to grow up and live among them," said the gaunt man. His twisted smile complemented the pain in his eyes.

"I mistrusted as much," said Father O'Laughlin. He placed a hand on the kid's arm and said, "There is something here you will not understand." He took from his black hat the bills placed in it by the mustached stranger and passed them to the kid. "No man is without his burden," he said. "The manner in which he bears it is what counts."

Ahead, through smother of storm, Mack glimpsed the wan lights of Orleans. He slowed at the crossroad and peered beyond it to Shipahoy Grille, a scheduled stop. He stepped on the gas, rolled on through, and headed for Eastham on the straightening road along Town Cove.

THE kid abandoned the gaunt man and shouldered the priest aside—he moved back in the bus toward the woman with the baby.

"Wait!" Father O'Laughlin called in a voice of command. "Don't disturb the baby, in the name of God."

After a silence that was somehow louder than the northeaster, Mack heard the kid's brittle response: "That don't mean nothing to me. God don't mean nothing to me." And then, "I got it! The payroll! She carries the payroll wrapped up with the kid."

He reached his left hand for the blanket around the baby. The dark woman, still rocking, looked at him with darker eyes which questioned.

"In God's name, don't bother her," the priest pleaded.

Unheeding, the kid pulled the blanket from the baby's face. His left hand felt inside the blanket. He reached deep, searching—and suddenly his hand was still.

"May God forgive him," Mack heard Father O'Laughlin's prayer.

Then the kid said in a whisper, "The baby's dead!" Then, louder, "The baby's dead!"

"Yes," said the priest.

The kid dropped the gun on the seat beside the dark woman and began to cry. "God damn you all!" he blubbered.

"He has such power," said Father O'Laughlin, "but He is a God of mercy and understanding."

The kid slumped in the seat beside Tim, where Tim still snored.

"The baby died this morning," Father O'Laughlin said. "She was taking him to hospital in Hyannis for his weekly transfusion. He had a blood disease. All day she carried him, and tonight she is bringing him home."

The kid's weeping became deep shuddering sobs, regular as breathing. Tim, half roused, felt the shaking shoulder against him, laid his head upon it and snored louder. Miss Benton had turned toward the woman with the child; Sara had moved beside her.

Father O'Laughlin said, "Maria, we have trouble. Tell us about Manuel."

"Gone," she whispered, rocking.

"This was their child," the priest explained. "Manuel was killed in the war. Now you're alone?" he asked her.

"No," she said. "Never alone for Maria. God is with me."

Father O'Laughlin made the sign of the cross. The gaunt man walked back in the bus and looked at the woman rocking the dead baby. Mack saw Calhoun, placid, turn to watch. The gaunt man lifted the kid's gun from the seat beside the woman and snapped the safety. He passed the gun to the priest and his thin hand touched the woman's shoulder. He said to the priest, "I've changed my mind; I'll be glad to help."

MACK heard the kid's sobs filling the bus, and then, after a little, knowing the priest had waited too, he heard the kid's voice: "We had a couple of days together before I shipped out. But we had a baby, too. She wrote and told me. All the time I was in ETO she wrote regular. She was my only folks and the swellest person I ever knew."

"Good, son, good," said the priest. "Go on."

"Two months ago when I came home from hospital she was gone. She took the baby and went—with somebody else. Then the job I had wasn't there any more: in the inn at Seaward. They said they wanted to take me back but the job was abolished. I tried for a job all along the shore and it was the same story everywhere—they had their own doughs coming back—no spot—the same run-around and brush-off."

"Was it all run-around and brush-off?" asked the priest quickly.

"Maybe not," said the kid. "Some were decent enough. But the answer was tough to take."

"One woman failed you, so you fail all women," said Father O'Laughlin. "One man failed you and you would fail mankind. But first of all and worst of all, you fail yourself."

"Not again," sobbed the kid.

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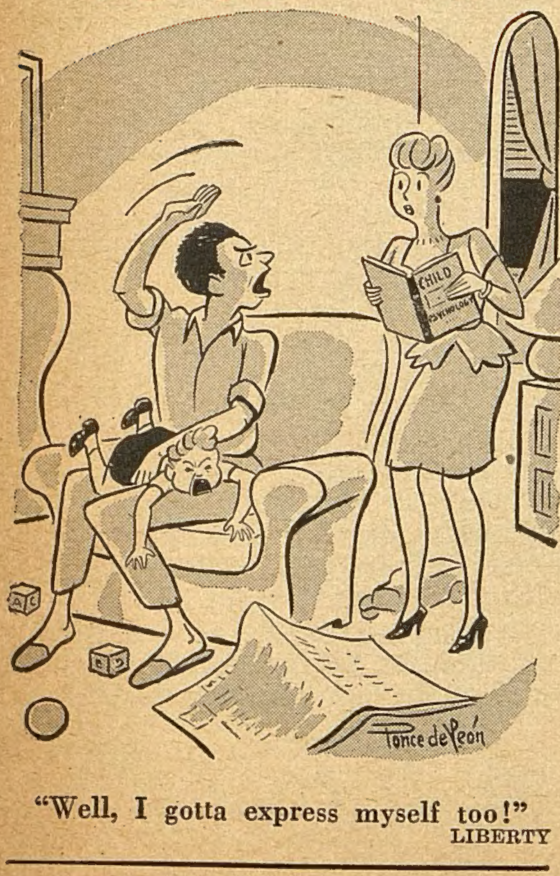

"Well, I gotta express myself too!"
LIBERTY

Mack felt he should call out that he had passed Newcomb's in Wellfleet. He should have made the stop. Too late now, he thought, as Miss Benton called, "I'll bet he can sell antiques, father."

Torrey Calhoun stirred and said, "I got a job for him."

The big man with the mustache was just starting to say something when Mack heard the slow rising wail behind him. The police car came fast and pulled up ahead. Mack stopped the bus and opened his door.

"Mack, what are you up to?" Police cap with rain cover was thrust inside to ask the question. "You haven't made a stop for twenty miles and you've missed passengers. Anything wrong?"

There was a tense silence.

"All O.K.," Mack said. "Just didn't see any passengers and kept her rolling. Tough night."

"Tough," the weatherbeaten face agreed. "You're all O.K., then?"

"All O.K.," Mack said. "Thanks, and sorry about those I missed."

THE police car whined off ahead, swung into a lane to turn around. Mack eased the bus into the Truro run and in the mirror he looked for Father O'Laughlin. The priest sat beside the gaunt man and they were in earnest conversation. The priest glanced up and their eyes met in the glass. Father O'Laughlin was telling him something.

Mack called, "Truro next! Who wanted North Truro?"

The gaunt man said absently, "Never mind. I'm going on through with this priest." He turned to Father O'Laughlin: "You have just made a strong point against atheism, sir. I'd be grateful if you'd repeat it and if you'd hear my own beliefs."

Mack felt the weight of storm on the right hand as they rolled into the tight wrist of the Cape and the northeaster came lashing in across Truro's dunes beyond Gull Pond. In the mirror he saw Miss Benton, unperturbed, gazing straight ahead above her umbrella handle. Torrey Calhoun was sound asleep and the mustached passenger nodded. Tim snored on the shoulder of the kid, whose hard lines of face had been softened by tears. The dark woman still rocked her baby.

From his conversation with the gaunt man, the priest glanced up again, and his eye, reflected, caught Mack's.

"A worth-while job, Cardigan," said Father O'Laughlin.

*Worth while.* There was something there the priest had been trying to tell him. Could Sara have discussed with him the reason for their difference?

*A worth-while job.* Then he heard the rustle in the seat behind him. He didn't need to glance in the mirror to know she was there. Somehow he didn't need to hear her speak to know she would be with him always.

THE END

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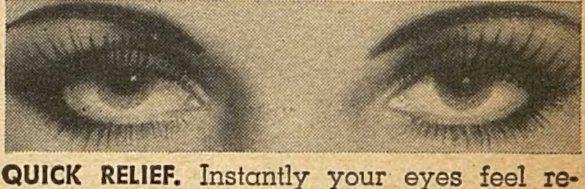

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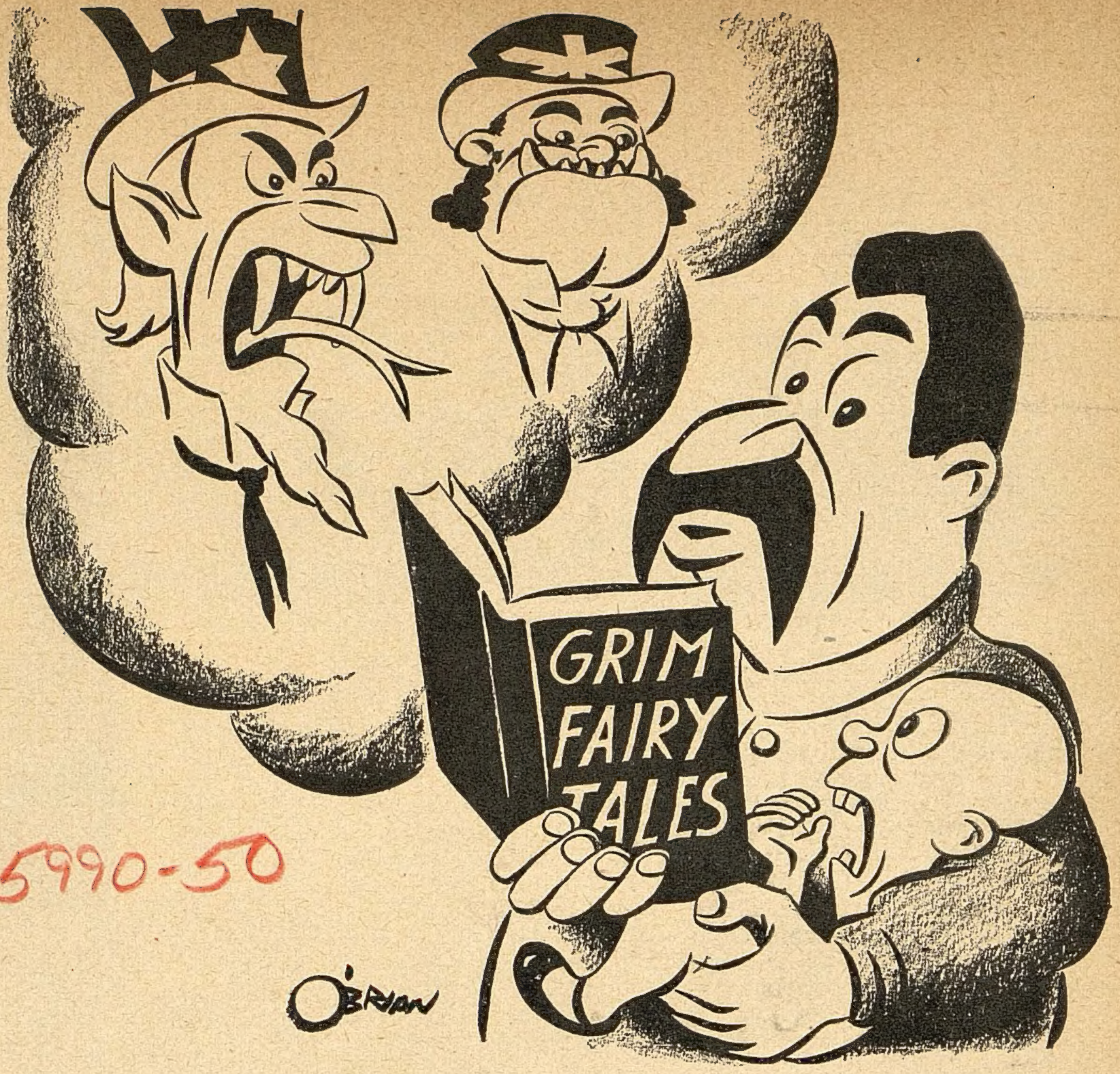


L5990-50

# FEAR INSTEAD OF FREEDOM

MORE than a year ago (June 23, 1945) we carried an editorial in this space entitled Russia's Course—A Key to the Future. Then, as now, it seemed to us the prospects for world peace could be gauged by the extent to which the people of Russia are permitted by their leaders to enjoy basic personal liberties. We pointed out that the Russians, at the inception of Communism, urgently needed to bring their country from an almost primitive state to a condition of industrial and military strength so that it could resist the attack which its leaders thought inevitable. While working feverishly to do so, the Russian policymakers could not allow their objectives and methods to be debated on every street corner or permit the energies of the people to be weakened and confused by argument.

The editorial went on to say, "Now the war is won. The dangers foreseen by the Russian leaders have been met and surmounted. Russia's national safety is assured. Therefore there is no need to continue rigid control over the people. If it is maintained, the rest of the world might well lift an eyebrow and inquire why. . . .

"People will not stand for regimentation and control except in times of national crisis. If the restrictions on the liberties of the Russian people are removed, we need have no doubt of our ability to get along with them. If suppression is continued, we might well expect to see a promotion of continual disturbances so as to keep the country in a state of national emergency.

"The next twelve months should reveal the Russian leaders as foresighted statesmen who have saved their country or as political freebooters who mean to keep their personal power at all costs and who are potentially dangerous to their own nation and the rest of the world."

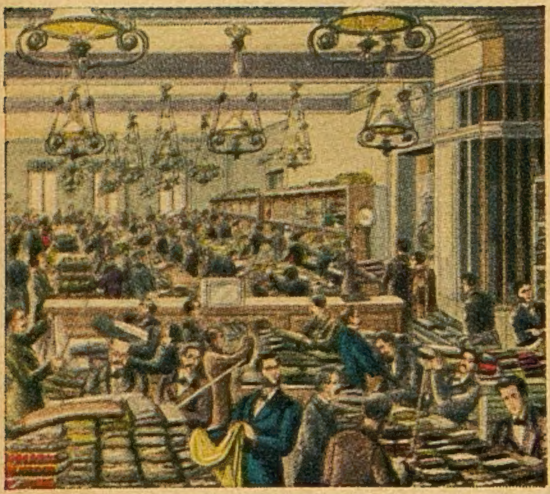
More than a year has gone by and we find the people of Russia still denied any of the elemental liberties we in this country take for granted. Furthermore, they are told constantly that their country is still in a state of crisis and menaced on all sides. America is denounced daily in the same terms once used in referring to Hitler. Propaganda designed to convince the Russians they live in a world of enemies is persistent. Reasonable compromise with Russian officials on any subject is difficult and often impossible. Quarrel follows quarrel, and arguments that seem settled have a way of coming back to life to be argued some more.

This stirring up of trouble abroad for the sake of retaining power at home can have only one outcome, if it continues.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

# You may wear peanuts soon



**1870** **Exciting new clothing** fabrics, created by the magic of chemistry, are coming your way—soon. In 1870, 12 years after the name Corby's came to Canada, buyers were limited to fabrics made of animal and vegetable fibers—like coarse-spun cotton and wool.

**1919** **"Wooden" shirts** were on the market. Rayon, made from cellulose derived from wood pulp, was the first chemically created textile widely used. It was continually improved from this date when the name Corby's was in its 61st year of Canadian fame.

**1938** **The wonder fabric,** nylon created from elements found in coal, gas and air—proved an immediate hit when introduced in this 80th year since the name Corby's came to Canada. Returning after war service, nylon is on most "must" lists today. And in . . .

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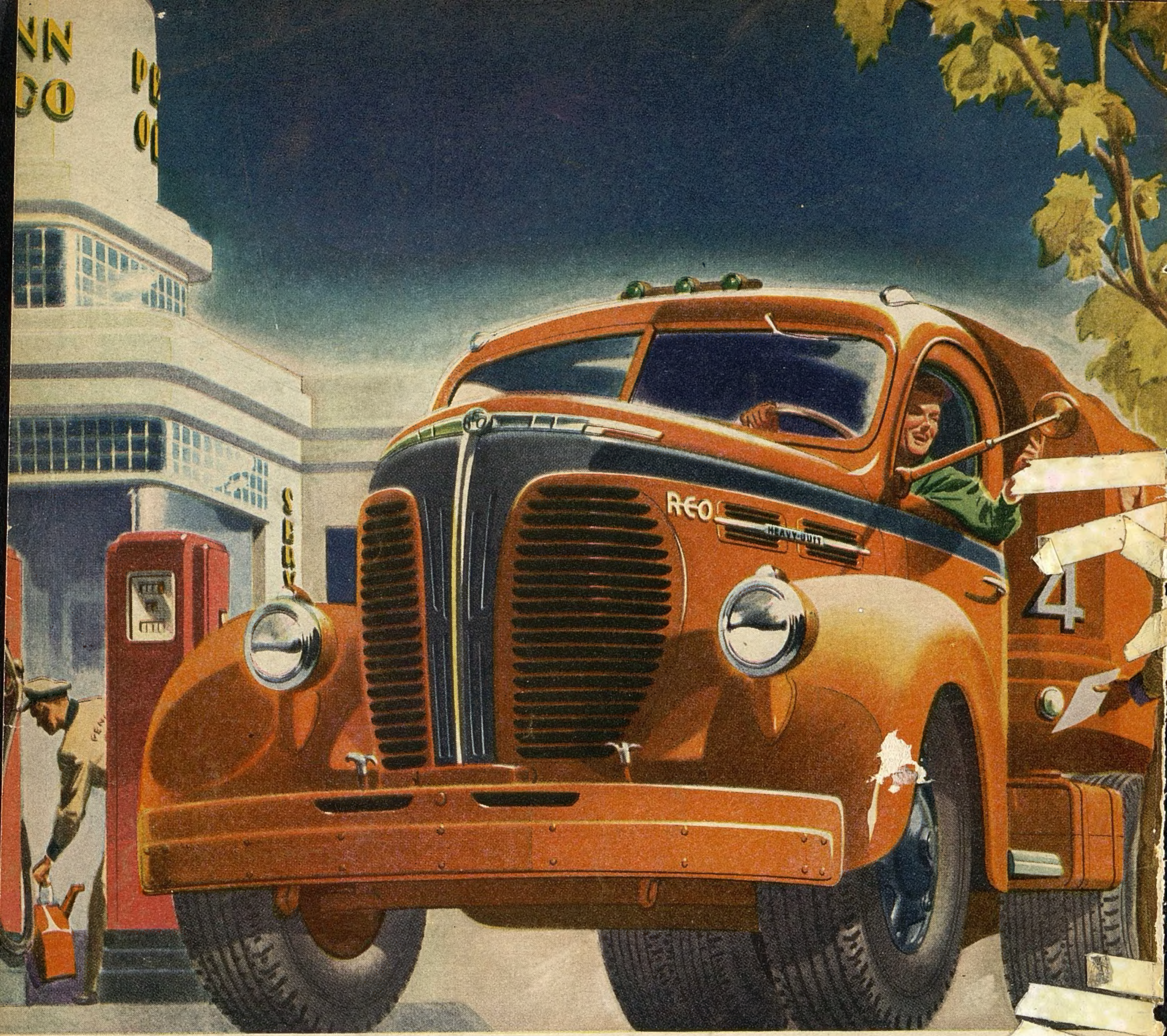

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